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DOUGLAS JERROLD AND 'PUNCH'



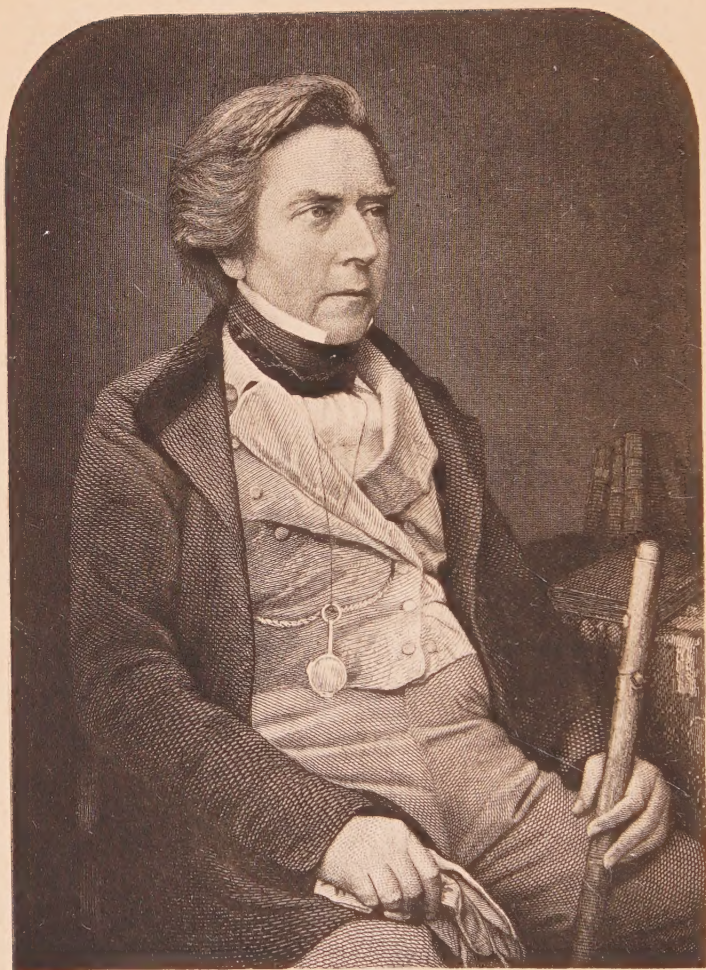
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Mary Walker R. sc.

Douglas Jerrold  
from an engraving by T. A. Prior

# DOUGLAS JERROLD AND 'PUNCH'

BY

WALTER JERROLD

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
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TO

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

DISTINGUISHED POET, NOVELIST AND CRITIC

WHO KEEPS UNCHANGED HIS EARLY ADMIRATION FOR

THE WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY ONE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S GRANDSONS

THE AUTHOR

*'Once upon a time a wind shook an acorn to the ground. The swine were munching their meal; thousands of acorns were swallowed. But this one acorn fell into a nice soft piece of earth; and the dews fell upon it, and in a brief time it seemed to open its mouth, and then it said—"I am now but an acorn; but I will grow into a huge oak; and I will become a part of a ship that shall sail to all corners of the world, bearing about all sorts of good things in my hold; and carrying the white flag of peace at my masthead to all nations." Now this acorn was Punch.'*—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

## PREFACE

DOUGLAS JERROLD was the author of what may be regarded as the most popular 'serial' that has appeared in *Punch* during the seventy years in which the jester has sought to delight at once and lash the age; he was also the contributor of the only story which may be described as a 'full-length' novel which has appeared in the pages of *Punch*; and furthermore he was the writer by whose pen the politics of *Punch* were most vigorously expressed. Neither originator nor editor of the paper, he yet stood in the popular regard during the 'forties and 'fifties more definitely for *Punch* than did any of his confrères. This being so, I do not feel that any apology is necessary for telling the story of his association with the journal, for reproducing some of his hitherto unknown work, and for indicating the nature and extent of his miscellaneous contributions of merely contemporary interest. It is not pretended that all of the contributions were of equal value—though I think that it will be recognised that *Our Honeymoon* has in it much of that truth to nature which is no small part of the secret of *Mrs. Caudle's* success; while in *Capsicum House* and *Miss Robinson Crusoe*—neither of which was properly completed—the satirist of 'the sex' had themes which lent themselves admirably to that combining of narrative with moralising in which he delighted.

When Mr. M. H. Spielmann was engaged upon his

*History of Punch*, and his *Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to Punch*, he had the good fortune to secure a detailed account book giving the names of the contributors of every item to a long series of volumes of the periodical, and to his kindness I owe it that I have been able to identify everything that Douglas Jerrold contributed to *Punch* during the period represented. To Mr. Spielmann, then, I offer grateful thanks for generous assistance.

WALTER JERROLD.

HAMPTON-ON-THAMES,  
November 1910.



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# PART I



## CHAPTER I

### THE FOUNDING OF 'PUNCH'

It was fortunate for him that he fell on an age of periodicals, a class of works which just suited his genius. He and the modern development of periodical literature grew up together, and grew prosperous together. He was never completely known in England till after the establishment of *Punch*. An independent and original organ just suited him above all, for then he had the full play which he required as a humorist; and as a self-formed man with a peculiar style and experience, *Punch* was the Argo which conveyed him to the Golden Fleece.—JAMES HANNAY.

THE story of the founding of *Punch* has been told, shortly or at length, in various places: three separate publications have been devoted to it—first a pamphlet by Sydney Blanchard, then a gossipy book by Mr. Athol Mayhew, and lastly the important library volume, the 'official' biography of the Fleet Street jester, by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. It is not in any way my intention to retell that story except in so far as it concerns one member of the staff of *Punch*, the one member who by common consent had the greatest formative influence in the first two decades of the history of a journal which more than any other has been a personality to successive generations of readers. Among the men whose names have been put forward as rival claimants for the honour of being remembered as 'the only begetter' of Mr. *Punch*, Douglas Jerrold has not, fortunately, a place. There is no necessity to claim for him any direct share, leading or subsidiary, in the starting of the journal, for circumstance kindly arranged that he should be having a working holiday in the neighbourhood of Boulogne during those summer weeks of 1841 when his London friends were making their plans for a fresh comic paper. However

much earlier writers on the fortunes of that journal might differ among themselves, they agreed in recognising that Douglas Jerrold's actual connection with it did not begin until the second number, so that in giving the full story of that connection it is not necessary to take up such a controversial position as that of most writers dealing with the early history of *Punch*.

The third decade of the nineteenth century had been particularly rich in comic and satiric journals, to the production of which many influences probably contributed, the most important being perhaps the quickening and widening of interest in public matters and public men, brought about by the agitation which had preceded the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and continued after its enactment, combined with the various circumstances which made the real 'news'-papers expensive luxuries. Periodicals devoted to dealing with affairs in a humorous fashion did not rank with news journals, and so, avoiding taxation, could be published at a price below that which had to be demanded for the taxed papers. It was on December 10, 1831, that *Figaro in London* was commenced—a four-page sheet with the happy motto from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,  
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

The editor of this little venture was Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, with whom was associated Henry Mayhew ; they had been together at Westminster School, and the one was just under legal age, the other about twenty, when they started *Figaro in London*. The editor was à Beckett, and his whilom schoolfellow was one of his chief assistants. The journal, rich in ready fun and marked by the daring of youth, seems to have taken the public fancy at once. So much so, that as the months went by the earlier numbers had to be reprinted,<sup>1</sup> and numerous rivals, mostly fugacious, sprang up. From the third number

<sup>1</sup> The No. 2 of the set which I possess has a note saying that 'the whole of the back numbers of *Figaro in London* may now be had, No. 2 having this week been a second time reprinted,' and giving notable features of successive numbers up to No. 11. So considerable became the demand for back numbers that when it had been running for a year the old parts were reissued in sixpenny monthly instalments.

satiric drawings formed a feature of the work, each issue of which was headed by a woodcut of Figaro the barber, sharpening his razor, with a number of blocks by him representing political leaders, and a window inscribed 'Whigs dressed here.' The portraits on the blocks varied from time to time. *Figaro* was an outspoken satirist, ever ready to cut at politicians and other people who might be regarded as 'fair game,' and with a special liking for dealing with matters theatrical. Whether owing to Figaro's outspokenness or the freshness of the venture, or its drawings by 'the illustrious Seymour, the redoubtable Cruikshank, and the no less celebrated Hornegold,' the paper, as the modern slang has it, 'caught on.' Two of these artists were Robert Seymour and Robert Cruikshank; the 'celebrated Hornegold' evades identification. The periodical became widely popular, and a whole host of imitators and rivals competed with it—so many that the youthful conductors of *Figaro* not unnaturally followed the fortunes of those rivals with interest; and for several weeks gave a bulletin of them in notices to correspondents. The first of these, appearing in the twelfth number, ran:

A new disease has lately sprung up in the periodical world, for which we hardly know how to find a name. It consists in a strange *gout* for imitating our work, and we therefore shall call it the *Figaro-mania*. Several cases have already occurred, and of course a number of deaths, for though the disease is intended to be *catching*, it has not been found to *take*. It has lately grown to so great an extent that we think of giving a weekly report, in imitation of the plan adopted by the papers with regard to the Cholera—for example:

Remaining at the last report, 10.

Deaths—*The Patriot*, *Figaro in Birmingham*, *The Critical Figaro*, *The Literary Test*, and *The English Figaro*.

New cases, 3, all very desperate, and almost certain to be included next week among the deaths.

Remaining, up to this date, 8.

Recoveries NONE.

One of the earliest of *Figaro's* competitors, *Punch in London*, which started on January 14, 1832, was undoubtedly suggested by the production of à Beckett's

journal. It was not a long-lived rival, but is worthy of being singled out as having been regarded as the prototype of the *Punch* of nearly ten years later. The editor of *Punch in London* was Douglas Jerrold, then a young man of nine-and-twenty, who had already attained some success as a playwright, and was becoming known as a contributor to the magazines, and within narrower circles as a journalist, for he was at the time a contributor to the *Ballot*, and was already informed by that fervent Radicalism which marked all his writings on political and social matters. *Punch in London* was not a pretentious journal, but it was clever and outspoken in its attacks on the triple giants, snobbery, toadyism, and humbug ; it was no close imitator of its more successful rival, although somewhat obviously an afterthought. While *Punch in London* followed *Figaro*, it may perhaps be more justly regarded as the prototype of *Punch* than the elder paper, for it came out not so much as a periodical as an individual addressing his readers, in very much the same way as its successor was to do some years later.

Douglas Jerrold was, it is believed, only connected with *Punch in London* during the first two or three weeks of its existence. His pen is distinctly traceable in the opening address of *Punch* to his readers—an address which would well have served his successor of the same name. Some passages from this are interesting as showing the writer in satiric vein, and as indicating the 'purpose' with which he wrote :

*Mr. Punch* is a man of few words ; but those words, like the syllables of the girl in the fairy tale, come with pearls and diamonds ; they are also often mixed with snakes and scorpions. Above all personages, it may be most truly said of *Mr. Punch*—

‘ His mouth he ne’er can ope  
But out there flies a trope.’

He hath a long time been the oracle of highways and byways—the ‘Wisdom that crieth out in the street’—the delight and councillor of all men from their cradles to their coffins. It hath, notwithstanding, been ever a matter of regret to the well-wisher of mankind, that I, *Mr. Punch*, would never print on foolscap as well as wear it ; that, in fact, I would not consent to publish !

However, now all the world publishes—each man has his own reminiscences ; from the Duke to the Dustman, from the Court-pimp to the Oboe-player. There was never such a fatal age for goosequills ; whilst it is supposed, if the mania continues, England will show the most respectable appearance of any country in the world, inasmuch as all the rags of her rustics and manufacturers<sup>1</sup> will be worked up into paper. It was reserved for these days to possess *Mr. Punch's* written notes, taken fresh from his mellifluous tongue, on men and manners, with some account of his personal history, to appear every Saturday in eight quarto pages, printed with a beauty worthy of the text, and to be sold—*Punch* is almost ashamed to mention the sum—at ONE PENNY. . . .

*Punch* has been a Councillor, nay, a prime accessory, in half the affairs of the world. How long has *Punch* sat in Parliament ? In how many treaties has he mixed ? Tell me the Court where, once in his life, *Punch* has not been upon the Bench ? The Levee where *Punch* has not sported in an embroidered suit ? The pulpit in which *Punch* has not preached ? The University whereof *Punch* has not been a Master ? The theatre wherein *Punch* has not exhibited his hunch and his nose ? Go to, then ! *Punch* is your only man for these candid, outspeaking times !

It may be granted to the satirist that often *Punch*, in the character of most potent, grave, and reverend seignior, has done foolish things in wisdom's name, but in his small quarto periodical he certainly said many serious and wise things in the character of fool :

I should compromise my ancient dignity did I condescend to make professions : this much I may state,—I intend to talk on all subjects of the day. I will lay my stick relentlessly about me and, in the words of rare old Ben, 'I WILL SPARE NOBODY !'

The motto which *Punch* inscribed on his banner was taken from Ben Jonson, and ran as follows : 'He'll play you all the puppets i' the town over, and the players every company, and his own company, too ! *He spares nobody.*'

Is it not evident that *Punch* possesses, above all personages, the amplest means of becoming 'the best public instructor' ? Think of his ability, his universality ! The Gascon boasted that in his castle there were so many general's batons that they were used for common firewood. Now I may say truly, and without

<sup>1</sup> The word 'manufacturer' is here, and elsewhere, used by Jerrold as synonymous with labourer.



boasting, I have sufficiency of unpublished royal correspondence to paper the walls of one-half the dwelling-houses of this metropolis. This, on a moment's consideration, will not be marvelled at. It is evident that nearly every monarch has large dealings with *Punch*. I shall, in a future number, publish some letters of my brother Miguel—they are written on the prepared skins of Liberals with their own blood (Mig. has always a fresh supply), and will be found of the deepest interest. Besides these, I have some curious papers relative to the Polish campaign, as I, *Punch*, under the name of *Glory* (with what fine names I have tricked mankind to be sure !) led on the Russians to cut the first throat they could reach. It was *Punch* who, a few days since, joined with Nicholas in the *Te Deum* celebrated at St. Petersburg in favour of murder !

Such are the ways in which *Punch in London* introduced himself to the public, and in his pages the editor gave some early examples of that political writing which was later to have considerable influence on the fortunes of *Punch*. The slightest hint afforded topic for an article and for the invention of an apropos illustrative anecdote. For instance, when a member of the French Chamber had inveighed against those republican ideas which would convert 'the king into a president, the throne into a mere armchair !' this *Punch* seized upon the idea and presented a paper on *Armchairs and Thrones*, in the course of which he said :

A throne change into an armchair ! Why, no one, save a Hampden or a harlequin, would think of such a trick. Besides, if a throne were once turned into a chair—if transformation were once begun, who could answer where it would end ? If the merely ornamental were once changed into the useful ; if a throne were turned into a chair, it might terminate in some domestic article that even Mr. Shandy would want courage to publish ; and as for a 'King' with a republican Civil List, why, it would be like *Punch* in the drab coat and broad brim of a Quaker ! Great Civil Lists bring great respect !

Once upon a time the Wokypoky Indians worshipped the Blue Monkey. Now, the said Blue Monkey had bands of gold about his head, a pearl as big as a swan's egg in each ear, and a diamond, that, if sold, would have kept the Indians and their families for half a century, dangling from his royal nose—great was the adoration paid to the Blue Monkey. Now, it came to pass that some thieves (republicans) despoiled the Blue Monkey of his gold, his pearls, and his diamond, leaving the said Monkey in



all his wooden poverty and nakedness. What followed? Why, not a single Indian bent his knee to the god—the gems were stolen, and with them the sacred odour of the idol; therefore every 'darkskin' raised his tomahawk, and, splitting the Blue Monkey into logs, the Indians made a fire of them, and cooked goat's flesh by their flames, and baked in their embers yams and bread!

In this little story we are taught that pearls and diamonds are indispensable to the sovereignty of Blue Monkeys, and that a thumping Civil List is a part and parcel of a 'Citizen King.'

This early *Punch* too, looking about for subjects of which to make fun, fastened upon the Court Circular as lending itself to parody, and thus gravely set forth such announcements as the following:

The Duke of Cumberland rode out in the morning on a bay horse with four black legs and a switch tail.

Prince George of Cumberland played at marbles yesterday morning. The firm and decided way in which his Royal Highness *knuckles down* is the subject of great admiration throughout the palace.

It was the subject of great conversation at the palace, that on Tuesday evening her Majesty took no sugar with her tea.

On Thursday her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria walked in the park. Her Royal Highness used both feet.

Some of these features of the early *Punch in London* were repeated in the later *Punch*, as also were some of those which à Beckett had illustrated in *Figaro in London*, notably the rhyming 'Inquests Extraordinary,' such as:

Died of lock-jaw, brought on by frequent yawning.

Verdict—Heard Sugden plead a cause one morning.

*Punch in London* seems to have lived but for about four months, and Douglas Jerrold to have done little for it beyond its earliest numbers, though his pen is perhaps recognisable in a blunt hit at the whilom manager of the Coburg Theatre: 'Davidge who knows no language but his own, and *very* little of that, is not the man to get up classical drama.' Douglas Jerrold had been playwright-in-ordinary to the Coburg Theatre at a weekly salary, and smarting under some injustice, had quarrelled with Davidge about three years earlier. *Punch in London* had, then, but a brief career, and Douglas Jerrold was soon

devoting himself to other periodicals and to the stage. The political earnestness which must have made him welcome the opportunity of being *Punch* was so strongly a part of his nature that everything he wrote was more or less inspired by it, and the stories and essays which he was writing for the *New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals reflected in another way the views which he had been able to express more emphatically in the humorous sheet. At the time of the Reform agitation he is said to have written a political pamphlet which had the distinction of being suppressed—so successfully that its very subject is now not known—and later he acted for a time as sub-editor to the *Examiner* under Fonblanque, so that he was keeping his hand in with political affairs. But it may well be that the impatient attitude of the reformer was such that it could ill brook the restraint of regular newspaper work, that Jerrold preferred the shrewder hits which could be given by means of satirico-comic journalism. Thus it was that he probably welcomed the proposal to start a *London Charivari*. A band of supporters, it is said by one writer, had been got together between 1835 and 1840, including Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Laman Blanchard, Percival Leigh, and John Poole, Kenny Meadows, John Leech, and Orrin Smith. If this was so it is possible that the project may have been first mooted in Paris in 1835, when Douglas Jerrold was in that city, for it was there that he met Thackeray, possibly for the first time. Writing to John Forster from the Hôtel de la Bibliothèque on December 12th of that year, Jerrold said: 'I have seen Thackeray: he called upon me (upon hearing of my arrival) and gave me a most cordial greeting: with offers of introductions, etc.' According to Mr. Spielmann everything was in a very forward state for the proposed *London Charivari*, when the scheme collapsed owing to Thackeray's mistaken idea that each of those participating might be made responsible for the private debts of any of the others. Thackeray had already lost money by journalistic enterprise, so that his nervousness in the matter is not surprising. In September 1836 was started *The Constitutional and Public*

*Ledger*, with Laman Blanchard as editor, Douglas Jerrold as dramatic critic, and Thackeray as Paris correspondent. It lived for less than a year. Three years earlier Thackeray had sunk his little fortune in another newspaper venture, *The National Standard*. Most of the proposed staff of the shadowy *London Charivari* met again as members of the staff of the actual *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, in the course of a few years.

It was in the summer of 1841 that the project for a London equivalent of the Paris paper finally took shape—in what circumstances it did so may best be read in Mr. Spielmann's interesting history of the journal. Here I am only concerned with that history in so far as it affected, and was affected by, one of the writers who came to be known as '*Punch* men.' It is recorded that when the title of *Punch* had been hit upon for the projected periodical some one thought that it would not do, owing to its having formed part of the title of Douglas Jerrold's satiric sheet of nearly ten years earlier; but one of those who knew Jerrold best readily vouched for it that he would have no feeling of objection to the title being used again. At the time that these fateful meetings were taking place, Douglas Jerrold was with his young family 'at a snug little villa at Boulogne, in the rue d'Alger, Capecure,' and thither was duly addressed to him an appeal to join his friends in supporting the new venture with contributions. He was probably invited to send something for the first number, but nothing was received from him in time, and it was in the second number that his earliest contribution appeared. Thenceforward he became at once one of the most constant and one of the most voluminous of contributors. So excellently did the paper suit him as a vehicle for witty and sarcastic '*brevities*,' for forceful political '*preaching*,' that it has been said by one critic *Punch* might have been made for Douglas Jerrold, or Douglas Jerrold made for *Punch*. The journal gave him the opportunity of expressing himself strongly on subjects on which he felt strongly, and the vigour with which he took that opportunity went far towards making him, as it was said, the first '*observed*

writer' of *Punch*—the first whom the public generally associated with the paper. A contemporary critic summed up some of the characteristics of Jerrold's work in a way which is interesting as indicating how those characteristics suited *Punch* and as suggesting that it was the very qualities which made them successful at the moment that militated against their commanding sustained popularity. To some readers of to-day, the bracketing of the names of Douglas Jerrold with those of Dickens and Thackeray may appear curious, but when the following passage was written (1851), as I have been told, by a distinguished living critic, Jerrold's popularity was, broadly speaking, greater than that of Dickens, while we have Thackeray's own word for it that he feared the rivalry of Jerrold more than that of any other of his contemporaries :

*The Story of a Feather* was first published here, and gave ample scope for the peculiarities of his style and thought. We know very many critics of great acumen who prefer Jerrold to Dickens ; but while we allow that he is a more caustic, sweeping writer, we miss that broad geniality which renders the other so acceptable to all classes. There are curious resemblances, and still stronger contrasts between Dickens and Jerrold : their hatred of oppression is the same ; so are their democratic tendencies ; and whenever they can expose conventional humbug, they do it unsparingly ; but here the likeness ends. Their manner and method of doing these are so totally distinct as to lead us at times to doubt whether the end they have in view is identical. Jerrold is biting, sarcastic, and fierce ; there is no sneering banter, as in Thackeray ; all is bold, uncompromising, and savage. On the other hand, Dickens is passionate and vituperative : he assaults fearlessly, and carries on an open war. Jerrold flies at his enemy like a tiger, and never lets go while there is life in him ; while Dickens contents himself by giving him a sound drubbing. Jerrold is most in earnest, but Dickens is more effective. There is a candour and fair play about him which we miss in Jerrold ; the latter will hear nothing in defence of his foe, and consequently punishes him vindictively. This has been one great cause of Jerrold's tales not having the popularity they deserve ; we allude especially to *St. Giles and St. James*, which is admirably written and full of the deepest lessons of life.

Whether Thomas Powell's view is right or not does not matter at the moment, but it is of interest as a piece



of contemporary comparative criticism written when the three writers mentioned were all in the heyday of their fame. The three were again contrasted a few years later—within six months of the death of the eldest of the trio—by a writer who was himself to win a notable place in our literary history. In the course of an appreciation of Douglas Jerrold, David Masson said :

The tendency to the comic has at present reached such a point in our British literature, that a check might be administered with advantage. But humour in due proportion has its function: every free nation ought to have its *Punch*; and in humorists like Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, and some others that might be named, we have—even were their genius solely that of humour—not only such functionaries of the class as we can afford to have, but such as every healthy literature ought to have. It is needless to say that, as humorists, the three writers whom we have named have their characteristic differences. Every one knows that the humour of Thackeray differs essentially from that of Dickens, and that the humour of Jerrold is unlike either. In Jerrold the fiery element of personal feeling is more continually present; the imagination is not permitted the same passive and prolonged exercise of itself, but is more trammelled by an immediate purpose. His humour, as compared with that of the other, is as cognac compared to wine; less of it at a time serves.

Two out of the three humorists thus contrasted were to be the two men most frequently associated with *Punch* in the public mind, and the diverse forms of their humour had, there can be no question, considerable influence in establishing the paper as a power in the land: Thackeray as a genial social satirist, Jerrold as a keen political satirist inspired by the strongest sense of the power of the pen in bringing about reforms of all kinds. Greatly varied as was to be his work for *Punch*, it is not without significance that his very first contribution was a political one. But if, as has been already said, that first contribution was made to the second number, Douglas Jerrold was referred to, under thinly veiled initials, in the first issue of *Punch* in *An Ode picked up in Killpack's Divan*. Killpack had been fined for selling spirituous liquors to the members of a club that met at his place. This club consisted of members of the Dramatic Authors' Society; a body that

had been founded about eight years earlier with a purpose indicated in the following letter :

6 SEYMOUR TERRACE, LITTLE CHELSEA,  
*Thursday.*

DEAR LUNN—I am requested to write to ask your attendance at the Garrick *Tavern*, Bow Street, at the hour of one (precisely) on Monday, to consider certain resolutions, to be entered upon to secure to us the fruits of the Dramatic Authors' Art—and a law. Knowles, Serle, Buckstone, Dance, others, and self were present yesterday, but it was resolved to postpone any final settlement until everybody—who would wish to secure himself,—for it is only by acting *in a society* that the managers are to be fought—should meet. *Hinc*—this letter. At one, precisely.—Yours truly,  
D. JERROLD.

It was the members of this Society who formed the club, the supplying of liquor to which brought Mr. Killpack into the Excise Court and inspired the *Ode* in which the 'jocal nine' members of the club are invoked, and footnote initials indicate that the nine included Douglas Jerrold, Robert Keeley, and Bayle Bernard. The closing stanza of the *Ode*, in which comes the reference to Jerrold, is this :

Arouse my muse ! such pleasing themes to quit,  
Hear me while I say,  
'*Donnez-moi du frenzy, s'il vous plait.*'  
Give me a most tremendous fit  
Of indignation, a wild volcanic ebullition,  
Or deep anathema,  
Fatal as J(errol)d's 'Bah !'  
To hurl excisemen downward to perdition.  
May genial gin no more delight *their* throttles—  
*Their* casks grow leaky, bottomless *their* bottles ;  
May smugglers *run*, and they ne'er make a seizure ;  
May *they*—I'll curse them further at my leisure.  
But for our club,  
'Ay, there's the rub.'  
'We mourn it dead in its father's hall' :  
The sporting prints are cut down from the walls ;  
No stuffing there,  
Not even in a chair ;  
The spirits are all *ex(or)cised*,  
The coffee-cups capsized,  
The coffee *fine*-d, the snuff all taken,  
The mild Havannahs are by lights forsaken :

The utter ruin of the club's achieve—  
 Our very chess-boards are *ex-chequered* even.  
 'Where is our club?' X-sighs, and with a stare  
 Like to another echo, answers, 'Where?'

Douglas Jerrold's first appearance in *Punch* was thus not as a contributor. Either the invitation to contribute did not reach him in his Boulogne retreat in time, or, as is not unlikely, he delayed sending in his copy until too late. The author had the defect of his qualities, and the ready, impulsive nature which *could* strike off an essay or story at fever heat was at times inclined to postpone setting about a specific piece of work. Certainly it was not in Jerrold's nature to reduce literary composition to that methodical business of which Anthony Trollope boasted, nor was it his to write in the manner of Robert Bell, the editor of the familiar annotated edition of the English poets, as reported in a scrap of conversation between Bell and Thackeray. The former, it may here be mentioned, occupied a fine suburban residence with a large garden, where he was wont to receive on Sundays a small but brilliant gathering of fellow-writers, including Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Samuel Lever, and many more. It was at one of these gatherings that Robert Bell, turning to his brother-giant, Thackeray (they were respectively six feet four and six feet two), inquired—

'Are you a writer of moods?'

'Yes, assuredly,' answered Thackeray, 'and often not in the best mood.'

'Then sometimes you can't write at all?'

'Of course not; or not fit to be read.'

'That's strange,' came the amusing comment. 'Now I can take out my watch—lay it down upon the table—and write, within a line or two, the same quantity in the same given time.'

Jerrold, like Thackeray, was not, it may be repeated, of the Bells and Trollopes of the literary world; but whether his failure to appear in the first *Punch* was or was not a matter of mood is now unimportant. Certain it is that he made a first appearance with a political article in

the middle pages of the second number. This article was entitled *Punch and Peel*, and deals in a deliciously satirical manner with the Bedchamber Plot which agitated folks' minds during the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign, when Ministers strenuously opposed an innovation in the appointment of Ladies of the Bedchamber. The article is particularly notable not only as being Jerrold's first contribution to a paper with which he was thenceforward to be very intimately connected, but also as striking the political keynote of *Punch*, and as being in effect the first of those 'Q' Papers which it is generally admitted gave to the paper much of its power as an effective political organ. This first contribution was a conversation between *Punch* and a Reader, entitled *Punch and Peel*, and it occupied the mid-page fronting the cartoon, a position that was generally to be that of Jerrold's chief political contribution to successive numbers of the paper; in it, too, we have a direct recollection of the foreword to the earlier *Punch in London*, when *Punch* says that he has been 'at every Court, from the Court of Cain in Mesopotamia to the Court of Victoria in this present flinty-hearted London.' In the next number the topic was continued by an amusing dialogue between *Punch* and Sir Robert Peel on the formation of the new Cabinet. Peel announces his new Ministers, and *Punch* proceeds to say that the Cabinet wants 'a little new blood' and offers an alternative list, which is to include as 'First Lord of the Admiralty—T. P. Cooke' and as 'President of the Council—Mrs. Fry.' Of the first of these *Punch* says, 'Is he not the very man? Who knows more about the interests of the Navy? Who has beaten so many Frenchmen? Then think of his hornpipe—the very shuffling for a minister.' Of Mrs. Fry *Punch* says, 'A lady whose individual respectability may give a convenient cloak to any policy.'

Of these papers and the political leaders signed 'Q' more will be said in a chapter dealing with the part played by Douglas Jerrold in making and maintaining *Punch* as a political organ. During the time that the first few numbers of the paper were published, Jerrold was still in Boulogne, and it is said that—remembering no doubt the mortality



among satirical journals during the previous decade—on receiving the fifth number he muttered, with a snort, 'I wonder if there will ever be a tenth.' He was still abroad during August, for George Hodder gives in his *Memories of My Time* a pleasant account of a fortnight's stay with him in Boulogne. Jerrold was probably home again in September, for in the ninth number he began his 'Q' papers, and, as Mr. Spielmann has put it, 'took by force of character and wit, and power of lung, a leading position on the paper and at the Table—a position which he never resigned.' It was probably soon known that he was the author of the vigorous 'Q' articles, and by the time that Mrs. Caudle created something of a furore, his name was popularly identified with 'the jester of Fleet Street'—a jester who was always something more than a mere fun-maker, rather like those jesters of old whose vocation was, while entertaining their kingly or lordly masters, to jest with a deep meaning which others of the Court dare not use. *Punch*, when his pen-baton was wielded by Douglas Jerrold, may have been bitter at times, but the bitterness, to use Jerrold's own illustration, was that of bark—healthful.

In the first three volumes of *Punch* there is little that can be conclusively pointed out as the work of Douglas Jerrold beyond the long series of political and social leaders signed 'Q' and *Punch's Letters to His Son*. I do not wish to claim anything as Douglas Jerrold's on mere internal evidence, and that even although it has been said that 'no author living ever wrote his name so legibly in every line that flowed from his pen as Douglas Jerrold.' Three or four papers besides those mentioned are all that are *known* to be his until we reach the fourth volume, wherein we can first realise the extent to which he gave his pen up to the service of the paper in which he had found a fitting medium for the expression of himself. From the number for the 4th of March 1843, it is possible through a dozen volumes to identify all of Jerrold's contributions, long and short, important and trifling. From them it may be concluded with something like certainty that in the earliest volumes, and in those during the later years of his life.

he was also the contributor of much which cannot now be definitely identified. In later chapters will be indicated the number and nature of his miscellaneous contributions ; here we may recall rather external evidence of the extent to which he was associated with *Punch*—and at a time, it must be remembered, when he was still a busy dramatist, and was largely connected with other periodicals. From the spring of 1843 until the autumn of 1844 he was editing *The Illuminated Magazine*, from January 1845 until June 1848 he was editing *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, and from July 1846 until January 1848 *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, while for a short period in 1846 he was sub-editor of the then freshly started *Daily News*. With all this, however, he was one of the most active of all the contributors to *Punch*. Magazine and newspaper ventures, of which he had editorial control, made, it may well be believed, demands too constant upon a sensitive nature ; he no doubt felt, as Thackeray did, 'thorns in the cushion' of the editorial chair, and more especially perhaps from the fact that his interest was proprietorial as well as editorial, that he had the anxiety of building up a property which should relieve him from care with regard to his family in the event of his death. His position as recognised writer on *Punch* without the editorial 'thorns' or the worry of ownership better suited his temperament. On September 9, 1844, writing to George Hodder, he said, 'I have been worked to death for *Punch*, having it all on my shoulders, Mark [Lemon], à Beckett, and Thackeray being away. Nevertheless, last week it went up 1500.' The fact that more than half of the letterpress of that number had come from Jerrold's pen indicates the degree to which he had it all on his own shoulders. Taking the range of nine volumes, from January 1844 to June 1848, Mr. Spielmann found that Douglas Jerrold's contributions amounted to as many as 729 columns of *Punch*, or an average of 81 columns in each half-yearly volume, a total only exceeded by one other member of the staff, Gilbert à Beckett. In many single numbers Jerrold was represented by over seven columns—a goodly proportion of the whole ;

Indeed Mr. Spielmann tells us that in some of the earlier volumes the allotted space which Jerrold was supposed to occupy in a half-yearly volume was 162 columns, or a weekly average of six and a quarter columns. During the period named (1844-1848) we also learn from the historian of *Punch* that sixteen of the cartoons were drawn to Douglas Jerrold's suggestions.

## CHAPTER II

### DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS 'PUNCH' CONFRÈRES

The brightest humorist, the keenest wit, the kindest man our Republic [of letters] had known for many a day.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE writer of a newspaper appreciation of Douglas Jerrold—published when *Punch* was but eight months old—said, 'Our subject is seldom seen alone; his usual companions being gentlemen connected with literature, the stage, or science.' He was indeed recognised as the most companionable of men, and that despite, perhaps largely because of, his ready-witted tongue. That his wit made him enemies there can be little doubt, but mostly, it may be believed, of people who had well merited the stinging things that had been said of them, for wit only wounds when the blood is in a bad state. That those who knew him best found pleasure in Douglas Jerrold's wit even when directed against themselves, we have fortunately abundant testimony. Said Charles Knight: 'I have seen the retort, quick and blinding as lightning, flash from the lips of Jerrold, whilst he himself led the chorus of mirth at his own success and the victim would laugh the longest and loudest.' Indeed, the anonymous writer of the sketch in the forgotten *Lyre* of March 26, 1842, to which I have referred, himself bears testimony to it. Then, too, Jerrold was, as it has been said, the most clubbable of men. In the history of clubs a special chapter has been devoted to Douglas Jerrold's Clubs; but we are here concerned chiefly with one of these, that which may be said to be directly connected with *Punch*. From the earliest beginnings of the paper the members

of the *Punch* staff in effect formed a club, the reason for the existence of which was partly convivial and partly the discussion of the all-important subject of the forthcoming number, and later more especially the subject of its cartoon. It may have been that it was the pleasantness of these gatherings which suggested the formation of a 'Punch Club,' which, with Hal Baylis as president and George Hodder as honorary secretary, used to meet every Saturday night at the Crown Tavern, next to the Whistling Oyster Shop in Vinegar Yard, nearly opposite the gallery entrance to Drury Lane Theatre. This club, although partly formed of contributors to *Punch*, was not limited to such, for it included Clarkson Stanfield, Edwin Landseer, Charles Dickens, and others, and for a short time appears to have had a flourishing existence. Here, as Ebenezer Landells, the engraver, wrote, 'the inimitable Douglas Jerrold was in his glory, showing off his ready, sparkling wit, his joyous hearty laugh ringing out above them all.' George Hodder devotes some pleasant pages of his *Memories of My Time* to reminiscences of the Punch Club gatherings, and from him we learn that Henry Baylis—generally known as Hal Baylis—though not a member of the *Punch* staff—was by general consent made president of the Punch Club. Baylis, as one-time proprietor of a monthly magazine, had come in touch with many of the writers of the day, and his irrepressible fun and drollery made him a welcome companion at their social gatherings. Of such club meetings as these little has come down to us; we may well believe that they were merry times, mere description of which would convey but inadequate impression. Each successive generation of wits may echo the words which Master Francis Beaumont addressed to Ben Jonson :

What things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been  
 So nimble and so full of sudden flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life.

Such suggestive generalisings best indicate the nature of



those convivial gatherings in which wit-waked laughter leads ever to fresh wit ; for that which George Meredith has said of the race is true of a small company—the capacity for laughter is a promise of wit to come. Where we have a gathering of people ripe for laughter, the occasion for laughter will not be long in arriving, but the bald record of such gatherings as those of the Punch Club could have no more of the quality of the meetings than long-opened champagne can retain of its sparkle. The few jottings that we have about the Club tell us that the evenings were evenings of unalloyed pleasure—the regular attendants including Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, Kenny Meadows, Albert Smith, and others, besides, of course, the lively president, of whom Hodder records :

Considering that at the time I now speak of he was a frequent companion of Douglas Jerrold, it would be somewhat hazardous to say that he uttered the *best* things I ever heard ; but it may be stated fearlessly that he was the only man in my experience who was capable of drawing a sword against Jerrold ; and, though he could not boast the ready and pungent wit of the latter, his manner of advancing his opinions and his jokes produced an effect upon his auditors which was both novel and irresistible. One of his smallest flashes of merriment would set the table in a roar, while a stroke of wit from Jerrold would give him time and opportunity for evolving some piece of ludicrous extravagance even more laughable than that which had preceded it.

Perhaps the most notable relic of the Punch Club is the polyglot poem about it by Percival Leigh, which appeared in *Punch* at the beginning of 1843. This quaint piece, indicating some of the habitués of the small comfortable room at the Vinegar Yard tavern, may be given *in extenso* :

#### SODALITAS PUNCHICA, SEU CLUBBUS NOSTER

*Poëma Macaronicum, vel Anglo-Graeco-Canino-Latinum*

Sunt quidam *jolly dogs*, *Saturday* qui nocte frequentant  
 Antiqui Στέφανον, qui stat prope moenia Drurî,  
 Βουλόμενοι saccos cum *prog* distendere rather,  
 Indulgere jocis, necnon Baccho atque *tobacco* ;  
 In mundo tales non *fellows* ante fuere :  
 Magnanimûm heroum celebrabo carmine laudes,  
 Posthac illustres ut vivant omne per aevum.

Altior ἐν Στέφανῳ locus est, *snug cosy recessus* ;  
 Hic *quarters* fixêre suos, conclave tenent hîc,  
 Hic dapibus cumulata gemit *mahogany* mensa.  
 Pascuntur variis ; *roast beef* cum *pudding of Yorkshire*  
 Interdum ; *sometimes* epulis queis nomen agrestes  
*Boiled leg of mutton and trimmings* imposuere.  
 Hic *double X* haurit, *Barclay and Perkins's* ille ;  
 Nec desunt mixtis qui sese potibus implent  
 Quos '*offnoff*' omnes consuescunt dicere *waiters*.

Postquam exempta fames *grubbo*, mappaeque remotae,  
 Pro cyathis clamant, qui *goes* sermone vocantur  
 Vulgari, *of whisky, rum, gin, and brandy*, sed et sunt  
 Coelicolum qui *punch* ('erroribus absque') liquore  
 Gaudent ; et pauci vino quod praebet Oporto,  
 Quod certi *black-strap* dicunt *nicknomine* Graii.  
 Haustibus his *pipi*, communis et adjiciuntur  
*Shag*, Reditus, Cubae Silvae, *Cheroots* et Havannae.  
 'Festinate viri,' *bawls one*, 'nunc ludite verbis' :  
 Alter 'Foemineum Sexum' propinat, et '*Hurrah* !'  
 Respondent, *pot-house* concusso plausibus omni.  
 Nunc similes veteri versantur *winky* lepores  
 Omnibus, exiguus nec, Jingo teste, tumultus  
 Exoritur, quoniam summâ nituntur opum vi  
 Rivales ἄλλοι, *top-sawyers* ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

Est genus ingenui lusûs quod nomine *Burking*  
 Notum est, vel *Burko*, qui claudere cuncta solebat  
 Ora olim eloquio, pugili vel forsitan isto  
*Deaf Un*, vel *Burko* pueros qui *Burxit* ; at illud  
 Plausibus aut fictis jocularitorem excipiendo,  
 Aut *bothering* aliquid referentem, constat, amicum.  
 Hôc parvo excutitur multus conamine risus.

Nomina magnorum referam nunc pauca virorum :  
 Marcus et Henricus,<sup>1</sup> *Punchi* duo lumina magna,  
 (*Whacks* hic Aristotelem, Sophoclem *brown wallopeth* ille)  
 In *clubbum* adveniunt ; Juvenalis<sup>2</sup> et adventit acer  
 Qui veluti *Paddywhack for love* contundit amicos ;  
 Ingentesque animos non parvo in corpore versans  
 Tullius ;<sup>3</sup> et Matutini qui Sidus *Heraldi* est  
 Georgius ;<sup>4</sup> Albertus Magnus ;<sup>5</sup> vesterque Poeta.<sup>6</sup>

Praesidet his Nestor,<sup>7</sup> qui tempore vixit in Annae,  
 Creditur et vidisse Iaphet, non *youngster* at ullus  
 In *chaff*, audaci certamine, vinceret illum.  
 Ille jocos mollit dictis, et pectora mulcet,  
 Ni faciat, *tumblers*, et *goes*, et pocula *pewter*,  
 Quippe aliorum alii jactarent forsân in aures.

<sup>1</sup> Mark Lemon and Henry Mayhew.

<sup>2</sup> Douglas Jerrold.

<sup>3</sup> J. H. Tully, the composer.

<sup>4</sup> G. Hodder (at that time connected with the *Morning Herald* newspaper).

<sup>5</sup> Albert Smith.

<sup>6</sup> Percival Leigh.

<sup>7</sup> Henry Baylis.

At this time, the early days of *Punch*, the anonymous journalist cited at the opening of this chapter gave a description of Douglas Jerrold as he appeared to 'the man in the street,' a description which, unflattering as it is in parts, may be quoted at the outset of a consideration of Douglas Jerrold's relations with his confrères, that the reader may be helped to visualise the personality of the wit :

There are some localities in London that, however rife they may be of casual visitors, are seldom passed without shewing faces that distinctly belong to them. Of these, the neighbourhood of Covent Garden is one ; and amongst the faces that are familiar there that of Douglas Jerrold is conspicuous. You may give that face and person a  *cursory*  glance ; and you will think the owner is half-blind or half-witted ; or, indeed, both. The complexion is white, the eyes full and of a weak blue, the nose rather hooked, the cheek-bones prominent, and the head large ; through which latter circumstance, the smallness of the figure is rendered more manifest. If walking behind the playwright, you might mistake him for a mere boy suffering under some bodily affliction that had slightly warped the yielding bones.

We have named a  *cursory*  glance as that which would, in all probability, cause a person to imagine what we have mentioned above ; but examine the lineaments a second time, and you cannot fail to recognise in him before you a man of genius. There is a something about the corners of the eyes and mouth that denotes the satirist—the man whose mind is ever ready in the examination of the world—and who can so apply the knowledge thus gained as to constitute himself a true commentator and moralist.

The writer of this had presumably no personal acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold, but the description is interesting as giving a glimpse of him at the period with which we are here concerned, and the fact that the glimpse is given in 'the neighbourhood of Covent Garden' points the fact that in the early Victorian time that neighbourhood was the one most favoured by the clubs and coteries which carried on the coffee-house traditions of earlier days. With Jerrold's clubs generally we are not here concerned—they belong to the fuller biography which may some day be completed—but it certainly seems as though he in his generation was as great



a favourer of clubs as Johnson had been a century earlier. Here it is especially of his relations with his *Punch* colleagues that I wish to treat, and in a sense the staff of the paper may be said to have formed a peculiarly interesting club, with their weekly dinners, their outings, their gatherings at each other's homes; to their bond of union as liegemen of the jester was added in many cases the affinity of tastes and ideas which go far to maintaining the best traditions of club life. From scattered sources and traditions it will perhaps be best to bring together such details as will illustrate the footing on which he stood with his colleagues. It may be pointed out that there appears to have been a spirit of camaraderie among the writers of the day. Not only did the *Punch* men meet at their weekly dinner, but many of them frequently visited Douglas Jerrold in the then semi-rurality of Putney Lower Common, where he lived for several years. Dr. James Hutchinson Stirling, who was at West Lodge<sup>1</sup> there in the summers of 1846 and 1847—the very hey-day of the *Punch* period—has left a pleasant personal description:

The house at Putney seemed just the house a literary man would choose. It lay there on the very hem of the green common, apparently, to me, the very utmost house of the very utmost suburb of London. The study into which you entered almost directly from a very comfortable sitting-room, was itself a most comfortable apartment, well sized, well lit, well furnished, and the walls well covered with books.

Jerrold surprised me by the exceeding shortness of his stature, which was aggravated also by a considerable stoop. I do not think he could have stood much over five feet.<sup>2</sup> He was not thin, meagre, or fragile to my eye, however. His foot seemed a good stout, stubby foot, the hand not particularly small; and he had quite a stout appearance across the chest. Then the face was not a small one; he had a particular broad look across the jaw, partly owing, probably, to the complete absence of whisker. The upper lip was long, but the mouth remarkably well formed; flexible, expressive, moving in time to every thought and feeling. I

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<sup>1</sup> Pulled down at the beginning of the present year to make way for the erection of a hospital.

<sup>2</sup> In an early essay on the drill-sergeant, Douglas Jerrold described himself as glorying in the height of five feet one.

fancied it could be sulky, and very sulky too. But I said as much when I described his character as Scotch: for what Scotchman—ourselves inclusive—is not sulky? His nose was aquiline and *bien accusé*. His blue eyes, *naïf* as violets, but quick as light, took quite a peculiar character from the bushy eyebrows that overhung them. Then the forehead, well relieved by the masses of brown hair carelessly flung back, was that of genius—smooth and round and delicate, and moderately high; for gigantic brows, colossal fronts, are the perquisites only of milkmen and green-grocers.

Altogether, the stature excepted, Jerrold's physique was such as any man might be proud of, and corresponded very admirably to the rapid, frank, free soul that worked within it. He was closely, smoothly shaved, and showed not a vestige of whisker. He was well, and even, I thought, carefully clothed; his linen scrupulously clean, and the trousers strapped quite trimly down on the patent-leather boot.

The second time I visited him he was kind enough to drive us (an American with weak eyes had dropped in) up to town. During the ride he was particularly chatty and agreeable. He told us of *Black-Eyed Susan* and Elliston; of his early marriage and difficulties. We had the anecdote of the French surgeon at Boulogne, who insulted his rheumatic agonies with '*Ce n'est rien,*' and got his retort in return. We had erudite discourses on wines, and descriptions of pleasant places to live in. He told us his age. He talked of the clubs. He named his salary from *Punch*. He related the history of that publication, and revealed the authors. He pointed out which articles were his, which Thackeray's, and which Tom Taylor's. He spoke of Percival Leigh. We heard of Clarkson Stanfield, and Jerrold's own experiences as middy. He chatted of Dickens, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Tom Taylor, and Albert Smith. Of all he spoke frankly, but discriminatively, and without a trace of malice or ill-nature. In answer to the inquiry, 'What like was Thackeray?' he said: 'He's just a big fellow with a broken nose, and, though I meet him weekly at the *Punch* dinner, I don't know him so well as I know you.' Dickens he mentioned with the greatest affection; and the articles of Thackeray and Tom Taylor were praised in the most ungrudging fashion. No doubt Jerrold's feelings were quick and his expressions hasty; no doubt he could say bitter and savage things; but still I believe his nature to have been too loyal to admit either of envy or jealousy.

Overmuch has been made of the 'imperfect sympathy' subsisting between Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray. One or two remarks have been repeated and embroidered upon

until the late Mr. Arthur à Beckett went so far as to declare that the two writers were 'lifelong opponents'! The fact is that with much in common—both were severe satirists and both sincere sentimentalists—there was such diversity of character as may well have served to prevent their ever fully understanding each other. The one was a man of bright, impulsive, not to say tempestuous, nature, with strong convictions, the other a man of more level-headed, more self-conscious, and 'dignified' demeanour. Jerrold said (probably about the time of Thackeray's break with *Punch*), 'I have known Thackeray for eighteen years and I don't know him yet'; while Thackeray is somewhere said to have expressed himself when first making his literary reputation that Jerrold was the only rival whom he feared—a tacit recognition of their likeness. Vizetelly has recorded that Thackeray would tear the wrapper from the newly delivered *Punch* to 'see what Master Douglas has to say this week.' There is a world of dislike, Mr. Spielmann has suggested, in that 'Master Douglas,' but the story—if Mr. Vizetelly's memory was verbally accurate—probably belongs to the time of Thackeray's rupture with *Punch* owing to the emphasis of Jerrold's political writing, when the saying which is given as though a weekly utterance would be nothing more than an expression of impatience at a time of some strain. The exaggeration in the account of the suggested continuous strained relations between the two men is ridiculous when it is remembered that they sat next to each other week after week at the *Punch* dinners. One writer has, however, noted this fact, as though accentuating the supposed enmity: 'Thackeray and Jerrold sat near each other at the weekly *Punch* dinners, and there was as little love as space between them, but Thackeray wisely said, "What is the use of quarrelling with a man if you have to meet him every Wednesday at dinner?"' No reason for any quarrel has been adduced beyond the split which came when Thackeray seceded owing to his disagreement with

<sup>1</sup> J. G. Wilson, *Thackeray in the United States*. The value of such things said, which are written down years later, is shown by the fact that another version of the same speech runs: 'What is the good of quarrelling with the fellow? I shall have to meet him next Wednesday at the *Punch* dinner.'

the policy of *Punch*, and things said at such a time can scarcely be taken as indicating any consistently hostile position on the part of the men concerned. Had Thackeray and Jerrold been so antipathetic to each other as we are sometimes asked to believe, it is scarcely likely that when the latter was a candidate for election to the Reform Club, the former would have made a special journey from Leamington to record a vote in his favour, and would have hailed a friend with : 'We've got the little man in ! . . . Why, Jerrold ; we've elected him a member of the Reform Club.'

That some of Jerrold's shafts of wit were, when occasion offered, directed against Thackeray, there is no doubt ; but that the wit was so directed with the intention of wounding it is difficult to believe. Some of the things often repeated are almost assuredly not Jerrold's, and some of the others which have been made to apply to Thackeray, probably—and some certainly—concerned other people. For example, after one of Thackeray's lectures he is said to have asked a listener what he thought of it, and to have had the unexpected reply, 'Very good ; but wants a piano though.' This remark has little in it beyond rudeness, and is therefore wholly unlike any of Jerrold's retorts, though it is sometimes fathered on him. Again, some one said to Jerrold, 'I hear that you say *So and So* is the worst book I ever wrote,' to receive the crushing answer, 'No, I said it was the worst book any one ever wrote.' General J. G. Wilson, in his *Thackeray in the United States*, makes the second party to that talk Thackeray, and the book *The Virginians*. In that form the story will no doubt continue to be repeated, though Douglas Jerrold had been dead for more than two years when *The Virginians* was published. One more of these. Herman Merivale says of Thackeray, with seeming particularity, 'It amused the great man to tell anecdotes against himself—to repeat Douglas Jerrold's joke when he had just stood godfather to some friend's boy, "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you didn't present the child with your own mug !"' Yet we have contemporary record of the fact that it was not of Thackeray at all that



this was said. On February 12, 1853, Mrs. Brookfield entered in her diary :

John Forster came late for dinner : begged ten thousand pardons, but had been made late by 'having to stand godfather to one of Dickens' children.'

'I hope,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'that if you gave the child a mug it wasn't your own.'

It is, unfortunately, but rarely that *mots* can thus be traced back to the time of their utterance, but this instance in which it can shows the way in which the supposed antagonism of Jerrold and Thackeray has been made to 'prove' itself a reality.

Where Merivale has declared that Thackeray was amused by repeating the jokes that had been made at his own expense, Mr. Spielmann thinks that the novelist resented such references as were made to his 'dear old broken nose.' Of one such reference his friend Jerrold was certainly guilty, for, writing to Dilke of the *Athenæum* (about 1843), he said, 'Lady —— is trying to convert Thackeray to Romanism. She had better begin at his nose.'

The references, authentic or traditional, of Thackeray to Jerrold do suggest that the younger writer felt something like jealousy of the elder. We seem to recognise it in the words of Vizetelly already quoted, and in another incident given by the same writer, where it is repeated that, in inviting a number of his friends to meet a celebrated Frenchman, Thackeray purposely omitted Mark Lemon and Jerrold, saying, 'Young Douglas, if asked, would most likely not come ; but if he did, he'd take especial care that his own effulgence should obscure all lesser lights.' Such words do suggest something of a jealousy which Thackeray certainly had no grounds for feeling. Such witticisms as Jerrold aimed at his big friend were not of the kind to rankle. The remarks of Thackeray, if Vizetelly's records are to be accepted verbatim, were by no means of the kind that indicate cordiality. That there was a time of strained relations between the two when Thackeray resigned from *Punch* in 1854, may be taken as certain. Thackeray was a Liberal and

Jerrold a vehement Radical, and the note which the latter struck in his political writings in *Punch* may well have irritated his less zealous colleague. Writing to his friend, Mrs. Brookfield, Thackeray said, 'What do you think I have done to-day? I have sent in my resignation to *Punch*. There appears in next *Punch* an article, so wicked I think, by poor [Jerrold], that upon my word, I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage little Robespierre. The appearance of this incendiary article put me in such a rage that I could only cool myself by a ride in the Park.' In reply, Mrs. Brookfield wrote: 'I am very well again, and I cannot feel sorry for the resignation from *Punch*, which is really a grand thing to have done as a testimony—but they ought to cut out the Jerrold article and make you come back.'<sup>1</sup>

The matter is further complicated by the fact that we have from Thackeray himself two seemingly contradictory accounts of his severance from *Punch*, for in the *History* Mr. Spielmann prints a letter to one of the proprietors of *Punch* which gives another version of the reasons for resignation. In December 1854 Thackeray published an article on John Leech as artist, in the course of which he made an unfortunate remark reflecting upon his whilom colleagues: 'Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone.' In this article, Thackeray explained, he 'resigned his functions' as a member of Mr. Punch's cabinet on account of the assaults on the character of the Emperor of the French. Writing to Evans on March 24, 1855, he said:

I met Murray, the publisher, the other day, and cannot help fancying from his manner to me that there is a screw loose with him too about that unlucky Leech article. Lemon, answering one of my letters, said that he personally complained that my account of leaving *Punch* was not correct.

<sup>1</sup> *A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray*, p. 174; *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*, ii. 314. In these books the Thackeray letter is given as dated 1854 and the reply to it is 'about July 1850,' a discrepancy which renders the identification of the 'incendiary article' impossible.

There was such a row at the time, and I was so annoyed at the wrong that I had done, that I thought I had best leave Lemon's remonstrance for a while and right it on some future occasion. I recall now to you and beg you to show to him, and to any other persons who may have received a different version of the story, what the facts were. I had had some serious public differences with the Conduct of *Punch*—about the abuse of Prince Albert and the Chrystal [*sic*] Palace, at wh. I very nearly resigned, about abuse of Lord Palmerston, about abuse finally of L. Napoleon—in all which *Punch* followed the *Times*, wh. I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time, and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the Country.

Coming from Edinburgh I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a Beggar on Horseback, in wh. the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could after my return (a day or 2 days after), I went to Bouverie St., saw you, and gave in my resignation.

I mention this because I know the cause of my resignation has been questioned at *Punch*—because this was the cause of it. . . . No engagement afterwards took place between us; nor have I since been a member of *Punch's* Cabinet, so to speak. Wishing you all heartily well, I wrote a few occasional papers last year—and not liking the rate of remuneration, wh. was less than that to wh. I had been accustomed in my time, I wrote no more. . . . I reproach myself with having written  $\frac{1}{2}$  a line regarding my old *Punch* Companions—which was perfectly true, wh. I have often said—but which I ought not to have written.<sup>1</sup>

Now the offending cartoon—curiously enough by Leech himself—mentioned by Thackeray, appeared in the last number of the second volume of *Punch* for 1851, and that he was already slackening off in his *Punch* work is shown by the fact that he had but half-a-dozen contributions in that volume. It is possible that the 'incendiary article' referred to in the letter to Mrs. Brookfield may have been 'Napoleon's Book of Fate' in the same number of *Punch* as the 'Beggar on Horseback' cartoon. But in one case Thackeray says it was a Jerrold article, and in another a Leech cartoon, that was finally responsible for his rupture with *Punch*. In 1852 he contributed not at all to the paper, and in 1853 a poem and two or three drawings, and then in the autumn of 1854 came the final

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Punch*, by M. H. Spielmann, p. 323.

break with the paper, partly on account of the altered rate of remuneration and partly perhaps on account of the 'unlucky Leech article.' Some of the *Punch* men might well have felt more than a little annoyance at the invidious reference to their work on the paper, at the belittling of the staff as a whole for the greater glorification of one member ; but that the quarrel was more or less one-sided—at any rate so far as Douglas Jerrold was concerned—was shown by the fact that when in the autumn of 1855 a dinner was given to Thackeray on the eve of his departure for America, his supposed rival and 'lifelong opponent' was there to do him honour. From an informal account of that banquet we learn that after the speech-making 'the Chairman (Charles Dickens) quitted, and many near and at a distance quitted with him. Thackeray was on the move with the Chairman, when, inspired by the moment, Jerrold took the chair, and Thackeray remained. Who is to chronicle what now passed?—What passages of wit—what neat and pleasant sarcastic speeches in proposing healths—what varied and pleasant, ay, and at time sarcastic acknowledgments. Up to the time when Dickens left, a good reporter might have given all, and with ease, to future ages ; but there could be no reporting what followed. There were words too nimble and full of flame for a dozen Gurneys, all ears, to catch and preserve. Few will forget that night. There was an "air of wit" about the room for three days after. Enough to make the two next companies, though downright fools, right witty.'

Jerrold's attitude towards Thackeray's work—however imperfect may at times have been the sympathy between them as companions—can be gauged from a few lines taken from the cordial review in which he welcomed the first number of *Vanity Fair* :

Mr. Thackeray's literary reputation, considered with reference to its deserts, has been of slow growth ; but it has haply struck the deeper root, and will bear the better produce. His *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* is upon all tables ; and though published, as the phrase runs, as a Christmas book, is, like a plum pudding, an excellent thing for the whole year round. The present work commences admirably. It has in it nothing strained, nothing over-painted ;





#### CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

Thackeray in left top corner, below him Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold.

(By Richard Doyle, 1846.)



#### AUTHORS' MISERIES

Thackeray and Jerrold overhearing the reviling of 'Punch.'

(By Thackeray, 1848.)



but we are irresistibly carried on, by the healthy style of the writer and the naturalness of the words uttered by flesh and blood people really to be found upon this earth : creatures not picked out of printers' cases, but *bona fide* human clay. . . . We trust that we have done enough to send the reader to the work itself. Its tone is hearty, healthy, natural. There are no hothouse folks in it—no filigree fine writing. We have people who really live, and the world as it is ; and the world, even at the best, is, after all, not covered with sugar like a twelfth cake, with saccharine men and women dotted upon it.

This hearty—and anonymous—commendation of Thackeray's work does not suggest any ill-feeling between the two writers.

With Mark Lemon, 'the best of Editors,' as one of his staff dubbed him, Douglas Jerrold seems always to have been on a cordial footing of friendship, and he is said to have chuckled complacently when, toasting Mr. *Punch* at one of the weekly dinners, he declared that the jester would never require spirit while he had such good Lemon-aid—a variant of the pun-obvious upon his name to which 'Uncle Mark' must have grown well accustomed during his long occupancy of the editorial chair. With à Beckett, too, Jerrold was on the friendliest terms, though when the comic historian became a police magistrate, he is said also to have become inclined to that Toryism with which Jerrold was ever at war, and though frequent sparring is said to have taken place between the two at the weekly *Punch* dinners. These dinners took place at first on Saturdays, and later on Wednesdays, and originally they were not limited to members of the staff, for George Hodder has recorded how he and Horace Mayhew 'were frequently among the last to quit the agreeable scene ; and how upon taking our departure, with something like a feeling of self-reproach at having been tempted to remain beyond the hour when Prudence usually goes to bed, Douglas Jerrold has consoled us with a favourite quotation of his from Gainsborough : "Never mind, we are all going to Heaven, and Vandyck is of the company" ; and how, when dining with Jerrold at his house the following day, and reminding him of some of the flashes which his wit had sent forth, the latter has

exclaimed, laughingly and half-incredulously, "No! did I say that?" It is to be regretted that Hodder was not allowed to continue attending the dinners that he might have become the Boswell of the *Punch* company. As it is, all writers tell us that such wit combats as distinguished the 'Mermaid' of old took place round Mr. *Punch's* 'Mahogany Tree,' but those combats had no particular chronicler.

Douglas Jerrold, as has been said, was the first of the *Punch* men whose name became popularly associated with *Punch*, and when the many jests at the expense of Alfred Bunn of the Drury Lane Theatre moved that poet-manager to retaliation, it was Jerrold, Lemon, and à Beckett against whom he directed his counter-attack. It was towards the close of 1845—the very year in which the staff presented Mark Lemon with a silver inkstand to signalise the success of the cleanly comic—that Bunn brought out his journal, *A Word with Punch*, 'to be continued if necessary.' It was issued in the form, and as a colourable imitation, of *Punch*, and 'Wronghead, Mr. Douglas Jerrold! Sleekhead, Mr. Gilbert à Beckett!! Thickhead, Mr. Mark Lemon!!!' were treated to much goodly satire mingled with some vulgar abuse. The late Mr. Arthur à Beckett waxed very wroth over *A Word with Punch*; but though the paper is not altogether in good taste, it must be confessed that the same may be said of some of the impertinences which *Punch* directed against 'the Poet Bunn.' It is easy to believe that the trio attacked felt sore, but it has to be acknowledged that they were responsible for the policy of pinpricks which ended in the determined attack. It is idle to blame the bull which succeeds in wounding the matadors who make a show by assailing it. When the late George Augustus Sala came to writing his reminiscences he confessed that he was largely responsible for the *Word*, which he described as a youthful indiscretion. Wanting in taste though it was in parts, the brochure was a clever carrying of the war into the enemy's camp—and it was successful, for *Punch* only rarely made fun of his old butt, though two years later an article on *Bunn's Prose*—writer unknown—concluded with: 'We

heartily wish him all the success he deserves, and more if the public like to give it. Mr. Elliston went from Drury Lane to the Surrey and made a fortune. May Mr. Bunn, who is a little like Elliston on the scale of an inch to a mile, be equally prosperous.' Of Jerrold—who was caricatured as a serpent—though the satirist said some savage things, quoting against him verses from his earliest play (written in his teens), the attack was introduced with a recognition of his position as the leading man on *Punch* :

Now, with all his failings, let me record my opinion, that it is to Jerrold's pen you are indebted, *Punch*, for the fame you once enjoyed ; for, beyond any doubt, he is a fellow of infinite ability. I have known him some years, and the last time but one I ever saw him was in 1842, when, meeting me in St. James's Street, he thanked me for a handsome critique he believed me to have written on his comedy of *Bubbles of the Day*, and on that occasion he said a better thing, *Punch*, than he has written in your pages. I said to him, 'What, you are here ; picking up *character*, I suppose ?'—to which he replied, 'There's plenty of it lost in this neighbourhood.'

Landells, the 'engraving Jonah' who had been one of the original band of *Punch* men, engraved the cuts for the *Word*, and it has been suggested that Albert Smith (who had left *Punch* a year before) assisted Bunn in the production of the attack. Albert Smith had been frequently the object of Jerrold's witticisms, and may have felt that he was retaliating more forcefully with his pen than he could with his tongue. It was to Smith that Jerrold made one of his most famous retorts. Smith, protesting against something that had been said, added, 'After all, you know, we both row in the same boat.' 'True,' came the instant reply, 'but with very different skulls.' When Smith drew Jerrold's attention to an article which he had written for one of the magazines, and signed 'A. S.,' he was cruelly asked, 'Why do you only tell two-thirds of the truth ?' Smith appears to have been one of those aggressively genial people—we all know them—who address any one they have met half-a-dozen times as though old friends, and when they have met them half-a-dozen times more address them by their Christian names. Albert Smith at



the *Punch* table had spoken to Leech as 'Jack,' when Jerrold asked pointedly across the table, 'Leech, how long is it necessary for a man to know you before he may call you *Jack*?' When a party of *Punch* men and others were dining at Greenwich some one asked Smith to ring the bell. 'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'why don't you *ring the belle*?' a pointed allusion to the rumour of Smith's engagement to Bob Keeley's daughter. Albert Smith became famous by his lecture-show on the ascent of Mont Blanc, and when Jerrold was a guest at the Fielding Club some one cried out in facetious salutation of Smith on his appearance, 'Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains.' 'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'and Albert Smith half-crowned him long ago.' 'Pigmy as Jerrold physically was,' it is recorded, 'Albert Smith quailed before him.'

When 'Dicky' Doyle left *Punch*, his place was taken by (Sir) John Tenniel—whose name, thanks to a long and brilliant connection, was to become as closely identified with the paper as that of any member of the staff. Jerrold, it is pleasant to recall, was one of those who favoured the young artist's admission to the vacant place, meeting the proposal of extending an invitation to (Sir) John Gilbert—who had already drawn for the paper—with, 'We don't want Rubens on *Punch*.'

At the *Punch* dinners Thackeray would give his delicious piece of drollery, *Little Billee*, or his tender *Mahogany Tree* would be sung. John Leech, too, would sing Barry Cornwall's 'King Death was a rare old fellow'; and on one occasion, when he had sung with even more than his accustomed vigour, Douglas Jerrold exclaimed, 'I say, Leech, if you had the same opportunity of exercising your voice as you have of using your pencil, how it would *draw*!'

In all references to the *Punch* dinners during the early years of its existence, 'Jerrold, with the blue convex eye, which seemed to pierce into the very heart of things and to see their subtle resemblances,' is seen as a notable figure, and indeed he seems, thanks at once to the alertness of his manners and the nimbleness of his wit, to have become, as it were, the nerve-centre of any gathering of



congenial folk. The Cowden Clarkes—in refuting a charge that had been lightly levelled at their friend—indicated something of his character as it struck admiring observers :

At an English dinner in Italy Douglas Jerrold was spoken of in our presence as one who indulged too freely in wine, and we were able to vindicate his memory from the unfounded charge by asserting positively our knowledge to the contrary. Like many men of social vivacity and brilliant imagination, Douglas Jerrold would join in conviviality with great gusto and with animatedly expressed consciousness of the festive exhilaration imparted by wine to friendly meetings ; but to say that he habitually suffered himself to be overtaken by wine is utterly false.

The matter would not be worth referring to if it had not been touched upon by later memoir writers—notably by the late Sidney Cooper, R.A., who promptly apologised for that which he had written. But apologies are notoriously slow in catching up with that for which they apologise.

*Punch* in his early years had to pay the penalty of success, and in the pages of rival journals found himself the butt of others. Perhaps one of the cleverest was *The Man in the Moon*, started by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach, both of them earlier of the *Punch* staff, and both of them remembered by the stories told against them. How Jerrold poked fun at Smith has been indicated. Reach had insisted at the dinner-table that the proper pronunciation of his name was Re-ack, on which one of the *Punch* men—variously said to have been Thackeray and Jerrold—retorted with, 'Mr. Re-ack, will you please pass me a pe-ack?' One or other of these snubbers of affectation is said to have commented, 'I see ; Re-ack when we speak to you, and *Reach* when we read you.' *Punch* had a happy knack of enlisting under his banner the cleverest of those writers who won their spurs in fighting against him. One of the most brilliant of the attackers of *Punch* in *The Man in the Moon* was Shirley Brooks, who in 1851 became one of the staff of the older journal that he had derided ; as his biographer puts it,

'Even Jerrold, whom he had particularly attacked, eventually plumped for his admission to the table, and when the time came took an early opportunity of referring to him as "the most rising journalist of the day."'

The thinness of W. H. Wills, one of the original staff, Douglas Jerrold accounted for by saying that he had been in training all his life to go up a gaspipe. On another early *Punch* man, Stirling Coyne, said to have been not over-particular as to his personal appearance, Jerrold made the often-quoted comment, 'Stirling Coyne—I call him filthy lucre.'

Though Charles Dickens was not a *Punch* man—his solitary contribution finding its way, as Mr. Spielmann has pointed out, into the album of the editor's wife instead of into the columns of the journal—he was in friendly touch with many of the *Punch* men, several of whom were associated with him in his company of Splendid Strollers. Writing to Jerrold in November 1844, from Italy, Dickens said, 'It was very good and hearty of you, Jerrold, to make that affectionate mention of the *Carol* in *Punch*, and I assure you it was not lost on the distant object of your manly regard, but touched him as you wished and meant it should.' An advertisement appealing for help 'to the Brothers Cheeryble' moved Jerrold in *Punch* to warm commendation of the genius of his friend, their creator :

Thus it is, inkdrops beget flesh and blood. Men, women, and children, as vital as the offspring of Adam, trickle down the goosequills of genius and become living, breathing presences in the world. Their goodness, like Heaven's air, is a thing for ever ; we hug them to our hearts, creatures of thew and muscle. In the dreariest and in the pleasantest seasons, by the sweet conjunction of our thoughts they are with us—they are our friends, inalienable by disappointment or wrong ; our fast co-mates to the grave. Wondrous, enviable privilege of genius, that out of so many inkdrops can create immortal beings, ministrant of pleasure and goodness—can people the roughest, darkest byways of the world with cheerful, hopeful things of life, and quicken and ennoble the spent, desponding spirit of men with the true and beautiful.

Of the way in which the *Punch* men were associated with Dickens the late Alfred Ainger wrote capitally in a magazine article nearly forty years ago :

What nights have we seen at the 'Mermaid' ! What evenings were those at Tavistock House, when the best wit and fancy and culture of the day met within its hospitable walls ! There was Thackeray, towering in bodily form above the crowd, even as he towered in genius above them all, save only one : Jerrold, with the blue convex eye, which seemed to pierce into the very heart of things, and trace their subtle resemblances : Leech, with his frank and manly beauty, fresh from the portrayal of 'Master Jacky' or some other of the many forms of boyhood he knew so well : Mark Lemon, 'the frolic and the gentle' (dear to all us younger ones, irrespective of blood relationship, as 'Uncle Mark') : Albert Smith, dropping in late in the evening after a two or three thousandth ascent of Mont Blanc, but never refusing, at our earnest entreaty, to sit down to the piano and sing us 'My Lord Tomnoddy' or his own latest edition of *Galignani's Messenger* : Augustus Egg, with his dry humour, touching from contrast with the face of suffering that gave sad presage of his early death : Frank Stone, the kindly neighbour and friend, keen as any of us boys for his part in the after-piece : Stanfield, with the beaming face, 'a largess universal like the sun,' his practised hand and brush prompt to gladden us with masterpieces of scene-painting for the Lighthouse and the Icefields : and last, but not here to be dismissed with a few lines only—our bountiful host, like Triplet, 'author, manager, and actor too' ; organiser, deviser, and harmoniser of all the incongruous assembled elements ; the friend whom we have so lately lost—the incomparable Dickens.

When Douglas Jerrold completed his fiftieth year on January 3, 1853, he celebrated the event by a dinner at his house in Circus Road, St. John's Wood, whither he had removed from Putney. To this dinner came many of his most intimate friends, including the proprietors of and many of the contributors to the paper with which for nearly a dozen years he had been intimately associated. One of those present has left a note of the gathering :

Jerrold was in remarkably good health and spirits, and treated the allusions that were made to the occasion of the meeting in a tone of hilarity which rendered questions as to 'ages' matter of jocular rather than sentimental import. The evening was indeed one of the merriest I ever passed in the

society of Douglas Jerrold, and so gratified was Mr. [Edward H.] Baily, who was the Nestor of the party—being, indeed, in his seventy-fifth year—that he said he should gladly commemorate the event by making a bust of Jerrold, and presenting a cast of it to every one present. The bust was executed in marble, and is now in the possession of the family,<sup>1</sup> who not only regard it as one of the most poetically conceived works which modern sculpture has produced, but seldom speak of it without calling to mind the interesting occasion which gave rise to it. So admirable is it as a likeness, and so graceful as a composition, that I am constrained to say, in common with others similarly situated, that I was sadly disappointed that Mr. Baily was unable to carry out his promise to its full extent.<sup>2</sup>

Several of the *Punch* men, too, were members of 'Our Club' (formerly, I believe, the 'Hooks and Eyes'), and Henry Holl—who from actor turned wine merchant, moving Jerrold to say that his wine off the stage was better than his whine on—wrote at the beginning of the autumn session of 1857 *The Retaliation Imitated*, in which he satirised his fellows in indifferent couplets. These verses were printed as a four-page leaflet for the members, and the closing lines may be quoted as indicating the regard in which Jerrold was held by those who knew him best :

The 'Forty' are number'd—a sad lot of Thieves,  
 Unable to praise them—to censure them grieves !  
 'Associates' we have, too,—wise men, I've no doubt ;  
 I can't write their virtues, for I've not found 'em out.  
 Yet one man we miss, tho' he lives in our hearts,  
 Whose name, when it's mention'd, a brilliance imparts ;  
 As the star that's just set leaves behind it its light,  
 So his radiance illumines our darkness to-night—  
 Dear Jerrold we loved so ! our delight and our wonder,  
 His wit the quick lightning, our laughter the thunder !  
 In knowledge so various—so gentle in deed,  
 The faithful of promise—the earnest in need !  
 In friendship unfailing—in integrity strong,  
 'The Right he still champion'd and stood against Wrong.  
 'Tis *He* that we miss, and hush'd is our mirth  
 At the loss of his genius, the loss of his worth.

<sup>1</sup> It is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

<sup>2</sup> Despite this fact several of the plaster replicas are in existence. One is in the office of the proprietors of *Punch*, and another, thanks to the kindness of a descendant of one of the friends at the dinner, is in my possession.

Poor Jerrold has pass'd ! Let us hope as we sit,  
 'Our Club' by him founded—the loved of his wit—  
 In honours shall grow as its members in fame,  
 And Hist'ry record in its pages our name !

It was on August 30, 1856, that death made its first gap in the ranks of the original band of *Punch* men, when Gilbert à Beckett died at Boulogne. A brief *In Memoriam* was penned for *Punch* by his friend Jerrold, a note in which the writer enforced the truth of which his own life was an illustration, that gravity and levity may well be different manifestations of the same power :

As a magistrate, Gilbert à Beckett, by his wise, calm, humane administration of the law, gave a daily rebuke to a too ready belief that the faithful exercise of the highest and gravest social duties is incompatible with the sportiveness of literary genius. On the Bench, his firmness, moderation, and gentleness won him public respect, as they endeared him to all within their influence. 'His place knows him not,' but his memory is tenderly cherished.

Eight months later, on June 8, 1857, Douglas Jerrold himself passed away in his fifty-fifth year, when *Punch* paid him the tribute of the following tender verses :

Low lies the lion-like grey head ;  
 The broad and bright blue eye is glazed ;  
 Quenched is that flashing wit, which blazed,  
 The words that woke it scarcely said.

Those who but read the writer's word  
 Might deem him bitter : we that knew  
 The man, all saw the sword he drew,  
 In tongue-fence, was both shield and sword.

That sword, in the world's battle-throng,  
 Was never drawn upon the meek :  
 Its skill to guard was for the weak,  
 Its strength to smite was for the strong.

His sympathy was ever given  
 Where need for it was sorest felt :  
 In pity that blue eye would melt,  
 Which against wrong blazed like the levin.

Not for his wit, though it was rare ;  
Not for his pen, though it was keen ;  
We sorrow for his loss, and lean  
Lovingly over that grey hair,

To place the wreath, befitting those  
Who like good men and true have striven ;  
By God, not men, he must be shriven ;  
Men guess and grope : God sees and knows.



## CHAPTER III

### DOUGLAS JERROLD AND THE POLITICS OF 'PUNCH'

The man to whom, more than to any one else, the paper owed the enormous political influence it once enjoyed, and to whom it is indebted for much of the literary reputation it still retains—Douglas Jerrold.—M. H. SPIELMANN.

WRITER of some of the most amusing of that social satire which firmly established *Punch* in the popular regard, it was by his political writings that Jerrold not only made the journal the fearless champion of the weak and a severe critic of all shams, but also, it may well be believed, something of a political power on behalf of progress and reform. The satire of *Punch* as expressed by Douglas Jerrold at one time led to the prohibition of the journal in France,—so that the jester boldly advertised for smugglers to take his copies across the Channel! Whether the appeal resulted in any one actually offering to do the smuggling I am unable to say. Then, too, when Jerrold wanted to visit Rome, and applied for the necessary passports at the Austrian Embassy, he was met with the reply, 'We have orders not to admit Mr. Douglas Jerrold to Austrian territory.' To this he retorted at once, 'That shows your weakness, not my strength!' These incidents illustrate the serious regard with which the critic *Punch* was looked upon abroad. He was fond of having a fling at foreign affairs, more especially when some prominent figure gave him the opportunity of supplementing his pen-stings with pictorial satire. In home affairs *Punch* was—so long as Douglas Jerrold was a prominent member of his Cabinet—uncompromisingly Radical, and the fact that the journal was thus made the medium of strong

convictions emphatically and picturesquely expressed had, there can be little doubt, much to do with its success. A critic writing when the paper had been in existence for ten years expressed his recognition of this fact : 'The great success of *Punch* is the political character it has assumed, otherwise it must long ago have perished ; nothing is so annoying and wearisome as a companion who is determined to be funny ; but when you make the chief topics of conversation politics, with the follies and fashions of the day, and treat these in a facetious manner, you appeal at once to a world of ready and patient listeners.'

In this chapter I propose to indicate—from his contributions to *Punch*—something of Douglas Jerrold's attitude towards politics and his method of dealing with them. Much as he wrote in this paper, it did not by any means absorb his attention as political writer, for towards the end of the 'forties he was editing and writing the leaders for *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, and from 1852 until his death doing the same work on *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. As has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, Jerrold's first contribution to *Punch* was a paper on the political situation. Indeed, with the exception of *Punch's Letters to his Son*, the articles signed 'Q' are almost the only contributions which can indubitably be claimed as Jerrold's in the earliest volumes. It was, indeed, the forcefulness and earnestness of the 'Q' articles that led to the proposal being made to the writer to start a weekly newspaper bearing his own name ; but the fortunes of that highly successful though short-lived journal belong to 'another story.' It was as a moralist and censor, it has been said, that Jerrold wrote on politics, and his work in this department has not been unfairly judged as lacking in the breadth and depth of statesmanship. As Mr. Spielmann has put it : 'Thackeray was more of a statesman than his colleague Douglas Jerrold, who for years was practically *Punch's* Prime Minister.' Jerrold was deeply in earnest, and brought to his work the qualities, by no means common in political writing, of wit and fancy ; as a contemporary writer said, he 'was a man to serve his cause, for he embodied its truths in forms of beauty.

His use to his party could not be measured like that of commoner men, because of the rarity and attractive nature of the gifts which he brought to its service. They had a kind of incalculable value, like that of a fine day, or of starlight.' Dr. Stirling, by no means an unkindly critic, said that on the great questions of the day he felt out of his depth—'before he can speak, he requires some anecdote, some sally of general humanity, some concrete case, just or unjust, to give him at once a meaning and a purpose.' James Hannay too, writing shortly after his friend's death, well summed up this side of Jerrold's work :

Through life, he took the side of the poor and weak. It was the secret, at once, of his philosophy and his politics. He got endless abuse for his eternal tirades against the great and the 'respectable,'—against bigwigs of every size and shape. But the critics who attacked him for this negative pole of his intellectual character overlooked the positive one. He had kindness and sympathy enough ; but he always gave them first to those who wanted them most. And as humorist and satirist he had a natural tendency to attack power,—to play Pasquin against the world's Pope. In fact, his radicalism was that of a humorist. He never adopted the utilitarian, or, as it was called, 'philosophical' radicalism which was so fashionable in his younger days ;—not, indeed, the Continental radicalism held by a party in England ;—but was an independent kind of warrior, fighting under his own banner, and always rather with the weapons of a man of letters than those of a politician. For the business aspect of politics he never showed any predilection from first to last.

It was, however, proposed to him that he should become Parliamentary candidate (for Finsbury), but he declined, on the grounds, I believe, that members should be paid—his view being that a man while entirely dependent for his livelihood upon a profession could not do his duty at once by his family and by his constituents. Had he become a member of Parliament it may well be believed that, despite his wit and fervid earnestness, he would not have been an oratorical success in the House of Commons, for, the life and soul of a small circle of friends, he was not fitted for public speaking, and only on two or three recorded occasions succeeded at all in formal speech-making.

It was in the second number of *Punch* that Douglas Jerrold began his political writing for the paper, with a sportive page on *Punch and Peel*, in which, in a dialogue between *Punch* and a Reader, it was declared that the statesman was taking office under *Punch*, and much fun was made of the tremendous trouble as to the appointment of Ladies of the Bedchamber. In the next number *Punch* and Peel discuss the question of Cabinet-making. *The Letter of Introduction*, in which Peel applies to Queen Victoria for the 'place,' is assuredly by Douglas Jerrold, being, as it were, an introduction to the first of the articles signed 'Q,' Peel '*Regularly Called in*,' which appeared in the following number. In the earlier papers the writer had indulged in playful dialogue; in the first of the articles with the signature he boldly declared himself. In the course of it, too, he showed that happy readiness of illustration which is found throughout his writings on current topics. He seemed always able to summon to memory some quotation or reference which he could make curiously apropos :

The tenacity of life displayed by Bull is paralleled by a case quoted by Le Vaillant. That naturalist speaks of a turtle that continued to live after its brain was taken from its skull, and the cavity stuffed *with cotton*. Is not England, with spinning-jenny Peel at the head of its affairs, in this precise predicament? England may live; but inactive, torpid; unfitted for all healthful exertion,—deprived of its grandest functions—paralysed in its noblest strength. We have a 'Tory Cabinet, but where is the *brain* of statesmanship? Now, however, there are no Tories. Oh, no! Sir Robert Peel is a Conservative—Lyndhurst is a Conservative—all are Conservative. Toryism has sloughed its old skin, and rejoices in a new coat of many colours; but the sting remains—the venom is the same; the reptile that would have struck to the heart the freedom of Europe, elaborates the self-same poison, is endowed with the same subtilty, the same grovelling, tortuous action. It still creeps upon its belly, and wriggles to its purpose. When adders shall become eels, then will we believe that Conservatives cannot be Tories. . . . He changes his name! He comes forth, curled and sweetened, and with a smile upon his mealy face, and placing his felon hand above the *vacuum* on the left side of his bosom, declares—whilst the tears he weeps would make a crocodile blush—that he is by

no means the *Tory* his wicked, heartless enemies would call him. Certainly not. His name is—*Conservative* ! There was once, to be sure, a *Tory* in existence ;

‘But he is dead, and nailed in his chest !’

He is a creature extinct, gone with the wolves annihilated by the Saxon monarch. There may be the skeleton of the animal in some rare collections in the kingdom ; but for the living creature, you shall as soon find a phoenix building in the trees of Windsor Park, as a *Tory* kissing hands in Windsor Castle !

The lie is but gulped as a truth, and *Conservative* is taken into service. Once more he is the *factotum* to John Bull. But when the knave shall have worn out his second name—when he shall again be turned away—look to your feather-beds, oh, John ! and foolish, credulous, leathern-eared Mr. Bull—be sure and count your spoons !

At least it could not be said that *Punch* spoke with any uncertainty as to the side on which he ranged himself—and the article of which this is a portion was placed opposite a cartoon in which Peel as a wolf stopped the path of the youthful Queen Victoria as Red Riding Hood bearing a basket laden with ‘Place, Patronage, Power, Perquisites, Pensions,’—the P’s at any price supposed to be desired by the opposition whatever party may be in occupation of the government. When ‘Q’ next takes his pen in hand it is to discuss *The Corn Laws and Christianity*, inspired by the refusal of Dr. Chalmers to attend a gathering of clergymen to discuss the Corn Laws on the grounds that what was wanted was not so much cheap corn as ‘a Universal Christian Education.’ By all means, says *Punch*, instead of sending missionaries to the heathen abroad, let us send them to Park Lane, Mayfair, Portland Place, and the parts thereunto adjacent ; and then he proceeds to contemplate ‘London breathing and living, for one day only, by the sweet sustaining truth of the Gospel.’ The following week there was a fresh attack on Peel, wittily illustrated first by an illustration from ‘an old Italian novelist,’ and concluding with advice that might have been tendered to Mr. Lloyd George when he set about his famous Budget : ‘The learned Baldaeus tells us that “Ceylon doctors give jackal’s flesh for consumptions.”’



Now, consumption is evidently John Bull's malady ; hence, we would try the Ceylon prescription. The jackals are the landowners ; take a little of *their flesh*, Sir Robert, and for once spare the bowels of the manufacturer.<sup>1</sup> When next 'Q' was moved it was to indignation over a man imprisoned for ten weeks because he could not pay a fine of one shilling, with fourteen shillings costs for non-attendance at church : 'Church, in its meekness, says to John Jones, "You come not to my house on Sunday ; pay a shilling!" John Jones refuses. "What!" exclaims Law—"refuse the modest request of my pious sister ? Refuse to give her a little shilling ! Give me *fourteen*." Hence, in this Christian country, law is of fourteen times the consequence of religion.' In the following week Parliament being prorogued, and the masons building the new house having struck, it was suggested that the members should employ the vacation in building their own House. (The succeeding week's cartoon showed them duly at work.) In a parenthesis 'that may be skipped or not' the writer has a dig at Sir Bulwer [afterwards Lord] Lytton—one over the affectations of whom *Punch* was always ready to make merry :

We make this proposal in no thoughtless—no bantering spirit. He can see very little into the most transparent millstone who believes that we pen these essays—essays that will endure and glisten as long, ay, as long as the freshest mackerel—if he think that we sit down to this our weekly labour in a careless lackadaisical humour. By no means. Like Sir Lytton Bulwer, when he girds up his loins to write an apocryphal comedy, we approach our work with graceful solemnity. Like Sir Lytton, too, we always dress for the particular work we have in hand. Sir Lytton wrote *Richelieu* in a harlequin's jacket (sticking pirates' pistols in his belt, ere he valorously *took* whole scenes from a French melodrama) : *we* penned our last week's essay in a suit of old canonicals, with a tie-wig askew upon our beating temples, and are at this moment cased in a court suit of cut velvet, with our hair curled, our whiskers crisped, and a masonic apron decorating our middle man. Having subsided into our chair—it is in most respects like the porphyry piece of furniture of the Pope—and our

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<sup>1</sup> See footnote on p. 7.



housekeeper having played the Dead March in Saul on our chamber organ (Bulwer wrote *The Sea Captain* to the preluding of a Jew's-harp), we enter on our this week's labour. We state thus much, that our readers may know with what pains we prepare ourselves for them. Besides, when Bulwer thinks it right that the world should know that the idea of *La Vallière* first hit him in the rotonde of a French diligence, modest as we are, can we suppose that the world will not be anxious to learn in what coloured coat we think, and whether, when we scratch our head to assist the thought that sticks by the way, we displace a velvet cap or a Truefitt's scalp?

When next as 'Q' Douglas Jerrold wrote, it was to suggest themes for the proposed frescoes for the Houses of Parliament. These, it was intimated, should be of an educational character, and be only placed in the House of Commons—'as for the House of Lords, we see no necessity whatever for lavishing the fine inspirations of art on that temple of wisdom, inasmuch as the sages who deliberate there were, for the most part, born legislators, coming into the world with all the rudiments of government in embryo in their baby heads, and, on the twenty-first anniversary of their birth, putting their legs out of bed adult, full-grown law-makers. It would be the height of democratic insolence to attempt to teach these chosen few: it would, in fact, be a misprision of treason against the sovereignty of Nature, who, when making the *pia mater* of a future peer of England, knows very well the delicate work she has in hand, and takes pains accordingly.'

In those first half-dozen of the 'Q' articles may be seen something at once of the writer's point of view and something of his happy manner of illustrating it with quaint lore or recondite allusion—showing, as it were, that reconciling of the seemingly incongruous which has been described as the basis of all wit. Many of the subjects dealt with during the years in which Jerrold was '*Punch's* Prime Minister' were mainly of momentary interest, and it is impossible to do more than touch here and there upon some of his political writings in *Punch*—they would by themselves form a volume of this size. 'All we propose to ourselves in these weekly essays,' he says in one of them, 'is to give

brief suggestions for the better government of the world, and for the bringing about of the millennium—which, when we are given away gratis in the streets, may be considered to be arrived.' With the beginning of 1842 'Q' represented 1841 as a person joining his eighteen hundred and forty predecessors; being catechised by them as to what he had seen, he mentioned the birth of the Prince of Wales, but oddly forgot the birth of *Punch*, and went on :

I have seen misery increase with every hour, I have heard the wailing voices of tens of thousands of the poor crying for bread, and I have heard purse-proud monopolists exclaim with a voice of thunder, 'Give them a stone!' As for politics, I have left the world in a very pretty clench. The Whigs, failing to sympathise with the people, lost them. As for the Conservatives, they are pledged to '*remedy all approved abuses*,' the question being, What will they admit *to be* an abuse? Will they call a rat-hole a rat-hole; or will they, as they have ever done, swear the hole to be a useful, healthful ventilator? However, there is no doubt that Conservatism is now considered to be the genteel thing; Whiggism and Radicalism both are vulgar. Conservatives and Whigs are nevertheless small factions; the power of each is gradually diminishing; for a third party—a party vindicating the sympathies, affections, and common rights of humanity—is rising, and must be paramount. Though a Hercules be at the breast, the time will come when he'll wield a club.

When Peel instituted the Income Tax (of sevenpence in the pound) at the beginning of 1842, 'Q' hailed it 'as a portion of the whole—a tax on Property must follow; but then we must have a different House of Commons, a much-reformed House of Peers.' Nearly seventy years have passed, and though the House of Commons has been changed, and the tax on property has come, we only now seem to be approaching the reform of the Upper Chamber. When it was objected—as of course it was—that the Income Tax was inquisitorial, and a prominent politician declared that indirect taxation was best because then each individual did not 'know the exact amount of his contribution,' 'Q' had ready a happy illustration :

In some countries where a large quantity of blood is taken from the inhabitants, the vital principle is so adroitly subtracted

whilst the sufferers are asleep, that they know not the 'exact' number of ounces they have lost, but—and the knowledge is doubtless sufficient—only know themselves weak, enervated, unfit for labour. The vampire-bat is the tax-gatherer on these occasions. For we are told that the creature in the silence of night fixes itself upon the toes of the sleeper, and drinks and drinks its greedy draughts of blood; and while it drinks benevolently fans its victim with its wings, and so the sleeper—*i.e.* the taxpayer—sleeps on, until the vampire is gorged; and then the creature goes away, leaving the man in perfect ignorance of the amount of income he has in his slumber subscribed. Now this is the sort of tax-gatherer proposed by Mr. Charles Buller. Doctor Peel, however, says: 'No, I want so many ounces of blood from every man, according to his capabilities of losing the same: I will take them, weigh them fairly, so hold out your arm, and—where's the basin?'

Early in the fourth volume Douglas Jerrold began presenting *The Pearls of Parliament* as set by *Punch*,—'some of the pearls he may, certainly, after his peculiar fashion, dissolve in his own vinegar.' Some members, it was pointed out, were constitutionally incapable of oratory beyond 'Haw! Haw!!' while from others, 'mute, inglorious oysters,' no pearls were to be expected. In the summer of 1843—taking up the pen again as 'Q'—he poured scorn upon the fine electoral system under which a landowner could boldly announce 'Yeomen for Sale!' The article may be given in its entirety to illustrate the writer's method when he had lighted upon a subject that moved his indignation:

The Earl of Ducie is about to bring one of his estates to the hammer. He is also desirous of offering a very tempting lot to the spirited capitalist. He wishes to knock down

#### 'TWELVE HUNDRED HONEST YEOMEN'

to the highest bidder! In the history of auctions, there was, perhaps, never so much honesty in the market; hence, we fear, that the supply exceeding the demand, the article must necessarily go at an immense sacrifice. Virtue, like hops, must wait the time of the markets, or virtue itself becomes a very drug.

The *Cheltenham Free Press* directs public attention to the labours of Mr. George Robins, who, under the auspices of his Lordship, draws out the tempting advertisement of sale of the

Ducie domain. George says (and the capital letters are all George's own) :

'Connected with it is

'THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF NYMPHFIELD, wherein are SIXTY-SIX HOUSES, and the DUCIE ARMS, WITH POLITICAL INFLUENCE extending over TWELVE HUNDRED HONEST YEOMEN.'

Reader, are you a man of money ? If so, here is an investment. Consider ; for so many pounds you will be able to carry the souls of twelve hundred yeomen in your pocket. Yes ; you will have the entire and unrestrained command of the immortal spirits of twelve hundred men, yoking them for the hustings even as you yoke the oxen of Nymphfield for the plough. Being the happy purchaser, you may rapturously exclaim, with Alexander Selkirk :

'I'm monarch of all I have bought—  
My right there is none to dispute,  
Of cattle, the long-horned and short,—  
Of yeomen, debased to the brute !'

To do this is to effect the sweetest triumph of money ; to achieve the noblest conquest of Mammon. It was pleasant enough, no doubt, to buy blacks : the purchase gave to the buyer a certain sense of superiority ; being the owner of men, he was so much more than man ; and thus the vanity of poor human nature became lackered by slave-dealing. Nevertheless, the difference of colour gave to the creature bought a marked inferiority to his purchaser : but here, at Nymphfield, where the article to be purchased is white men—Englishmen—yea, 'honest' yeomen,—happy and exalted, indeed, is the man who can command the golden pennyworth.

Again, there is something that whets the curiosity in this promised sale of so much honesty. Hitherto, dull-headed moralists and philosophers have denied that honesty could be sold and remain honesty. Its essence was too volatile to bear the transit from hand to hand. Good Earl of Ducie, inform us ; how do you propose to give *seisin*, as the lawyers would say, of the article ? How is the purchaser to be assured that he has his money's worth ? The horses and kine of Nymphfield are tangible enough ; nay, the very ducklings swimming in the pond may be numbered ; the hogs in the sty ; even the muck-heaps in the farmyard may be tested by the eyes and hands of the dealer—but honesty ! Honest Yeomen ! How, in the name of stars and garters, will your lordship make this appear to the senses of the purchaser ? How much honesty, in the first place,

do you allow per head? How much to a single yeoman? Of course, considerably less than goes to the Earl who would sell the commodity in a lump, enriching twelve hundred men. Say that every yeoman has within him a pound of honesty—a peck—a square foot?

Alas! honesty is not ponderable; it cannot be measured by vessel or rule. It is as subtle as the sunbeams; impalpable as the bow of heaven. And yet the Earl of Ducie would sell it! What knave or fool will buy?

How do we envy the sensation of the Earl of Ducie when contemplating the beauties of Nymphfield; the beauties of lake and dale, forest and water! What deep feelings of gratefulness must be his towards the good Providence that has made him the master, not only of glebe, and oaks, and houses, but of the very souls of twelve hundred 'honest' yeomen! He is enabled to turn the penny by the sale of God's image—by turning over to the best bidder the immortal privileges of his fellow-man: he can melt down twelve hundred labourers into so much coin, and put their moral essence in his pocket. Happy Earl!

And yet, it is a pity that one thing should be wanting to this bargain. Has the Earl no *droits du seigneur*? It is clear he can sell twelve hundred honest yeomen,—that is plain enough; it is advertised in large, attractive type; nobody can doubt it. Can he not, however, to make the transaction perfect—can he not lump in with the yeomen their wives and daughters?

It was the doing away with such forms of electioneering as this that was to 'ruin' England, as every other reform has been stoutly averred to threaten to do from the political Emancipation of the Catholics about eighty years ago, and as the political emancipation of women the day after to-morrow will—as some tell us—assuredly do. This cry of ruin moved Douglas Jerrold more than once to stinging comment. When a speaker had had the temerity to refer to 'gentlemen Jews,' the attention of all and sundry was called to the revolution threatened by the recognition that Jews could be anything more than 'individuals of the Jewish persuasion,' 'persons of the Hebrew faith':

It is a cry, common as the cry of mackerel, that we are fast approaching social destruction. All things, great and small, show it. The globe that we inhabit suffered a slight crack on Catholic Emancipation—another crack on the passing of the Reform Bill; and if it do not go clean in half on the abolition of the Corn



Laws, why Colonel Sibthorp<sup>1</sup> is no conjuror. What, however, are we to expect, when we find all our pet prejudices taken from us? The truth is, we then cease to be a people worth saving. Good, strong, stringent prejudices are intended to hold society together, even as iron hoops bind the staves of a cask. The world was much wiser and better when King John drew bills upon the teeth of a Jew, and throughout the land the Israelite was a thing of abomination.

The satire of the short article of which this is a part was lost on one reader, who wrote as 'A Jew' to the papers complaining of "the grossness of language" and "malice" of what in the innocence of our hearts we thought a rap on the knuckles of bygone bigotry and present uncharitableness.'

The foreign politics of *Punch* got him refused admission to France, and his home politics were so strongly expressed that it is not surprising to find that he was regarded as a danger by those good folk who look upon every proposal of reform as a step on the road to destruction. It seems that the vein of seriousness for which the jester was famous in these years of his youth was so far taken seriously that a Member of Parliament suggested his prosecution. *Punch*—Douglas Jerrold holding the pen—at once addressed the following letter to the Prime Minister:

#### TO SIR ROBERT PEEL

SIR—Sergeant Murphy having, on Friday last, in the House of Commons, suggested that 'the Attorney-General should prosecute *Punch* as a conspirator,' because Mr. Cobden, in the spirit of Mr. O'Connell, quoted a portion of my writings,—I hereby beg leave to state, in order to save the Government any needless trouble, that I will wait to be duly served with notice of action, from one till two on Monday next, at my office, 194, Strand. After that hour, my boy Dick must be inquired of as to my whereabouts.

Now, Sir Robert, quite in the spirit of old acquaintanceship, I wish to have some amicable talk with you. In the first place, as to the jury-list. I must have no 'accident' occur in the

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<sup>1</sup> Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. for Lincoln, was one of *Punch's* favourite butts: 'When Parliament is without its Sibthorp, may Pantomime lose its *Clown*!'



striking of names ; I can't consent to have a string of honest garret-holders shuffled away—lost—a cigar lighted with the paper—or, Heaven knows what ! No, Sir Robert, that juggle won't do *twice*.

Secondly, I have a vehement objection to any prosecution by your Attorney-General ; for it can be proved that Sir Frederick Pollock, when counsel in a certain criminal case at York, did aver that no man who had a faith in *Punch* 'was to be believed upon his oath !' What fairness am I to expect at the hands of such a prosecutor ? In the next place, Sir Frederick, although up to the present time he has disguised his real character, is at heart a most intemperate, pugnacious man. What guarantee, then, have I that he will not pistol my counsel even in his exordium ? My counsel has no wish to show his brains, by having them blown about the court. Certainly, if I chose to avail myself of his service, I have still an advocate whose brains are by this time proof against any accident. I mean Lord Brougham ; who in the most cordial manner has offered to conduct my defence. His cordiality, however, determined me to reject the offer. I had seen the boa-constrictor fed at the Zoological Gardens, and I well remember how he *slavered* the victim lamb before he bolted it. Having refused his Lordship, I of course shall have him against me as a Government witness.

I also protest against any tampering with the London press. I will have no chaffering to buy a cheap pennyworth of *The Morning Herald*—no summoning of its servants on their own 'spiced' reports of *Punch* for 'the London market.' No, Sir Robert ; don't turn justice into a beldam, going about to debauch the little remaining honesty of her neighbours.

And now, Sir Robert, where will you get your jury ? Your Attorney-General says, he 'will have no man with a faith in *Punch*.' No : 'such a man is not to be believed upon his oath.' Where, then—I repeat the question—will you get your jury ? I see them at once, and will anticipate your list :

Sheriff Moon (foreman).

Lord Wm. Lennox.

Mr. Grant (of the *Great Metropolis*).

Charles Kean.

Baron Nathan.

Alderman Gibbs.

Jenkins (*Morning Post*).

W. Harrison Ainsworth.

D. W. Osbaldiston (Victoria Theatre).

Sir Peter Laurie.

Colonel Sibthorp.

Moses (the tailor).

And now, sir, can any man doubt the verdict of *such* a jury ? *Punch* can't.

Well, Sir Robert, you may imprison me ; but I ask you this—Can you destroy my influence ? Can you shut up my

shop? Can you close 194, Strand? No, sir; when I think of the impotence of your malice, my heart beats—for you quicken my circulation.

I may be wearing out my eyebrows against my prison bars—but what of that? Is not boy Dick still at 194? Will not *Punch* still be fed by the vital threepence? Though you may give me state lodgings, will not admiring millions still pay my rent?

And now, Sir Robert, to conclude. That you will find means to convict me, I have no doubt. That you will have the courage to call me up for judgment is problematical. If, however, you should determine to lock me up all the balmy summer and the golden autumn, you will, I trust, consider what is due to yourself and *Punch*, and not send me to either Newgate, Horse-monger-Lane or the Bench. No, Sir Robert, I can think of nothing less than the Tower. 'Ay,' as *Richard* says, 'the Tower.'—Your obedient servant, PUNCH.

*P.S.*—As a gentleman, I must stipulate for Burgundy and wax-lights.

When the Enclosure of Waste Lands Bill was before Parliament, Douglas Jerrold wrote *A Donkey's Petition to the House of Commons*, in which it was pointed out that the Rights of Poverty should be considered as much as the Rights of Property :

Your Petitioner has heard with dismay that it is the purpose and intention of your Honourable House to deprive all present and future peasantry of the rights enjoyed by such as Robin Hedgestake. Your Petitioner cannot, however, give full credence to this rumour, knowing the intense devotion of your Honourable House to the 'Rights of Property'; knowing that, in defence of such rights, you have hanged tens of thousands; and, at the present time, have in New South Wales, at the Bermudas, and on board of English hulks, other thousands of living felons, witnesses of your devotion to the high principle. Is it likely that your Honourable House, that hangs and transports the poor thief, would, in its turn, filch from the pauper? Your Petitioner, even as a donkey, cannot believe it. . . .

Robin Hedgestake was an honest, worthy soul—his smock-frock to him as honourable as the fine Saxony of his landlord, Member for the County. Yet, allow your Petitioner to suppose a case. Permit him for a moment to picture Robin Hedgestake as a thief. Yes; Robin has broken into his landlord's stable, and defrauded his hunters of their hay and oats. Robin's ass and poultry have devoured the stolen goods. In the good old hempen days, certain

it is that Robin would have suffered asphyxia for the felony—in common sessions phrase, he would have been hanged by the neck until he was dead. In these better times, Robin would be transported: he would be a doomed felon, for seven, fourteen years, or for life, according to the bile and the fine sense of 'the Rights of Property' of the judge who tried him. And serve Robin right, cry the laws; wherefore should he, the varlet, steal hay and oats?

And may your Petitioner ask of your Honourable House, wherefore should you steal the poor man's pasture? Wherefore should you defraud his geese and poultry of their few and hard-earned pickings? Why rob his ass of a few mouthfuls of short, hard grass—why rob him of his pungent thistle? Your Honourable House will not do this, simply because you have the power to do so. It is the wickedest work of man when he hammers might into right: it is—take your Petitioner's and a donkey's word for it—unsafe work too; for though it may seem to hold for a time, some day it is apt to snap, to the doing of much mischief to those who hammered it.

Wherefore, your Petitioner hopes your Honourable House will pause and ponder on the Enclosure of Waste Lands and Commons Bill, now before you, and (provided that you legislate for the combined Rights of Property and Poverty too)—Your Petitioner will ever bray.

A DONKEY.

When Rowland Hill was dismissed from St. Martin-le-Grand on Peel's accession to power, *Punch* waxed indignant, and gave in two page cartoons the obverse and reverse of 'The Penny Post Medal.' On one, '1840,' Rowland Hill was seen being borne in triumph, on the other was Peel as Britannia giving the great benefactor his reward—'the sack'—and in the accompanying text Jerrold paid tribute to the founder of the Penny Post:

We herewith present to the reader a graphic representation of the Penny Post Medal and its Obverse, ordered to be struck by *Punch*, in commemoration of an event much greater in its ultimate results on the happiness of England, than the Battle of Waterloo. Beautiful—much more beautiful to the eye of the philosopher, *Punch*—is the red coat of the Postman, with his bundle of penny missives, than the scarlet coat of the Life Guardsman! For the Postman is the soldier of peace—the humanising, benevolent distributor of records of hopes, affections, tenderest associations. He is the philanthropic go-between—the cheap and constant communicant betwixt man and man. Very fine, indeed, are the Park guns; very grand to some ears, to listen

to their roaring throats, belching saltpetre in honour of victories, of royal births and royal marriages. Yet, *Punch* thinks them worse than old iron, in comparison with the Postman's bell, whose five o'clock sound tells him that one of Rowland Hill's genii is in the street, who, for one penny, will make *Punch* hold sweet discourse with his friend in the Hebrides—who will bring the remotest part of the United Kingdom close to his own doorstep for a couple of halfpence. . . .

We know that some folks, philosophers of the Sibthorpean school—younger sons of *Encolyon* (see that glorious farthing epic *Orion*)—

‘smooth Encolyon,  
The son of Hermes, yet in all things slow,  
With sight oblique, and forehead slanting high,  
The dull retarder, chainer of the wheel,—’

we know that the Encolyons of our times bewail the Penny Post, and long for the good days of ninepenny, tenpenny, and shilling rates. Let them take heart and comfort themselves after this fashion. Let them never send a letter without affixing thereto as many penny portraits of Her Majesty as would make the good old postage price. By this means will their delicate bigotry be pleased, and the revenue be exalted.

But for those who consider the comfort, the sustaining comfort, the happiness and humanising influence of the communication of mind with mind—let them—(even as good Catholics lift their hats at the vesper sound),—let them bless Rowland Hill at the Postman's knock.

Reader, the Postman, it is true, may bring a lawyer's letter ! Never mind that. Still utter a benison for Rowland Hill ; the very law in the letter will be the finer test of thy philosophy, thy gratitude !

In June 1844, writing on *Young England's Old Nobility*, Douglas Jerrold gibbeted two of the richest lines of bathos in our language—gibbeted them so effectually that they have since taken their place among familiar quotations. The beginning and closing portions of the article are as follows :

Lord John Manners, the Home Secretary *in posse*, when Young England shall reign in Downing Street, has published a volume of verse, called *England Trust, and other Poems*. In this volume there are—let the reader prepare for a gasp—the following lines :

‘Though I *could bear* to view our crowded towns  
Sink into hamlets, or *unpeopled downs* ;’

he could *not* bear that any decay should fall upon the ancient peerage. No, says Lord John—

*'Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
BUT LEAVE US STILL OUR OLD NOBILITY.'*

These lines were quoted by Earl Ducie at the last Anti-Corn-Law meeting, but their authorship, and the book that enshrines them, were not given. We supply the information for the benefit of the curious. And now, with every wished respect for the ancient aristocracy of England, we must own we were not aware of its surpassing worth in comparison with wealth and commerce, laws and learning. We were evidently in darkness.

The writer then goes on to imagine 'this old nobility, spared amidst the wreck of all the commerce, all the arts of life,' when all the crowded towns exist no longer, 'Liverpool is a mere village; Birmingham a hamlet; Manchester a place where two or three old women ply the spinning wheel; Sheffield, a casual home for wandering tinker or knife-grinder; all Yarmouth shrunk into the huts of a few fishermen who cure herrings':

It must, however, be a great consolation to the people of England to know in what consist their happiness and refinement as a nation. Not in their wealth; not in their laws; not in the wisdom of their buried sages. Oh, no! Let them depise their colonies—their fleets of ships—their literature, with its wings of light for distant nations—let them look upon all these things as cumbrous vanities, and with thankfulness pulling at their hamstrings, reverently drop down upon their knees before the House of Lords!

The House of Lords! Yea, that is Nature's prime laboratory; there, indeed, she toils and labours to 'give the world assurance' of her best article. Indeed, the eye of the philosopher—borrowing the glass of Young England—sees painted on the outside of the House of Lords—'*Real men to be had only within. All elsewhere are spurious. No connection with any other House.*'

Thus, all that we have to do is to pray for the procreation of Peers. With an Old Nobility, let "crowded towns," with all their wealth, sink and perish—the true national property is in the Lords!

Thus, if Bristol should be again assailed by a devastating mob, let them burn every stick. Why should we care, if Bristol's Earl be safe?

If all Westminster should catch fire, let it blaze away; for



have we not a nobleman of that ilk dearer than all Westminster put together?

And, lastly; if an earthquake should swallow the entire city of Londonderry, ought we to mourn over the desolation,—seeing that Providence has benignly preserved to us a wise and gentle Marquess of that glorious name? Yes!—

‘Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
BUT LEAVE US STILL OUR OLD NOBILITY.’

Thus pertinently enlarged upon, it is small wonder that the nobleman's wonderful words have stuck in men's memories. *Punch* by his bold advertisement gave them little chance of being forgotten with the minor poems from which they were extracted. That the lines had tickled Jerrold considerably may be gathered from the fact that, when Lord John Manners was defeated at Liverpool in 1847, *Punch* was made once more to use them in congratulating their author on attaining his ‘minority.’ ‘His Lordship's poetic genius had not been lost on the intelligent men of Liverpool. They acknowledged the surprising beauty of those immortal four lines of his Lordship—lines whose starry light is one of the greatest glories of the house of Belvoir.’ Later, too, the lines were used yet again as legend for a cartoon.

When in 1844 there was much trouble about the opening of letters in the post by Sir James Graham, Jerrold in *Punch* again and again returned to the attack on the Home Secretary, on one occasion giving an account of a ‘Grand Review’ of the postmen by Graham, when the successive words of command were: ‘Present letters! Feel for seal! Thumb on seal! Open letters! Read letters! Re-fold letters! Re-seal letters! Pocket letters!’ After which the men, having given evidence of their efficiency, were dismissed upon their several walks.

The frequency of Jerrold's digs at the hereditary House may perhaps be taken as an illustration of the truth of the adage that threatened men live long. The Lay Lords had been appealed to not to vote in the matter of a writ of error on the ground that ‘having heard none



of the arguments, they could not be supposed to know anything of the matter.' *Punch* at once drew attention to a protest which he declared had been placed on the journals of the House of Peers by Lord Londonderry,—a protest which was to be regarded as a tremendous blow at a new and very dangerous doctrine :

*Protest.*—That having sat many years in the House of Lords —(in the same House which has been decorated by the eloquence of my late lamented relative, that did more for Ireland than any other statesman which has ever lived)—I hold it to be altogether and wholly unconstitutional—completely and entirely and in every part subversive of the rights of the Peers of the United Kingdom which they are born to and hold by birthright, to refrain from voting on the egregious and radical doctrine that they do not understand what they vote upon.

That it is a constitutional and no less agreeable fiction of the law that Peers are supposed to be born knowing everything : and that even if they know nothing—which is never the case—when they are elevated to the upper House, such elevation does immediately impart to them all the science of government. They take such science as children take the small-pox, by mixing with them which have it.

That with this belief I have unhesitatingly voted, and ever should wish to vote, upon any and every question : and that if I have not exercised my born birthright upon the late writ of error, it is simply because I was not in the House, and for no other cause, let, or hindrance whatsoever.

That firmly attached to the constitution—which my lamented relative did more to uphold than any other Minister which ever was—I have entered this protest, that my late absence (and with it my unavoidable silence) may not be taken for a precedent.

That to forego this privilege would soon reduce the British constitution to the state of Constantinople (my *Voyage* to which is still to be had at a reduced price, in a new edition, of Mr. Colburn, Marlborough-street).

LONDONDERRY.

After the first three volumes of *Punch*, Douglas Jerrold used 'Q' but infrequently as a signature. In the eighth volume he returned to it with a 'leader' on the Duke of Richmond's having proposed as a toast, at a Freemasons' Tavern banquet, 'the health of the Labourer.' Bitter as is much of the comment, who that has studied the history of the 'hungry 'forties' will have the hardihood to say that it was too bitter?—

True it is, he may wither on seven shillings a week ; but then, does not a Duke drink his health ? and such condescension must more than double the miserable stipend.

Consider this, O labourer ! It is possible that all day you have wanted food—at night you need shelter and firing. There are sullen thoughts clouding your brain ; there is, too, a slow, withering heat at your vitals ; night is coming on, and you know not where to lay your head. This, it must be owned, is an uncomfortable plight ; nevertheless, you may shake off the misery like an ugly dream ; for know, you have been toasted in a London tavern. Yes ; at the Freemasons' the Duke of Richmond has given—'THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER !'

You are breaking stones in a Union yard. Let the thought of the toast touch your brain with music, and somehow try and hammer on the granite a grateful accompaniment to 'THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER !'

Well, labourer, you fall sick ; it may be in the parish of Iver, in Buckinghamshire ; in the county of 'the farmer's friend.' You are carted to Isleworth, and you ask for bread for yourself and wife. You cannot move ; but your wife, poor wretch ! has yet some strength, and so she is ordered to trudge from Hillingdon to Uxbridge—and from Uxbridge back to Isleworth, having walked in the cutting winter air only one-and-twenty miles, before melting charity gives her an order for grocery, price three shillings ! It is very wearying, it is sickening to the heart, it is enough to make you call upon death to take you from that despot, fellowman ; it is very wretched for you to wait the return of your wife on her hard pilgrimage of three-and-twenty miles. But take heart ! Be of good cheer ! Disease and famine have hold upon you ; but let this thought make them powerless—all that can be done, is done for you ; for amidst hurrahs and cheering clamorous, somewhere in London, they drink 'THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER !'

And, labourer, it may be you are just turned in howling winter time from a comfortable jail. You were sent thither for straying in search of work, that you might take your wife and offspring from the Union. You could not make out the offence ; but the magistrates, hawk-eyed, saw it, and you were sent to jail. There, you slough your labourer's rags, and are warmly clothed. Your sentence is suffered, and you are discharged ; the warm convict clothing taken from you, and your labourer's tatters restored. You shiver at the jail's threshold : for the icy wind makes you know the difference between the snug garments of a felon, and the threadbare raiment of a working-man. Well, you trudge on : but you have palpitation at the heart ; and it is sore travelling with you. At length you crawl into a wayside hovel ;

and with one loaf, in withering December, you fight famine for three days ; your feet becoming gangrened with the blighting cold. Terrible thoughts must visit you in that lone hovel ; you cannot but hold awful communings with the midnight blast, howling, to *your ears, like humanity about you*. Nevertheless, you are not forgotten. No : wrong not humanity—landlord-humanity, and all its gushing impulses ; for though you are starving, perishing ; though you are a piece of numbed, mortified, human refuse—a Duke remembers you, and gives 'THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER !'

And, labourer, you crawl from your hovel, and are taken to the Union. You die. You have been killed—murdered—by want and winter's cold. You are at length at peace ; and sleep the sweet sleep of death in a pauper's shell. You are carried to the pauper's ground ; and whilst the priest utters the words that confound all things in one undistinguished heap of clay—the pomp and the poverty of life ; its emblazonments and its miseries ; while he utters, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," let your spirit in its upward flight be comforted for those of your earthly fellows you have left behind ; for still—still will be drunk—'THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER !'

As some ducal landlords drunk the health of the labourer while living, so, to make the heartfelt solemnity complete, a *Doctor Cantwell* should bury him when dead.

A week later and John Leech enforced pictorially the 'bitterness' of Jerrold's writing when he presented his striking cartoon of 'The Poor Man's Friend'—Death at the pallet side of a dying labourer. Three weeks afterwards writer and artist joined in depicting 'The Reconciliation'—a prophecy of the time when Wealth and Poverty—'there are faults on both sides'—'will fairly meet, and have a great human talk upon the matter ; will hold a parliament of the heart, and pass Acts that no after selfishness and wrong—on either side—shall repeal. . . . When Poverty shall be declared no longer infamous—no, not declared ; *that*, with Pharisee-lip, we declare now—but thought, believed, made a creed of, then may Poverty expect its higher rights.'

At the prorogation of Parliament, in the summer of 1845, the Duke of Argyll—whose proud privilege it is to bear the crown before the Sovereign on State occasions—going backwards in accordance with the demands of etiquette, 'slipped down two stairs,—fell—and down,

with a crash, fell the crown of England.' To some the accident might seem ludicrous; to some it no doubt appeared as an omen of ill-fortune; to Douglas Jerrold it provided a text of the kind in which he delighted. 'The olden bigotry loved the back step; but the spirit of our day cries—"Forwards!"'

*Punch* was strongly for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and after much abuse of Peel for doing nothing, cordially welcomed his conversion. But already by 1845 the paper had become less strenuously political. It was only occasionally that articles of any length were devoted to political matters; satire and sarcasm being more particularly directed against social abuses, against all manner of manifestations of cant and humbug. Not that there was yet any weakening of *Punch's* attitude on political affairs, and in his brevities were many digs at the sins of Ministers, at the attitude of those who chose to regard all as being for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Many of the brief notes remind us how history repeats itself. Corn-Law Repealers and Anti-Corn-Law Repealers went at it no less strongly than do Free Traders and Tariff Reformers at the present time. With but slight changes in the names of the speakers, and very small variations of the words, the following passage might have been written of the Budget critics of last year:

'To swear like a lord' is an old phrase; 'to scold like a lord' may, since the Corn-Law Debate in the Peers, be added to it. Lord Ashburton, for instance, spoke of '*some* half-clergyman, or *some* low person—half dissenter, or some one of *that sort*.' Thus, with his lordship, not to be of high church is to be of low standing; excellent orthodoxy! The Earl of Warwick, with his notions of Christianity, called the agitation of the League 'blasphemous!' the Corn Laws (there is of course divine authority for the fact) being the especial work of Heaven, for the benefit of the landlords. What a sharp and dangerous weapon is the word 'blasphemy'! and how many foolish folk have cut their fingers by flourishing it. Earl Stanhope boldly denominated the Commons' majority as 'base sycophants, who, like filthy reptiles,' etc. During the present session we have frequently thought it a pity that a clause in the Police Act, that punishes by a fine abusive language, might be applied to costermongers, but not to Peers and Members of Parliament.





Horace Mayhew. Doyle. Leech. Thackeray.  
Percival Leigh. A Beckett. Lemon. Tom Taylor. Jerrold.

CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

(By John Leech, 1847.)



CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

Thackeray with the bat ; Mark Lemon (in the centre)  
with the battledore ; Douglas Jerrold playing skittles.

(John Tenniel, 1854.)





Later he said—apropos of one who had referred to another as a 'shrivelled adder'—that members who could not speak pearls and diamonds could at least throw dirt. The people who to-day complain of the decay of Parliamentary manners would probably, by study, find the complaint as old as Parliament. When the Corn Laws were repealed and the League dissolved, one of the Protectionist papers asked, 'Who is Mr. Cobden?' and proceeded to answer the question in terrific scorn:

He is the son of a Sussex farmer, who preferred the trade of a calico-printer. Succeeding in this business, his ambition led him to court a seat in Parliament. To gain this, éclat and agitation were necessary. He therefore threw himself into the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and has succeeded in his aim.

Taking this amazing passage as text, Jerrold wrote, with considerable sarcasm against his opponents, a hearty appreciation of Cobden, quite in the vein of the 'Q' papers.

There are several digs in these early volumes of *Punch* at the little accomplished during a Parliamentary Session—history has been known to repeat itself in this respect—and Jerrold supposed Lord John Russell to make the following memorandum:

At the commencement of a Session, give notice of twenty Ministerial measures. The Session, half consumed, read some dozen of them for the first time. The Session, about to close, withdraw the whole of them, 'from the difficulties at the late period of carrying them further.' This will make a very busy Parliament.

Later he described the true Lotus as the golden fruit of the Treasury and the Ministers as the Lotus Eaters of Downing Street. At the time that a Bill for Improving the Health of Towns had been among those 'withdrawn,' Manchester was raised to the dignity of a Bishopric. Hence the following *Comfort for Manchester*:

*Manchester to Lord J. Russell.*

MY LORD—The Health of Towns Bill is, I perceive—and to my great affliction—abandoned. I am to remain in my dirt.

My alleys, my sewer, my dust-heaps, my hovels—all that is dark and nasty—remain with me still. Does your lordship give no hope? Can you offer no consolation, no alleviation of my distress? Write me some word of comfort, and believe me,  
Yours, in Smoke and Darkness, MANCHESTER.

*Lord J. Russell to Manchester.*

DEAR MANCHESTER—I am quite aware of your distress; fully acquainted with the dirty condition you would change for a better. It is therefore my exceeding gratification to inform you that for your future tidiness and comfort, I beg leave to send you an apron.—Yours faithfully, RUSSELL.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten to state that the apron has a Bishop tied in it.

In November 1847, in a page dealing with *Punch in Parliament*, Douglas Jerrold explained that *Punch* had been returned as Member for All England. Possibly it was at this time that it had been proposed that Jerrold should become a candidate for Finsbury. Another writer—Samuel Warren—had come forward for that place at the previous election, but had withdrawn, remaining, as Jerrold said, 'a tadpole candidate.' *Punch in Parliament* began:

The bosom of our beloved country had scarcely subsided from the tremulous thrill that ran through and through it on learning that *Punch* was returned to Parliament as Member for All England, when Thursday, the 18th of November, arrived. We arose on that morning with a new weight upon our head, and shaved with desperate calmness. We took our ten cups of coffee, three English rolls, eggs, and spicy sausage (such as Rabelais loved), hungrily, yet withal reflectingly; for we knew that, on that morning, calumny, like an awakened lurcher bitch, would rise up, and stretch and shake herself, and open her jaws to be ready to have a snap at us.

'Yes, yes; *Punch* is all very well upon paper; strong enough, perhaps, with a goose-quill in his fingers—having it all his own way upon foolscap, but when he gets into Parliament, he'll be nobody; he'll find his level, depend upon it.'

'Do you suppose they'll ever listen to the feller?' asks Mrs. Gamp, with her head out of her garret window in Shoe Lane.

'A nasty, low cretur!' cried Betsey Prig, who has a back-attic at the *Morning Post*.

'A demyocrat and an infidel!' sighs a hollow voice; the

utterance of the shadowy Mrs. Harris, with spectral bellows blowing the *Standard's* dying fire.

And Chorus repeats—'*Punch* is all very well upon paper ; but in Parliament he'll find his level, depend upon it.'

With our quick long ear—so long that it reaches into futurity—we knew, from the moment of our election, that this would be said ; and on the morning of the 18th we rose with the prophecy ringing like bells in our head. And we sat down to our breakfast and with savage benevolence—thinking benignly of these our enemies—resolved to disappoint them.

In the course of the same article, describing some of those whom *Punch* saw in the House, come the words : 'Disraeli—*our future Prime Minister*—looked somewhat pale and worn ; his cheek scored, as it were, by goose-quills.' Twenty years later the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

It is not, as I have said earlier, possible to identify with certainty the greater part of Jerrold's work on *Punch* during the last nine years of his life. Though the political point of view was maintained, Jerrold appears to have written less at length on political matters, which is the less surprising when we realise that he was for the greater part of the period mentioned editor of a weekly newspaper, the aim of which was largely political. That he regretted the gradual change which had meant the lessening of the deeply serious note sounded through *Punch's* earliest volumes may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to Charles Dickens in the autumn of 1846 :

*Punch*, I believe, holds its course. . . . Nevertheless, I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men could, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England ; the drollery of Alfred ; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower ; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy. . . . When, moreover, the change comes, unless *Punch* gets a little back to his occasional gravities, he'll be sure to suffer.

*Punch* has, in the views of many, long suffered from insufficiently getting back to his occasional gravities.

That Douglas Jerrold's earnestness, even 'in his quixotic tiltings at upper-class windmills,' was a valuable asset in the establishing of the journal, is widely recognised. Dr. Stirling said that 'having with ready alacrity and prompt vigour stamped with his own brand the living interests and current topics of the day in the columns of *Punch*, it was only with unwillingness, we fancy, that he turned him to his other writings. These things in *Punch* were alive ; they had the red blood of the day in them.'

## CHAPTER IV

### GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH': I

I read everything that was readable, old and new, . . . delighted in the inexhaustible wit of Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and his coadjutors, Tom Taylor, Percival Leigh, and others in *Punch*, the best-humoured and best-hearted satirical journal that ever existed.—LEIGH HUNT.

SOME of Douglas Jerrold's best-known *Punch* serials have taken their place in his collected works, and others are given in the second part of this volume; his political contributions to the jester's weekly budget—mainly consisting of the 'Q' leaders—are dealt with in the preceding chapter. Here, the purpose is to indicate something of the nature of the innumerable shorter papers and brevities of his which are scattered up and down the pages, ignoring the tempting fascinations of 'internal evidence,' however conclusive it may in my judgment appear, and only referring to some of those things that are definitely known to be Jerrold's. Apart from the political papers it is not until we reach the third volume that we are able to identify any of Douglas Jerrold's miscellaneous papers, and with the beginning of that volume he began also his first important serial, *Punch's Letters to His Son*—letters which, being included in his collected writings, do not call for fuller mention in this chronicle. The earliest of the short articles identifiable is one on *The Eyes of Europe*, in which the writer, inspired by the many cant phrases—'the eyes of Europe are upon us,' 'we shall be contemptible in the eyes of Europe,' etc.—proceeds to describe especially the 'Eyes' of England and of France:

There is, it will be observed, a melancholy, a heaviness in the Eyes of Mr. Bull at the present moment, that tell of the Income



Tax, of the Corn Laws, of the rags and hunger of tens of thousands of his children. They have a downward anxious look, as though John was rummaging a hand in his capacious pocket, and knowing not whether it was a half-sovereign or only a fourpenny-piece that just struck his knuckles, and which he is endeavouring to pull from the abyss, that he may make up his quarter's taxes. There is considerable gloom in the look of Bull; nevertheless, it cannot be said of him, 'There is no speculation in those eyes'; for John is still ready to do business with anybody; and you can see, despite of a troublous spirit in his looks, that it is not a settled, a constitutional heaviness, but that he can pluck himself up, and, brushing the back of his hand across his eyes, whistle, 'Begone, dull Carc!' and 'Britannia rules the Waves.'

In the following number *The Eyes of the World* come in for similar consideration, with the difference that where the eyes of Europe may be said to be directed on the country as a whole, it is the individual who is disturbed by how he or she may appear in the eyes of the world.

Reaching the fourth volume (*January-June 1843*) we find that *The Story of a Feather*, started in its earliest number, continues as a serial through this and the succeeding volume. With the number for March 4 of this year begins the means of identifying every item which Jerrold contributed to *Punch*. They are so many and so varied that it is here possible only to refer to those occasional ones that have more than merely a contemporary interest. Among the earliest contributions we find a hit at Charles Kean in *An 'Insane' Question*:

As there can be no doubt that Hamlet has in his character a considerable touch of *insanity*, ought not Mr. Charles Kean, when appearing in the part, to be allowed to *murder* Shakespeare with impunity?

This is immediately followed by an account of *Punch's Police* in a record of *Daring Robbery by a Noble Lord*—in which Lord William Lennox was held up to scorn and ridicule for a piece of elaborate plagiarism in building up his novel, *The Tuft Hunter*, from Thomas Hood's *Tylney Hall*, Scott's *Antiquary*, and other works.

The neglect of native talent by the Court—especially theatrical talent—was a matter to which *Punch* frequently



reverted, and when a French company performing at the St. James's had been announced as 'honoured by the presence' of fifty royal Dukes and Duchesses and other noble folk, Douglas Jerrold wrote a sarcastic correction saying that these people did not flock to see *Le Portrait Vivant* at the St. James's, but *Much Ado About Nothing* at Drury Lane.

This year was published the *Report and Appendices of the Children's Employment Commission* of Richard Hengist Horne—a state paper that was to leave its enduring mark on English literature by inspiring Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poignant *Cry of the Children*. Jerrold imagined the bishops meeting together at Lambeth Palace to consider this terrible *Report*, and gave supposititious speeches from various bishops in which were ingeniously included some of the awful passages from Horne's report :

The Bishop of Exeter rose with alacrity to second the resolution. The time was come to act. (*Hear.*) They had often attended meetings at Exeter Hall, and talked much ; but the time was now come for every man to take his staff and scrip, and to go a Christian pilgrimage into the benighted districts of England. (*Cheers.*) To leave the luxury—the sinful luxury of ease ; to enter the hovels of the manufacturers ; to descend into coal-mines—(*loud cheers*) ; to fight ignorance with the sword of grace ; to heal the wounds of the suffering with the salve of charity. He cordially seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

The Bishop of Norwich moved the second resolution. It was to create a certain fund out of their own incomes—(*here the speaker was interrupted by loud bursts of cheers*)—for the temporary relief of the wretched. He must own it—he could not wonder that the people at Wolverhampton, and in other districts, thought Pontius Pilate to be an Apostle ; for, from the fruits they tasted of what passed for Christianity, how, indeed, could they think otherwise ? (*Cheers.*)

The Bishop of Salisbury : It had made him tremble to listen to what had been read. When they (the bishops) repeated the Lord's Prayer, how different were the gifts prayed for in it to the bounty asked by the poor ! He would put it to his brethren, what it was *they* meant by 'daily bread'—and what the poor ? Had he known the amount of ignorance, of misery endured by his fellow-men in the districts alluded to, he had never been able

to sleep quietly in his bed. With all his heart he seconded the resolution.

The Bishop of Hereford wished to know if their Parliamentary duties might be, with safety to the public, neglected during their sojourn in the moral wildernesses of England?

The Bishop of Sodor and Man thought his brother of Hereford might rest quite easy on that head. For himself he had been, he hoped, a studious reader of his Testament, but he could not charge his memory with any text that made the laws of customs and excise, turnpike acts, etc., matters of daily interest to the Apostles.

Bitter, almost savagely bitter, some might consider much of the long paper from which this is quoted, but it serves to show at once the passionate sympathy of the writer with the wretched and his impatience with those in high places to whom their religion appeared rather an academic than an active force. It also illustrates that seriousness which was an abiding part of *Punch's* nature during his earlier years. And a few weeks later the writer returned to the theme, carrying the sarcasm a stage further, when he imagined a great meeting of the Duchesses at Almack's, to pass resolutions for bettering the conditions of milliners and dressmakers: 'to limit the hours of work to eight per day'; 'to abolish all Sunday work, and to afford the sick early medical advice, change of air, and other necessary comforts,' etc.

When Lord William Lennox was presented at Court, Douglas Jerrold drily announced the fact in *Punch*, declaring that the noble lord was granted a new and appropriate coat-of-arms, adding, '*Punch* is delighted at this honour conferred upon his own Lord William. It at once silences those malevolent grumblers who declare that literature is not duly estimated and rewarded at the Court of Queen Victoria.'

Jenkins—'henceforth and for ever our own Jenkins'—by which *Punch* personified *The Morning Post*, afforded a regular butt, Jerrold and Thackeray being the writers who most frequently made use of him. And 'Jenkins' must certainly have been tempting game. In a passage of ridiculous high falutin, *The Morning Post* wrote thus: 'The opera is a sort of anticipated Paradise, which loses

all its zest—all its voluptuous repose, if your neighbours breathe on you the spirit of coarse mortality.' Douglas Jerrold fastened upon this, and imagined *The 'Post' in Paradise*, saying, 'Henceforth we have no taste for John Milton.'

When Southey died, and it was announced that Wordsworth had been given the office of Poet Laureate, Jerrold wrote a letter to *Punch* as from Wordsworth, denying the statement and adding :

Is it likely? Have I not already a pension of £300 per annum as a literary patriarch; and is it probable—with my high poetic principles—that I should accept a further reward, when there are men like Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Knowles, etc., upon whom the pecuniary advantage of the post might be more fittingly bestowed?

The point of criticism seems hardly fair, for Wordsworth was assuredly the greatest of the poets then living, and that any man with a small competency should refuse an honour because its 'pecuniary advantage' would be more helpful to some other would be quixotic, to say the least. In the following number the writer's indignation was moved by *Greenwich Samaritans*, who refused to take into the workhouse for more than one night an idiot boy: 'with the morning he was thrust from the house; flung, a noisome, filthy thing in the sensitive nostrils of the Greenwich Samaritans, to rob, to rot, to lie down and die! . . . Oh, ye smug Christian guardians of the Greenwich sanctuary, what, when ye kneel at the gate of Paradise, what if ye should not—be taken in!'

When some one wrote to the *Times* suggesting that the Queen should do certain things in the way of encouraging the arts and sciences, Jerrold quoted a passage from the letter in *Punch* and suggested that the writer should be proceeded against for treason, for :

If all this be not 'flat rebellion,' *Punch* knows not the meaning of syllables. And then how basely unjust the insinuations! In the first place, is not her Majesty a constant playgoer? (See *Punch* for the long and faithful reports of the Queen's state visits to Drury Lane and Covent Garden this season!) Next for the 'countenance given to science'! Why,

was not her Majesty graciously pleased to express her satisfaction with the photogenic impression of the Chinese Treaty? And then for art, does not the Queen sit at least once a day for her portrait to Sir C. Ross, or some such national painter? Have we not, too, the very highest historical school royally patronised in Royal Christenings?—subjects, as Mr. Moon pathetically has it on his show-cards, 'so dear to the heart of every English mother!' A neglect of art! Why, is there a puppy of six weeks old in Windsor kennel that has not, by royal order, sat to an R.A.? Shall we not, at the opening of the Royal Academy, have the most gorgeous evidence of royal patronage of art, in the Queen's parrots, Queen's cockatoos, Queen's monkeys, Queen's goldfish, shining and glittering from twenty frames at least? And then, how has 'C. H.' the audacity to hint at an indifference to the persons of 'distinguished professors' of literature, art, and science, at the palace? Why, was not Lord William Lennox presented a day or two since, solely on the strength of his *Tuft Hunter*? Is not the royal dinner-table crowded with poets, philosophers, astronomers, sculptors, painters, engineers? Has *Punch* published so many *Court Circulars* to so little effect? Can the world be all as ignorant of the realities of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle as 'C. H.'? who—in conclusion—we once more recommend to the urbanity of the Attorney-general.

This bitter sarcasm was not infrequently the note, and the justifiable note, of *Punch* in his youth, when he was capable of noble indignations. The account of the 'treason' is followed by an account of a starving woman sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing a loaf for her starving child, and of a 'gentleman' sentenced to a like term for destroying a man's eye with a fork:

Sacred things, indeed, are the Corn Laws—sacred and thrice sacred is 'property.' Take a man's loaf off his counter, and you take his eye from his head. The punishment being the same, the offence must, of course, be equal.

In May, on Chancery Lane being paved with wood, Jerrold contributed one of his infrequent verse epigrams:

In Chancery Lane the devil stood,  
And, musing on the logs of wood,  
Exclaimed: 'I thought these legal parts  
Were always paved with human hearts.'

The providing of grants and pensions on royal

marriages was often made the topic of satire. When the daughter of the Duke of Cambridge was about to marry, an annuity of £3000 was asked from Parliament, and Jerrold wrote for *Punch* an imaginary denial of this *Shameful Report* as from the Duke himself :

As the father of the Princess, allow me to give the most unequivocal denial to this rumour. What ! is it likely ? With the country in its present agony of poverty,—is it probable that I would permit my daughter (the future Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, be it understood) to become a pensioner on England ? Shall I ask England to support the wife of a foreign Grand Duke ? Were this done, I ask you, *Mr. Punch*, with what face could I take my old accustomed chair at the charity dinners of the metropolis ? Pray contradict the wicked rumour, and believe me to be your constant reader, CAMBRIDGE.

A fortnight later, in *Punch's Public Apology to the Duke of Cambridge*, the satire was accentuated in the neatest fashion :

'PUNCH' OFFICE, STRAND, June 22, 1843.

May it please Your Royal Highness :

I approach you with all humility, begging your most royal forgiveness. In the last number but one of my amazing publication, I printed a letter, as from your distinguished hand ; a letter, in which you were made to profess great indignation that you—a rich, an immensely rich man—should beg a dowry from the hard-taxed people of England for your daughter—the Princess Augusta. The idea of such sordid pauperism you were made to contemptuously reject.

Recent circumstances prove that letter to be a gross forgery. I regret it exceedingly. I have been imposed upon ; and yet the tenor of the letter was so like your gracious—your benevolent self—that it would have been an ill compliment to you not to have been deceived.

But, your Royal Highness, an apology is due to you. The letter is proved to be a forgery. Accept, then, my apology. *I am very sorry for it.*—Your obedient humble servant, PUNCH.

With the close of the fourth volume came the first identifiable of the series of 'Prefaces' to the completed volumes which Jerrold wrote for *Punch*. During the period in which it is possible to trace every line that he wrote in the paper—from March 1842 to September 1848



—he wrote eleven out of the fifteen prefaces, so that he was evidently the chosen trumpeter-in-chief to the jester. It would be easy to point to other of these prefaces as the work of Douglas Jerrold, but it is better to give as a specimen of his expression in this form the first beyond all question from his pen. It may be quoted in its entirety as representing the whole series of prefaces :

To close a volume is, in the ordinary matters of literature, a heavy, dumpish process. The author feels that, for a time at least, he has taken leave of the world. With *Punch* it is—as are all other mortal events—altogether different. *Punch* merely closes one volume to begin another. His ink is not a pond, but a perpetual spring: his goose-quill renews its youth like Juno, by the bath it continues to dabble in. Here are Four Volumes of *PUNCH* completed, and yet is the goose-quill of *Punch* as full of promise as when in a state of gosling-hood.

When *Punch* concludes one volume, he instantly calls on another and a better. In the like way that a host who knows the serious responsibility of life has port succeeded by claret, claret by burgundy, and so on, until, as the renowned Mr. Jenkins of *The Morning Post* (hang that fellow!—why will he always write 'too well'?) would say, 'the *lachrymæ Christi* produce that costumed thought which liveries the intellect in its rainbow effulgence.'

Every man may be instructed by *Punch*.

Whether he rule in a Chancery Court, or keep a ledger in a court in the City—whether as a Chancellor of the Exchequer he has to balance John Bull's accounts,—or as a Seven Dials' mountebank has to balance an animal that might very often typify the same John, especially when 'accounts' were in question—every man to lighten the dead weight, to soothe the weariness of life, should indulge in nothing but—*Punch*.

As for *Punch* himself, he knows no more of bragging than his own trumpet—not he. And, therefore, as he well knows that there are many persons wandering about the world who give themselves out as his especial ministers, *Punch* requests the world not to believe them. The sages who shed ink for *Punch* never talk of their labours.

Hence, when a certain Bishop boasts, as we know he does, of supplying the Money-Markets to *Punch*, we say, with all respect for his Grace—Don't believe him.

The King of Hanover gives himself out as *Punch's* Foreign Correspondent. Don't believe him.

Lord Brougham is in the habit of taking *Punch* to the House of Lords, and, dropping his finger upon a sparkling



paragraph, whispers to Wellington—'I wrote *that*.' *Punch* is sorry that he must say—Don't believe him.

We know that these people have, all of them, tried their hands upon certain soft-paper imitations of *Punch*, for which special reason they have specially failed.

No, no, gentle public. The Ministers of *Punch* are severe, grave men, in horse-hair coats, with beards down to their waists, and ordinarily walking with staffs horn-tipped. They dwell in caves, their common food is the roots of the earth—their ordinary liquor is the best spring-water, and their names are——

But that, very gentle reader, you shall know on the completion of our hundredth volume. May you live to see it!

The promise of the closing paragraph was splendidly fulfilled more than half-a-century later, by the publication of Mr. Spielmann's *History of Punch*.

Current topics—political, social, religious—were so often the matters of which Jerrold treated that it is necessary to 'skip' freely in passing over his contributions, the point of which was frequently a matter of the moment. Jenkins was again and again a butt at which shafts were directed, and early in the fifth volume (*July-December, 1843*) his chief attacker gave a pretended letter from a footman named Jenkins, in which he was made to say that his life was rendered miserable by his being twitted with the authorship of certain articles in *The Morning Post*. To this letter came an explanation of the reason for *Punch's* persistent jests at the expense of the *Perennial Jenkins*:

Nathaniel Jenkins is a very decent, sensible fellow, and had his unfortunate namesake written as good English as our correspondent, why, the critic Jenkins—poor cockchafer!—would never have been impaled upon the iron pen of *Punch*. But Nathaniel must not misunderstand us. We do not sneer at the livery that encases the corporal part of Jenkins. Not that his body, but that his soul, is in livery, are we compelled to flog him with nettle-tops. Yes: his soul! Look, reader, peep in at the brain of Jenkins (you must use a glass, by the way, of great magnifying power). There, perched on *pia mater*, is what certain anatomists call the soul. With different men it takes different shapes. In the brain of Jenkins it is shaped like a Lilliput monkey, and there it sits, like the larger monkeys on the barrel organs of those pedestrian *virtuosi* (as Jenkins himself would say) who grind you off ha'porths of Mozart or Donizetti. There

is the monkey-soul of Jenkins! And see you not his nether monkey, glowing in red plush? That is Jenkins's soul in full livery; and for that soul, so habited, we must (it is a public duty) continue to flog Jenkins.

It was the wonderful blend of snobbery in sentiment with high falutin in expression that moved *Punch* to direct now the rapier and now the cudgel at Jenkins's insensitive head. A little later the *Post* had so 'let itself go' over a Court Ball that the castigator of Jenkins continued the attack with enforced emphasis:

We never catch Jenkins upon a lady's dress—especially a Court dress—that we do not think of Burns's lines to a certain despised domestic animal upon a lady's bonnet. Here are some of 'em, Jenkins:

'Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!  
Your impudence protects you sairly.  
*I canna say but ye strunt rarely*  
*Owre gauze and lace;*  
*Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely*  
*On sic a place.'*

Now, is not this animal on a bonnet our friend of the *Post* at the Opera or the Palace? A synonym has been wanted for this detestable household creature, anathematised by Burns. Let it henceforth be known to all heads of families as—Jenkins!

Again, a little later in the *Post* occurred this item of news: 'A beastly fellow residing in Old Dover-road, Canterbury, on Saturday last swallowed twelve frogs for a wager.' At once came the retort in *Punch*: 'What is the swallowing of twelve frogs to the habit of Jenkins, who has all his life been a *toad-eater*?' Another hit at Jenkins's journal ran—'How to keep a thing a profound secret: Advertise in *The Morning Post*.'

In slight paragraphs, too, the weapon employed was sometimes a blunter one than that of which Jerrold was especially the master, as in this proving of the Duke of Wellington an alchemist: 'It is said that Roger Bacon was an alchemist; that he could transmute lead into the precious metal. Wellington has lately displayed the same alchemic power, for he has turned the Marquis of Londonderry into "Gold Stick."'

In 1843 Benjamin Webster offered a prize of five hundred pounds for a comedy, and Jerrold took advantage of the opportunity to return to the attack on Lord William Lennox—whose favourite authors, according to another contributor to *Punch*, were Steele and Borrow—by giving, as from that most notorious of plagiarists, the sketch of a 'Prize Comedy' to be entitled 'The Academy for Scandal,' and to include among its *dramatis personae* Sir Peter and Lady Teazer, Sir Oliver, Charles and Joseph Superficies, Sir Benjamin Backnibble, etc. This was followed by a supposed letter from an actor manager, pointing out that certain passages in Lord William Lennox's comedy *seemed* to resemble *The School for Scandal*!

*Who Should Educate the Prince of Wales* was the title of a pamphlet published early in 1843, and a couple of pages of *Punch* were filled by Douglas Jerrold in pointing out the especial fitness of *Punch* himself for the task, and in significant satire he emphasised the changing relations between rulers and ruled; concluding that 'the Prince must be made to look upon his subjects as a Lincolnshire breeder looks upon his geese, things produced by Providence for no other purpose than to be plucked.'

The Marchioness of Londonderry having published an account of her travels, shortly after her husband had also published a book, there came the comment in parody :

The printer's han' was tried on man,  
And then compos'd the lass's, oh !

On the same page one of the rhyming clothiers—whose advertisements formed an amusing feature of early Victorian advertising—is severely taken to task for a piece of inexcusable bad taste. A gifted actor, one of Jerrold's friends of the Mulberry Club, had been lost at sea returning from Scotland, and his death made a melancholy sensation that 'one L. Hyam, tailor,' thought to turn to commercial account, as may be seen from the following stinging comment on his achievement :

It is not the custom of *Punch* directly or indirectly to puff a tradesman; but one *L. Hyam*, tailor, of Gracechurch-street, puts

in such delicate, such humanising, such *peculiar claims* to notice, that *Punch* feels he should be wanting to himself and the world, did he not award to the said *Hyam* the recompense due to those noble feelings which animate (and very equally, too) the tailor's heart and the tailor's goose.

The following is a part of the advertisement which *Hyam* has caused to be inserted in the columns of several of our careless (at the best careless) contemporaries :

‘ON THE DEATH OF MR. ELTON

‘Alas, poor Elton ! that the surges wild  
Should swallow up the drama's fav'rite child.  
Sad was thy fate, and awful was thy doom,  
Whilst sea-gulls flutter'd o'er thy watery tomb !  
Though thou art dead, thy treasur'd name will live,  
And from all ranks true sympathy receive.  
Thy talents, genius, and unspotted name,  
Have all conspired to gain thee deathless fame,—  
And so it is—the man of talent finds  
Intrinsic pleasure in each kindred mind ;  
And now the world, with judgment, all confess,  
And hail L. Hyam first in style and dress !  
His style, his cut, and workmanship——’

And, above all (for we go no further with the advertisement), his humanity, his decency, his determination to turn the penny,—no matter at what cost ! *Hyam* is a great tailor. It is plain, he would make a vest from the very skin of a drowned father ; would thread a needle with the heart-strings of living orphans. We, therefore, submit his claims of patronage to the good feelings of our readers, that those who may want anything in the way of *Mr. Hyam* will, after pondering on his tradesmanlike virtues as indicated in the above, rush to Gracechurch-street, and bestow upon the tailor precisely what the tailor merits. We ask, at the hands of the readers, nothing for *Hyam* but what *Hyam* justly deserves.

In September 1843 Douglas Jerrold began poking fun at Alfred Bunn in his triple parts of ‘poet,’ dramatist, and lessee of Drury Lane Theatre—fun which was to culminate four years later in a retort which was to have the desired effect of leaving Bunn almost untroubled by *Punch*. This first attack took the form of a supposed correspondence between Bunn and the ‘The Singing Mouse’ with reference to an engagement at ‘the Lane.’

In the following number—more than half of the

letterpress in which was from Jerrold's pen—there are severe comments on an advertisement that had appeared in the *Times* for a daily governess-of-all-work who was required to impart to three or four girls 'a sound English education, with French, music, and singing, dancing and drawing, unassisted by Masters,' for two pounds per month—'a prospect to tempt Minerva herself from the skies to turn daily governess!' In the following volume came comment on a more flagrant example of an advertisement (from one of the religious magazines), offering £8 per annum to 'a young person of decided piety, about twenty-two years of age, to take the charge of, and educate, three children under twelve years; she must be capable of imparting a sound English education, with French and music.' Concluding his observations on this, Jerrold said, no doubt the advertiser was a devout Christian—one of those who 'believe they believe in the Bible,'—'sure we are that after a charity sermon at the Magdalen he would meekly hold the plate at the door, sweetly unconscious of the virtues that such as he, with their Pharisaic "piety," drive to a soul and body-killing commerce in the dreadful street.'

After 'the Singing Mouse,' 'the Whistling Oyster.' Many people will recall old Vinegar Yard, which, before improvements transmogrified Drury Lane, ran along the south side of the theatre, and those of us who passed through the short-cut twenty and odd years ago remember a shell-fish shop known by the name of the Whistling Oyster. In the number of *Punch* in which 'S. S.' was so properly belaboured, Jerrold set forth the legend of the discovery of the Whistling Oyster. Whether he had, as recorded, got the story from the then proprietor of the shop, or whether it is an amusing invention to ridicule the Singing Mouse, cannot now be said, but it certainly helped to establish 'the Whistling Oyster' as a London celebrity.

On the completion of this volume, Jerrold wrote the preface in that spirit of genial self-appraisal which is one of *Punch's* notes:

Laughter is a divine faculty. It is one of the few, nay, the only one redeeming grace in that thunder-cased profligate old scoundrel



Jupiter, that he sometimes laughs: he is saved from the disgust of all respectable people by the amenity of a broad grin. It is a prerogative, conceded to *Punch*, to awaken laughter; and when he thinks of the national blood he has quickened—when, every night, falling off into the Elysium of sweet dreams, he reflects upon the increased circulation of John Bull, *and himself*, he cannot,—but no; he will not boast: he will cultivate humility, though like asparagus, at this festive season, he is obliged to force it.

In an early number of the sixth volume (*January-June 1844*) came a satirical article which may be taken as representative of Jerrold's many 'digs' at the legal profession. A moiety must suffice to indicate the character of the whole:

Almost fainting with intense delight, we extract the subjoined paragraph from the *Times*:

'Bail Court.—In the matter of ——.—Mr. Atherton moved that an attorney might, *at his own request*, be struck off the roll in order that he might be more entirely at liberty to pursue "*philanthropical occupations*."

A cannibal who has foresworn man's flesh, and, moved only by his own stomach, contents himself with milk diet; a shark that turns from 'a man overboard,' meekly swallowing seaweed, and not Ben Binnacle; a porcupine suddenly softened into a beaver; a web-spinning, fly-catching spider changed into a honey-bee; Lord Brougham turned to a monosyllabic Quaker, and never turning again;—any one of these transformations might call from *Punch* a passing paragraph of wonderment. But that an attorney—(no, we must have a new line for the miracle):—

But that an attorney should dash legal ink (alchemic fluid!) from his lips—tear sheepskin from his bosom—and, untangling red tape from his heart-strings, become, in the face of all the inns of court, a philanthropist—spirit of departed pantomime! where is such another change? We know no parallel in human experience. True it is, that *Peacem* talks of one of his gang, who resolves to forego picking pockets and return to tailoring, which 'he calls an honest employment': but this is fiction. Now, '——,' of the Bail Court, is stranger than *The Beggar's Opera*!

Is the man—benevolent apostate!—safe? Will he not be waylaid and maltreated by attorneys *still in the ink*? Will not Chancery Lane compass his ruin? Can he defy Clifford's Inn? Are there no perils in Cursitor-street? No pounce-box bravoës lying perdu in Grey's-inn-square? We know, among the

Mahometans, the relentless cruelty with which they follow a backslider from their faith. Now, whatever satirists may insinuate attorneys are but men ; and can they forgive this large, this most eccentric insult offered by '——' to their whole body ? Can English solicitors be thought more merciful than Turks ? We fear not. Hence our anxiety. Hence, though we may weep lachrymatories full, we shall drop no drop in surprise if '——' be found strangled with red tape ; and pinned on his breast a label, professionally engrossed with these words—

'THE PHILANTHROPIST ; OR FALSE ATTORNEY !'

We see in this the germ of a minor theatre drama. O. Smith, as the assassin copying-clerk, rises dimly before us. . . .

It may be that '——' is at the west-end, among the dowagers. If so, oh '—— !' we pray thee stick needles, yet stick them gently, ticklingly into the memories of the rich and great, that they may not, after all the talk, forget the poor Shirt-makers ; for Benevolence very often, like a dog, runs about with her tongue out, yet, somehow, forgets to show her heart.'

The closing paragraph was designed to reinforce the impression aroused by Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, which had appeared in *Punch* a few weeks earlier, and had stirred the country as few single poems have ever done.

In the number for June 1, 1844, *Punch* announced that One Hundred Guineas would be given for a Prize Preface to the sixth volume, then drawing to its close ; it was, of course, only a joke on the part of the jester, and it cannot be said whether any readers were taken in by it and submitted prefaces in competition. The announcement, written by Jerrold, was really an introduction to the true preface, in which he gave 'prize prefaces,' supposed to have been sent in competition by Lord Brougham, Wellington, Peel, Disraeli, Lord William Lennox, James Silk Buckingham, and General Tom Thumb. As example of Jerrold's essays in parody those of Brougham and Disraeli may be quoted. Brougham was supposed to have adopted as his thin-disguising motto, 'Rude am I in speech.'

*Punch* herewith publishes his Sixth Volume. If he were given to boast, amplify, exaggerate, accumulate, or heap words on words to his own glorification, he might here observe that he, above all men, has been the public's friend. That in the street

or out of the street, orally or in print, sleeping or waking, eating or temperately drinking, his one, sole, single thought has been for the benefit of human nature, and never, directly or indirectly, for the base, foul, fetid, soul-destroying threepence (fourpence stamped), at which his weekly sheet is given—(he may, indeed, looking at what it contains, say *given*)—to universal mankind. *Punch* might boast, but he never does! No; even his worst enemies—and he is proud to say he *has* enemies—the mean, the malignant, the envious, the crass, the wicked, and the corrupt—cannot lay their hands upon those hollow, burnt-out cinders, their hearts, and charge *Punch* with boasting. Neither can he fawn or gloze! But this he *can* do—he can, when it suits his purpose, rail at all people the same, and, like a humanameleon, forswear every shade of opinion, when for the moment he has ceased to wear it.

Benjamin Disraeli was supposed to submit his preface under the motto of Hood's line: 'Young Ben, he was a Nice Young Man':

All great deeds have been achieved by young men. *Punch*—as literary *Punch*—is, with his Sixth Volume, only three years old; yet what has he not accomplished? He hath taken the hearts of the nation captive! He hath, by his downright singleness of purpose—by his invincible yearnings for all that was pure, and genial, and actively benevolent in the spirit and institutions of the olden day—awakened throughout Great Britain a soul that is now wrestling with the craft, and sordidness, and miserable egotism of the mere money-changers. Under the influence of *Punch*, John Bull, like a wrinkled viper, will cast his skin, and—*exultans in suis viribus*—become Young Master England. *Punch* is only another of the long line of illustrious youth who, at certain seasons, have been sent for the world's health and progress. Look at Gargantua when he was only one day old! Consider Master Betty when he numbered only eleven years! Forget not Hercules in his cradle! Ponder upon Clara Fisher at Drury Lane—Giulio Regondi at all the concert rooms—and the Master Collins, with their fiddles, at the Adelphi: Jack the Giant-Killer in times past—and the Boy Jones of the present generation! All these names bear witness to the power of youth: and it is youth, and youth alone, that has given to *Punch* the sovereignty he now holds!

It has been remarked by the surpassing author of the brilliant *Coningsby*, that the world, although it dreams not of the glory, is at the present time governed by the Hebrew mind! *Punch* can bear testimony to the fact. Once *Punch* wanted money. Who lent it him at sixty per cent?—a Jew. Who sued him on the bill?—a Jew! Who arrested him?—a Jew? Who sold him up?—a Jew! These, however, are common events. The world,

however, will be startled to learn that *Punch* himself—witness his nose—is a Jew! With this truth made manifest, truly, indeed, did the eloquent and deep-thoughted author of *Coningsby* declare that the world was 'governed by the Jewish mind.' We shall publish our next volume in Hebrew.

When the Emperor of Russia visited England in 1844 *Punch* had some hard knocks at his Majesty; one of Douglas Jerrold's hits took the form of a punning couplet on *The Good Emperor*:

Though shouts were rais'd for Nicholas, yet some *would* raise a doubt,  
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for knout!

With the seventh volume (*July - December 1844*) Douglas Jerrold began *Punch's Complete Letter Writer*, and here it may be said that the author, himself generally the writer of the briefest epistles, was very fond of utilising the letter as a vehicle for his satire. Besides the connected series there are scattered throughout the early volumes of *Punch* letters purporting to be written to or from all sorts of notable or notorious people of the day, from the Boy Jones to Queen Victoria. In the beginning of this volume Jerrold pilloried a critic in the *Spectator* for a bad literary blunder:

The *Spectator* of Sunday last put its icy paw upon the poets who publish with Mr. Moxon. 'No one of those western genii,' it says, 'is distinguished for a *very manly or very healthy* tone of mind.' Among these genii, be it remembered, is Alfred Tennyson, the writer of *Locksley Hall*, and Barry Cornwall, whose songs 'stir the blood like a trumpet.' To these—he is in glorious company; and, more, is worthy of it—the *Spectator* adds Mr. Coventry Patmore, a very young writer, who has just given to the world a small volume of poems—full of various beauty,—a volume which we heartily recommend to all men. The *Spectator* in its own blighting way reviews these poems—as an east wind would review peach-blossoms—calling them nought; and this time, at least, adding to its general unimaginative qualities the sin of 'heavy ignorance.'

The critic had dealt with Patmore's poem telling Boccaccio's story of the falcon of Ser Federigo as though it were a new, unreal, and bathetic piece of romance!

Another poet was championed a few weeks later when

Jerrold dealt with Scotland's tardy recognition of the claims of Burns, saying :

If another Burns—yea, or a lesser genius—were to manifest himself, would she honour him living, or would she again suffer him to be—

‘ Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,  
A burden more than he could bear ! ’

And after he had passed away some fifty years from this earth, would she then rend her garments and cast ashes on her head, and wail and wring her hands in most theatrical remorse for the callousness of her neglect ? Well, it is a hard question ; we cannot satisfactorily answer it ; but we beg to refer the curious to Thom, the living poet of Inverury. He, doubtless, can give testimony of the tenderness of Scotland ; can show the sincerity of her repentance for past omissions by the activity of her sympathies towards present suffering. For of course Scotland would hardly play the hypocrite to the Shade of Burns, whilst Thom—a man of exquisite powers—was ground to the earth by the tyranny of want.

Douglas Jerrold returned to the subject some weeks later, devoting two and a half columns to *Thom, the Weaver Poet of Inverury, versus Scotland*, in which the terrible story of Thom was made known and his countrymen reproached for their neglect in biting terms—and incidentally a hard rap given to *Tait's Magazine* for its attack on *Punch* :

Very dirty motives have been made for our notice of the Burns' Festival. Now, the man who makes dirty motives for others generally does so from an abundance of the material in his own nature.

He closes his retort on his sneering critic with, ‘ Slaughter, next month,—eh, *Mr. Tait* ? ’ The following month in the course of a letter to a friend, he wrote :

I have the satisfaction of knowing that from what has been done much good has resulted to Thom, but almost all assistance has been from the south. Scotland has kept her purse-strings with a double knot in 'em, even though it seemed that half-farthings have been expressly issued to tempt her liberality. I will send you Thom's book when I can pick it out of the little mountain of volumes amongst which it is at present buried.



About four years later poor Thom died in want near Dundee, and Jerrold wrote a bitter note in *Punch* on *A Great Day for Scotland*, announcing the fund that was being raised for the poet's widow and children.

But while espousing the cause of suffering genius in the person of William Thom, Jerrold was not letting slip any opportunity of getting in a dig at those of whom he never tired of making fun—James Silk Buckingham and his Institute, the Boy Jones, who was frequently enlisted to satirise others, and Charles Kean. Much of this topical comment has lost its interest, and its sting, by the lapse of time. A note during an 'invasion scare' on *Brighton Fortified* may be quoted :

In the event of a rupture with France, we are happy to state that Ministers have taken the best means to keep the enemy from this town, having engaged Charles Kean to play here during the whole of the war.

When in November 1843 the French Army in Africa had defeated a formidable Khalif, the head of that leader was cut off, preserved with honey and salt, and sent to the French General at Algiers! Said a newspaper correspondent :

At Algiers the head of Embarack was 'served up' at a *soirée* of Marshal Bugeaud, something in the style of the serving up on a charger of the head of John the Baptist mentioned in the New Testament.

Douglas Jerrold took the passage in which this occurred as text for a fine piece of irony on *A Dish of Glory*, expressing regret that the Marshal had had the head buried :

The human lawfulness and wisdom of war once granted, we confess we look upon any indisposition to make the most of our enemies, by eating them, as a mere sickliness of sentiment—an affectation unworthy of the natural majesty of man, made more majestic by musket and seventy rounds of ball-cartridge. Let us consider a *razzia* by the French—one of those interludes which, to the employment, if not the delight, of the recording angel, they are every day enacting in Africa. These Christian men come swoop upon an unarmed village. They cut the throats of the men—bayonet their wives and children, if at all troublesome—

set fire to the growing crops—and drive off every head of cattle. Consider the scene—the heroes, with another sprig of laurel, marched away—and say, if it be not a place for devils to revel in? Consider the blackened earth, the smouldering ruin, the human form divine gashed and stabbed, and, worse than all, outraged beyond the decency of words to tell; and what is there in the spectacle that Beelzebub himself might not feel a diabolic pleasure to claim as his own especial handiwork—his own doing?—albeit committed by men, whose creed it is to 'love one another!'

As then, apparently to us, it really requires a greater amount of moral courage to kill a man than to eat him when killed, we must again express our satisfaction that Marshal Bugeaud has so cunningly, so adroitly touched the pulse of human prejudice to feel its present cannibal condition. Be it our duty to assist Marshall Bugeaud, by every argument at our command, in his praiseworthy purpose.

The Commissariat difficulties with which the French have to contend in Africa are well known: they are constantly, though in the face of the enemy, on short commons. Now, let the Marshal's hint be ripened into practice, and so long as an enemy is to be found, so long will the soldier be supplied with a sufficiency of rations. He may satisfy his glory and his appetite at the same time. It becomes as much a war of the knife and fork as of the sword; glory, as we have said, going hand in hand with full eating. Thus, the Frenchman kills his enemy, and he devours him—as we eat a custard—flavoured with bay-leaves.

The refinement of the French army may, possibly, revolt at the dish; but we beg to assure our lively and chivalrous neighbours that, to use one of their own adages, the appetite will come with eating. The acute Doctor Muffett, an Elizabethan philosopher, writes of a certain king of Lydia, who, 'having eaten of his own wife, said he was sorry to have been ignorant so long of so good a dish.' To be sure, the Lydian king may have spoken more as a husband than as a *gourmet*—but we have the assurances of New Zealanders, and others, that the human animal is very excellent feeding. Hence, as Marshal Bugeaud has gone so far as to familiarise his army to the sight of human heads—honeyed and salted—in chargers, we trust that his next lesson will be to make them draw to and eat. The saving to France will be enormous. No Arab so tough that he may not be edible; for the aforesaid Doctor Muffett observes,—'a lion being showed to a strong bull three or four hours before he be killed, causeth his flesh to be as tender as that of a steer: fear dissolving his hardest parts, and causing his very heart to become pulpy.' Upon this theory, we can judge of the effect of the French lions upon even the oldest and hardest Bedouins.

Instead of burying the killed, as is sometimes done with the usual military honours, they might be eaten, after a grace composed quite in the spirit of the same Christianity that compasses their destruction. If such a dish becomes common in the French camp (and after the exhibition of the head in the charger, we have great hopes), we would advise Parisian cooks to study some new condiment to add, if possible, to the delicacy of its flavour. Let us, for instance, suggest a *sauce piquante à la baïonnette*.

There is something of the irony of Swift's *Modest Proposal* in this characteristic attack upon military glory. *Punch* had already been, a fortnight earlier, denied admittance into France, and to the same number of the journal as that in which *A Dish of Glory* appeared, Douglas Jerrold contributed an article—*Wanted a Few Bold Smugglers!*—asking for the assistance of travellers in smuggling copies of *Punch* across the Channel for the enlightenment of 'the drum-beating heathen.'

With the possibility of there being war with France, Douglas Jerrold made *Punch* draw attention to the unprotected state of Herne Bay, and foretell how Joinville would land there unless a Sheriff's officer could meet him on the Pier—'Generals who have faced many pounders have been known to run from writs.' The talk of war also moved him to one of his frequent protests against the way in which the English stage depended upon adaptations from French plays. The protest took the form of a satirical petition from the Dramatic Authors' Society to Lord Aberdeen :

MY LORD,—Your petitioners have for some years exercised the profession, or handicraft, of dramatists. That is, they have continually and anxiously watched the movements of our natural enemies, the French ; with the patriotic determination of always making the most of them. Hence, the French have never put forth anything that your petitioners have not immediately done the best to take it. That your petitioners have very frequently succeeded is triumphantly shown by the playbills of all the London theatres.

Many of your petitioners are yearly subscribers to the foreign library of Mons. Delaporte ; and they submit that having, in the full reliance of peace, only recently paid their annual subscription, any hostility between the two countries would tend to the complete forfeiture of all such money paid for the early trans-

mission of French dramas—such dramas being, like grouse, of a most perishable description.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that you will on no account undertake a war against France; war always being, to most people, attended with disastrous results; but, in the case of your petitioners, with ruin most complete and final.

Your petitioners earnestly entreat you to consider the forlornness of their condition, in the event of war. They are incapable of any other labour save that of translation, which (for many years) has afforded them a decent subsistence. Utterly unacquainted with the process by which a plot is made—incapable of the least invention of character—and wholly at a loss to find a language of their own to express themselves, they put it to your Lordship's generous consideration to imagine their destitution in the event of such a catastrophe as a war with France. All other wars are, perhaps, allowable; especially Indian and Chinese wars, they being very dramatic in their character, and affording the finest opportunity for entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

Your petitioners further state it as their belief, that several of their distinguished body are at this moment in Paris, in the delightful and praiseworthy pursuit of knowledge at the various metropolitan theatres; and your petitioners therefore trust—in case of the worst—that Lord Cowley will be instructed to demand passports for their brethren; or, if that be impossible, to cause whatever 'effects' they may have obtained on the French stage, to be immediately transmitted to this country, for the benefit of the fraternity in general.

And further—if a war be inevitable, your petitioners trust that all the effects of Frenchmen residing in England will be immediately seized and confiscated for the compensation of the dramatists undersigned.

And your petitioners will ever pray (*prey*).

In thus satirising his fellow dramatists, Jerrold was continuing a crusade which he had carried on ever since he had started play-writing. When asked to adapt a French play for Drury Lane in his younger days he had said that he would come into the patent theatres as an original dramatist or not at all. When he was discussing the subject with Charles Selby, that busy adaptor declared that many of the characters in his plays were strictly original, saying, 'Do you remember my Baroness in *Ask no Questions*?' 'Yes, indeed,' came the reply; 'I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without



being struck by your *barrenness*.' Again, when Jerrold evinced nervousness on a first night, a successful adaptor said, 'I never feel nervous on the first night of *my* pieces.' 'Ah, my boy,' came the retort, '*you* are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been *tried before*.' Meeting Selby, exquisitely gloved, in the Strand, Jerrold glanced at his own hands, encased in wool, and said: 'Tut! original writing!' then, pointing to his friend's faultless kid, he added, 'Translation!' At a later time of threatened invasion he suggested—in *Punch*—that the Dramatic Authors should enrol themselves in the Militia as The Foolscape Rifle Brigade, with the motto: *Aut Scissors aut nullus!* A few years later he wrote, 'The feeling of indignation at the late invasion of the French actors is very strong indeed among the English translators. Many of the members of the Dramatic Authors' Society have sworn themselves in as Special Constables, to take up every French subject directly the said subject shall appear.'

A few weeks after the *Petition* Douglas Jerrold also contributed a page on *The Theatres*—largely making fun of Alfred Bunn—and at the close he returned to the subject with, 'novelties are, of course, in active preparation. English dramatists have returned from Paris, and now beset the doors of managers with their pieces from the French. Happy the distinguished writer who gets in precedence of his fellow-translator, for vaudevilles, like mackerel, will not keep! Hence, are they often sold at a corresponding price.'

Alderman Gibbs, Lord Mayor Elect, was rallied again and again for his parsimony, Sir Andrew Agnew for his Sabbatarian zeal, and Sir Peter Laurie for his actions and egotistical dicta as magistrate, but the interest in the comments on the acts and deeds of these men of the moment was mainly topical. In October appeared a supposititious letter to the Editor, indicating the ingredients of *Punch*, written obviously by one of the staff and illustrative of the almost boyish spirit in which they were working—as though actors should be anxious to make known their own individuality while playing their parts.



The letter runs (with the addition of actual names in brackets) :

*MR. PUNCH*,—The other evening I was smoking my pipe in a public-house, when one of the persons present inquired if anybody knew what were the ingredients of *Punch*? To which question a young man replied as follows :—

The Spirit is.	.	<i>The 'Comic Blackstone'</i> (Gilbert Abbott à Beckett)
The Acid is .	.	<i>The 'Feather'</i> (Douglas Jerrold)
The Sweet is	.	<i>The Great 'Saxon Suggester'</i> (W. M. Thackeray)
The Spice is .	.	<i>The 'Sub'</i> (Horace Mayhew)
The Water is	.	<i>The 'Professor'</i> (Percival Leigh)
And the Spoon is	.	<i>The 'Editor'</i> (Mark Lemon)

I am, *Mr. Punch*.—Yours truly,

SNIP.

In this year of 1844 there seems to have been some idea of turning Kennington Common into eligible building sites, and possibly Jerrold's dig at *Princely Thrift* in the columns of *Punch* was not without effect in helping in the preservation of this open space. The paragraph has its interest as showing an early use of the word 'lungs' applied to such spaces :

It appears that Kennington Common, whilom a place for cricket and other healthful sports, is to be built upon to benefit the estate of the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall. These places have been called the lungs of a town. Surely, to choke the lungs is hardly the best way to captivate the heart. Will the Prince of Wales be more beloved in Kennington if only known as the Prince of Bricks and Mortar?

These, too, were days when the Game Laws pressed heavily upon rural England, when Thomas Hood was writing his *Lay of the Labourer*, when Charles Kingsley was perhaps already excogitating *The Bad Squire*. In *Punch* there were many references to the working of the Game Laws, and in the number for November 2, 1844, Leech's cartoon depicted a labourer about to be beheaded by a Peer at the foot of an altar surmounted by a hare, while in the background the labourer's family passed to

the workhouse. Douglas Jerrold supplied the accompanying text, *The Hare and the Peasant* :

Although many of the pure-minded who offer incense at Exeter Hall may not be conscious of the fact, it is nevertheless most true that John Bull has his idols ; to the which with most scantimonious face he is ever and anon sacrificing men, women, and babes. John, with a look of pitying disgust, talks of the superstitions of the past and of the present : he laments the darkness of the heathen who have their sacred apes, their consecrated crocodiles. Nay, John does more than this. John unbuttons his pocket, and pays men to build ships, that truth and wisdom may be carried to idolaters. He enlists missionaries—he sends forth the hopeful and strong-hearted to wither beneath a pestilential climate, so that even withering they may be ministrant of civilisation to the savage. And all the while—simple John—that he is paying for and labouring in these good works—he has his own pet idols—his own baboons and alligators—with his 'bold peasantry,' as their constant victims. Alas ! ere John shall again count up these abominations of the heathen, let him calculate the number of men, with their wives and families, sacrificed at every quarter-sessions to the idols of the landlord—to his hares, his pheasants, and his partridges !

Shortly after came the report of *A Great Game Meeting*, in which the speeches were made by various game birds and beasts in support of the axiom 'that could not be too sternly preached, that the poor were made for game, and not game for the poor.' The note which had been most remarkably struck by Hood in his *Song of a Shirt* of a year earlier—one frequent in *Punch* in the years of his youth—was struck afresh by Jerrold in presenting a design for a new shawl pattern into which were worked incidents in the life of the workers ; 'Ladies who have a passion for great bargains will find these Shawl Patterns peculiarly to their taste, inasmuch as they so beautifully and so truly illustrate the certain results of hard dealing.' Another matter, not altogether unallied with this, if only as a manifestation of man's inhumanity to man, on which *Punch* more particularly wrote by means of the pen of Douglas Jerrold, was that of there being, in effect, one law for the rich and another for the poor, in that brutal assaults were so often punished by the alternative of fine or imprisonment, those with money could pay the fine and

go and repeat the offence, at approximately the same price, while those who had no money must go to goal, not for the assault but for their inability to pay for such a luxury.

Before the close of the year Macready was bound for Paris, and Jerrold indulged anew in his sarcasm at the Court's treatment of native talent in a letter supposed to have been written by Queen Victoria to King Louis Philippe, in which her Majesty suggested that the Legion of Honour might be given to the actor, as it was not possible to give honours to such sort of people in England! While, however, the writer was ready to use his pen in big causes, he was also ready to make fun out of what another writer in *Punch* described as the 'minor miseries.' Here is a scene which shows that barbers have long 'baited' their customers. In recent years they have improved in this regard, but who that is middle-aged cannot relate experiences not dissimilar from those of Narcissus Quills, who rushed from a barber's in the neighbourhood to solace himself with a rump-steak and stout at the 'Cock,' and, while the meal was preparing, jotted down a dialogue still ringing in his ears:

Scene — *A Hair-Dresser's Room in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar. Gentleman in chair; Hair-Dresser cutting.*

*Hair-Dresser.* Hair's very dry, sir!

*Gent.* Humph!

*H.-D.* Very dry, sir. Let me recommend our *Oil of Canaan*, sir.

*Gent.* Humph!

*H.-D.* Wants a little strengthening, too, sir. Our *Essence of Crowbar* is very much admired.

*Gent.* Ha!

*H.-D.* Hair's coming off, too, sir. You'd find great relief in our *Lion's Marrow*: half-a-crown a pot, sir.

*Gent.* Oh!

*H.-D.* Bless me! Hair's getting a little grey, sir. Let me earnestly recommend our *Milk of Ravens*: only three shillings a bottle.

*Gent.* Humph!

*H.-D.* You're not aware of it, sir, perhaps; but just a *little* bald: might put a five-shilling piece on the crown of your head. Baldness, if not taken in time, spreads, sir. Couldn't do better,

sir, than try our *Ursa Major Mixture*—quite a new thing, sir, and has a great run. Expected to ruin the wig-trade, sir.

(*The hair-cutting is concluded. The Gentleman rises to wash himself. When about to depart, he is again assailed by the Hair-Dresser.*)

*Hair-Dresser (with packets).* Here they are, sir. *Oil of Canaan*, sir—*Essence of Crowbar*—*Lion's Marrow*—*Milk of Ravens*, and *Ursa Major Mixture*. In all, sir, one pound fourteen, with shilling for cutting. Pay below, sir, if you please. Good morning, sir.

(*The Gentleman shakes his head at the Oil of Canaan, etc., descends, pays his shilling in the shop, and makes a private memorandum never to visit it again.*)

Again was the pen of Jerrold requisitioned for the felicitous task of writing a preface for a new volume when the eighth (*January-June 1845*) was completed. In it *Punch* was made to say that he had received invitations from all the Crowned Heads for the summer holidays, received them, only of course in his modesty to decline them :

It gave us some pain to refuse the summons to Windsor Castle. But as the said summons was accompanied with a notification that our visit must be kept a profound secret—inasmuch as it was hinted the presence of Literary and Artistic genius at the Royal Table might bring it into disrepute—we felt that we owed it to our illustrious Order—the Order of the Goose-Quill and Pencil—not to visit even Windsor *incog.* . . .

For ourself, said we, we certainly will take packet for Herne Bay. But we trust that there will be no firing of the town guns on that occasion. The majesty of letters needs not noise and smoke to tell of its whereabouts. We shall arrive at Herne Bay quietly, unostentatiously. If the one Policeman of the Town be on the jetty to receive us, we shall be more than satisfied. Such is the modesty of true greatness! Kings and conquerors, take a lesson from *Punch*.

Fond as Douglas Jerrold was of poking fun at Herne Bay—a Herne Bay that had not begun to spread eastward towards Reculver and westward towards Whitstable—it was, it may well be believed, in the spirit in which we make fun out of that which we love, for year after year he returned to the neighbourhood of the Kentish coast village. The place chiefly associated with

his visits in the neighbourhood being the pleasant Firwood House at Herne, still standing much as it was in his time.

On the first page of the first number of this eighth volume began *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, more particularly mentioned in a later chapter. Throughout the volume come stinging comments on the Game Laws, on acts of magistrates and the farce of justice which, having fined a prisoner some small sum which he might have paid, adds ten times the amount of 'costs' and sends him to jail not for an offence the penalty for which he might have met, but for being unable to meet the monetary demands of the dispensers of justice. Incident after incident of the news of the day of this kind was commented upon in stinging terms. The 'Q' comments on politics were continued, and public affairs also dealt with, but mostly the interest was topical. On *Parliamentary Debates* Jerrold made one of his infrequent excursions into verse :

Our fathers fought to publish the debates,  
And thought in that to gain a bit of freedom ;  
But now their sons have lost it to the states,  
By making them a deal too long to read 'em !

When Tawell—a notorious murderer—was executed at Aylesbury, Jerrold enlarged in several successive numbers of *Punch* upon *The Hangman's 'Moral Lessons,'* continuing against public executions, which always stirred him to indignation, that earnest protest to which he again and again gave expression. He protested against the pandering, by daily details of the doings of condemned criminals, to a vicious taste that grows by which it feeds on. 'Decency forbids this commerce in the chit-chat of the gallows—in anecdotes true and feigned of a bloodshedder—but then decency must give place to a sense of profit,'—this because one of the leading newspapers of the day, while giving the 'chit-chat of the gallows' in its news columns, protested against it in its leader. In the succeeding volume another page was devoted to *The 'Moral Lesson' of the Gallows*, in which a clergyman was trounced for defending Capital Punishment : 'still have we this comfort : whether the men of God assist the goodly



work or no, the gallows is doomed, is crumbling, and must down—overthrown by no greater instruments than a few goose-quills.' When the Fleet Prison was at last doomed, Jerrold, as *Punch*, pronounced its funeral oration; and later he returned to the subject, when the work of demolition had begun, and made fun of the sale of materials as 'relics.'

Near the close of the volume comes a rejoinder to an attack on *Punch* for the personalities appearing in the pages of his periodical. Samuel Carter Hall had frequently been made fun of, and had retaliated, only to get this :

The *Art-Union* scourges poor *Punch* for his graphic sins—for his wickedness 'that degrades art to the purpose of caricature, and renders personal the satire that should be only universal.' We feel the blow : it falls upon our back with the weight of a goose-down feather. The castigation is incidentally dealt upon us in a notice of the labours of Kenny Meadows (to whom be all health and honour !). It is true *Punch* is sometimes personal. His dealings are, at times, with the knaves and simpletons of the world—the knaves and simpletons in the chairs of authority—and, whenever truth calls for the right word, why, be it ever so hard a one, that word is administered.

In the next number Hall was depicted afresh as Pecksniff, and his high-falutin freshly ridiculed.

## CHAPTER V

### GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH': II.

Good natured and full of philanthropy, he still knew how to apply the lash to the forward fool, or the braggadocio. He did not lose sight of the moral meaning in his pleasantry, which made thinkers as well as talkers regard him with respect.—CYRUS REDDING.

IN the Preface to the ninth volume (*July-December 1845*)—written of course at the end of the year—Douglas Jerrold hails the approaching New Year as a young Hercules who

comes in to see the last fight of the ogre Corn Law—the Sawney Bean that hath eaten up men, women, and little children—‘grinding their bones to make his bread.’ He comes in to see the last fight of the Giant (who hath Dukes and Lords for bottleholders)—to see him beaten, laid low, killed in the House of Parliament; whilst Her Gracious Majesty, with Aureorean smile, shall with her silver voice pronounce,—*Je le veux!* A tremendous privilege this for a New Year!

The volume opened with a page on *The Argument of the Pistol*, in which he poured scorn on the lapsing barbarity of the duel:

Potentates have in their time caused *Ultima ratio regum* to be inscribed on their murderous cannon. ‘The last argument of kings!’ In like manner public opinion is fast tracing on the duelling-pistol, *Ultima ratio stultorum!* ‘The last argument of fools!’

Between six and seven columns were contributed to this one number by Douglas Jerrold, the item of most lasting interest being perhaps his comment, in *Peers of Pen and Ink*, on the £1200 granted each year out of the Civil List for the literary and scientific Lazaruses in their

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feebleness and old age, a sum which still remains, despite continuous protest, fixed within the limits assigned at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign :

But literary and scientific men need not alms : they want no pensions. What they demand, and what sooner or later they *will* have, is a just recognition of their great claims on the consideration and gratitude of government. When a man of literary genius dies—a man who has enriched the world with immortal thoughts—with wealth imperishable—it is thought a mighty piece of benevolence on the part of a Minister if he bestows some fifty pounds on the dead man's family. Foolish, superficial folks, cry, 'what magnanimity !' Yes ; this is deemed on the part of a Minister a humane and graceful mode of acknowledging the claims of genius. France, Prussia, and America might teach us better. They invest their literary man with state distinction : they clothe him with office, as the noblest representative of national greatness. In England, the literary man is a creature disowned by the State ; never permitted to come within the doors of the Palace, lest, we presume, the footmen should catch literature as children catch measles. He is considered by the English aristocracy as a clever kind of vagabond—a better sort of Ramo Samee, to amuse by books instead of knives and balls. Had Washington Irving been born an Englishman, he had never, even as a diner-out, seen the inside of St. James's. He is an American author, and, therefore, is he Ambassador at Madrid. What a wide, a monstrous look of contempt would aristocracy put on if it were proposed to send Charles Dickens, Esq., as Ambassador to Florence ! How would the Londonderrys have stared if the late Thomas Hood had been gazetted Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington ! Hood himself—it would have been thought—had never written anything so droll ! But Hood dies in penury, and it is a fine thing—a gracious act—for the English Prime Minister to bestow fifty pounds upon those the man of genius leaves behind ! English Ministers can only play the Maecenas over a man's coffin. Why do they not reward him with dignified employment when alive ?

The subject is one to which Jerrold had occasion to return more than once. The widow of a distinguished chemist having been refused a pension on the Civil List at a time when the widow of the Duke of Sussex had been granted a thousand a year, he wrote :

Large-hearted John Bull—with a Ministry for his almoner—allows just twelve hundred a year for the reward of philosophers,

poets, men of science, and such cattle, lapsed into old age and inevitable penury. . . . Thousands for Duchesses, but not one shilling for the widow of a public benefactor. So run rewards in merry England !

When in the summer of 1845 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited Coburg, they took part in a deer-battue, which aroused considerable indignation in England, and *Punch* had much to say on the subject. One of Douglas Jerrold's comments was a parody on a familiar nursery rhyme :

Sing a song of Gotha—a pocketful of rye,  
Eight and forty timid deer driven in to die ;  
When the sport was open'd, all bleeding they were seen—  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a Queen !

The Queen sat in her easy-chair, and look'd as sweet as honey ;  
The Prince was shooting at the deer, in weather bright and sunny ;  
The Bands were playing polkas, dressed in green and golden clothes ;  
The Nobles cut the poor deers' throats, and that is all *Punch* knows.

A connection between the Railway Mania and the Oxford Tractarian Movement was noted in a paragraph on *A Railway from Oxford to Rome* :

We understand that a prospectus of this scheme (provisionally registered) will appear in a few days. The Pope, averse to railways in general, has given his heartiest concurrence to the project. The route has already been marked out by some well-known tracts of the travellers.

The Duke of Wellington, having responded to some request with curt brevity, is reminded 'that Iron Dukes, like Iron Pokers, are none the worse for just a little polish.'

In this volume we have another illustration of the turning worm. Mr. James Silk Buckingham had long moved *Punch* to sarcastic comment with his British and Foreign Institute, and at length he protested in an *Appeal Against the Slanders of Punch*, to which Jerrold replied in a full-page article, concluding with the bitter words : 'We think it is Burke who says of somebody, "He was contemptible and content."'

Sunday Trading is a matter which still occasionally moves certain folk to protest, and to the reviving of obsolescent Acts of Parliament against vendors of Sunday

papers, tobacco, sweets, and other wares. A Buckinghamshire town has for some years become ridiculous in the eyes of the readers of the newspapers by its continued persecution of a 'Sunday trader,' but in 1846 the same thing was going on, for we find early in the tenth volume of *Punch* (January-June 1846) the following comment on an attempt to stop Sunday trading in Lambeth :

Certain zealous folks, of the very pious locality of Lambeth, —is it that the Archbishop's palace exerts so benign an influence thereabout?—have banded together to put down Sunday trading. Little boys and girls should not buy wicked oranges and apples—no better than apples of the Dead Sea—on the Sabbath. Lollipops should be put down by the strong hand of the beadle, and the police have stringent directions to watch the goings-on of the vendors of hard-bake. Well, these very pious people, many of whom are apt—

‘To frown upon St. Giles’s sins, but blink  
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly,—’

these swan-white souls have had an audience of Sir James Graham. Well, we positively feel a delight—a sort of pen-and-ink rapture—to be able to praise the Home Secretary. He certainly makes the feeling a great luxury from making it so difficult to attain. Sir James at once put down the pseudo-pious. He would have nothing to do with their measure. Government would reject it ; for Sir James ‘could not see wherefore the poor man should not have his enjoyments—his pipe of tobacco, his drop of beer, and his newspaper—on the Sunday, as well as the rich.’ Very true, Sir James ; but you might have said *more* than the rich, inasmuch as the wealthy may—for leisure and enjoyment—make every day of the seven a Sunday ; whereas the poor man has but his one day—a day that foolish zealots would turn into a time of melancholy and sadness, thinking themselves ‘pious, when they’re only bilious.’

A little later the subject was referred to again, when it was officially stated that Sunday recruiting for the Army was legitimate : ‘we must not deal in apples, or oranges, or lollipops, or newspapers . . . but to purchase men—biped “food for gunpowder”—on the Sabbath is “quite legal.”’

The quotations from Thomas Hood’s *Ode to Rae Wilson* are such as Jerrold was always ready to utilise, and his frequent quotations from his friend’s writings in



*Punch* indicate how close was the kinship of feeling between the author of the *Story of a Feather* and the author of the *Song of the Shirt*. Opposite the first note on Sunday trading came a reference to the Oregon Question, which caused discussion as to the possibility of war between England and America :

'Satisfy us that you will take our corn,' says Jonathan, 'and we'll think the matter over; we will not then be in a hurry to go to war about the tarnation Oregon. No, Britishers; for we calculate we shall make more dollars out of you as customers than as enemies. Let us knit our hearts together with our purse-strings, and then our friendship will be eternal.'

Six years after a monument to Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy,' had been erected at a Bristol church, the vicar wished to have it removed :

The city helped to starve the genius; and now comes the vicar, in the year of light and liberty 1846, to wreak his sacerdotal spite (and there is no mischief like it) on the memory of the truly great and truly unfortunate.

Another dig at the neglect of talent followed a few weeks later, when Haydon, the historical painter, protested that 12,000 people had paid £600 in one week to see General Tom Thumb, whereas 'B. R. Haydon, who has devoted forty-two years to elevate their taste, was honoured by the visits of 133½, producing £5:13:6, being a reward for painting two of his finest works' :

We have a great respect for the burning enthusiasm of Mr. Haydon; but, like all enthusiasts, he lamentably lacks judgment—discretion. In the first place, the 12,000 people who visited 'Tom Thumb' did not visit the mere dwarf. No, it was not unmixed curiosity for a joke of Nature (and Nature, be it said with reverence, makes, in the way of human creatures, very dull jokes at times)—no, it was to pay a reverence to one whom royalty delights to honour. Mr. Thumb is not to be considered as a dwarf, but as an abstraction of highest taste. Has he not had rings and watches given him by Queens, and pencil-cases by Princes and Dukes? Is he not shown as a creature honoured and valued by the great? Very well, Mr. Haydon. Let 'High Art' in England obtain the same patronage—let it receive as cordial a welcome at the Palace, as again and again has been vouchsafed to Tom Thumb,—and crowds of snobs, for such only

reason, will rush to contemplate it—or to think they contemplate it.

Tom Thumb has 12,000 visitors—B. R. Haydon 133½. That ½ is touching. What sort of ½ was it? Did it run alone, or being brought to drink in High Art, was it a baby at the breast? And if so, in longs or shorts?

In this volume of *Punch* was appearing the series of papers entitled *The Snobs of England*.—By one of *Themselves*, which has taken its place in literature as Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*. That some readers believed the papers to be the work of Douglas Jerrold is suggested by the following letter, which he received from the Hon. Caroline Norton:

DEAR MR. JERROLD,—I ought, before now, to have thanked you for *The Chronicles of Clovernook*: a spot invented by the power who tormented Tantalus; and to which, I regret to think, there is no signpost to show the way. I am very much obliged to you for thinking of sending it to me, though I hope I should have had the good taste at all events to have read it. Do you not mean to have a *Punch-bowl* at the Duke of Buckingham's conduct in the matter of his daughter's marriage? The daughter is six-and-twenty; the man she has chosen, a *gentleman* in every sense of the word, of an old family and rich; no possible objection but that he has no title. The couple go to be married, and the Duke pulls his daughter away by main force from the vestry; the clergyman, who ought to have married them, so overcome by the Ducal arrival that he will not perform the service at all; by which means other couples, who are totally disconnected with Dukes, are disappointed of their rightful union.

I liked very much (nevertheless) the article on 'Clerical Snobs,' which reminded me of Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*.

Believe me, dear Mr. Jerrold, yours truly,

CAROLINE NORTON.

The hint as to a *bowl* at the Duke of Buckingham does not appear to have been taken. In June Jerrold wrote a pretended attack on the work of his friend, the castigator of snobs, in a long letter purporting to be from 'Slaverly Fitz-Toady,' who concludes with the tremendous postscript:

Unless you would have your otherwise agreeable miscellany banished from the houses of the truly patriotic and respectable,

you will immediately discharge the person who defiles *Punch* with the *Snobs of England* !

In the same number comes *A Meek Remonstrance*, in which Jerrold has to contradict a rumour which had declared that he was 'off' *Punch* :

*To the Editor of the 'Liverpool Journal,' in the matter of his 'London Correspondent.'*

MR. EDITOR,—Some falsehoods may be made as like to truths as toadstools are like to mushrooms. And folks who really believe they have an excellent eye to choose the healthful from the poisonous fungus, have, nevertheless, gathered and cooked the sham mushroom—and all with the best intentions—to the passing inconvenience of the partakers thereof.

Your London Correspondent, Mr. Editor, has placed me in a like dilemma. He has—I am sure, unwittingly—in his basket of metropolitan gatherings, sent you certain toadstools with his mushrooms. Here is one ; a very large toadstool indeed.

'Douglas Jerrold is off *Punch* !'

Now, Mr. Editor, I can contradict this on, I believe, the very best authority,—my own. And inasmuch as the erroneous statement has been very generally copied throughout the provincial press, I herewith—though solely in compliance with the wishes of others—formally and triply deny it :

Douglas Jerrold is *not* off *Punch*.

Has not been off *Punch*.

And will not be off *Punch*.

In truth whereof, I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor.—Your obedient, humble Servant,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Preface to the eleventh volume (*July-December* 1846) presents it to the whole race of man as 'a most sufficing slice of Plum-Pudding' :

For the past six months *Punch*—the fact is known wherever the sun shines—has been busy compounding this mighty Pudding. Up early—down late—the marvellous work has been the sole possessing object of his life. How has he not laboured to obtain the best ingredients ! For, as the immortal Soyer<sup>1</sup> profoundly observes : 'Some eggs are much larger than others ; some pepper stronger ; salt salter : and even some sugar sweeter.' Therefore *Punch*, knowing that he was making a Pudding for

<sup>1</sup> Alexis Soyer, the famous cook, whom he later described as 'the only true Minister of the Interior.'

the whole Human Race—(a very different thing, mind you, from the Pudding that your dear Mrs. Caudle, Sir, makes for you and all the little C's; though, may *that* steam like a sweet sacrifice to all your nostrils, and sit lightly as butterfly upon rose-leaf on all your stomachs!)—*Punch*, knowing that this Pudding would be eaten by Tartars, Greenlanders, Russians, Chinese, Pennsylvanian Bondsmen; nay, even by the poor Troglodytes in their cabin caves; *Punch* makes his Pudding of the strongest and the best, and of that most likely to keep.

Then is given a list of the ingredients used in this wonderful Pudding, as *Punch*

feels quite safe in this little bit of liberality; for though folks might obtain some, nay, *all* the ingredients, can they ever hope to arrive at *Punch's* inimitable way of mixing?

Eggs (Golden) from the bird, the property of Mother Goose; with the Egg of a Phoenix—the only one ever laid—taken from a nest of Cinnamon-sticks, and found in a Nutmeg Tree, in Arabia Felix. Beat well in a crystal bowl with a spoon of satin-wood.

Suet from the Ten Thousand Prize Oxen fattened by order of Poor-Law Commissioners, for Christmas Fare in all the Unions. Chop with the Sword of Justice.

Flour ground from wheat grown in every corner of the world, presented by Ceres, the Goddess of Free Trade.

Brandy, benignly winked at ('on this occasion only') by Father Mathew.

Lemon Peel from the Gardens of the Hesperides.

Raisins from Valencia, and packed in liquidated Spanish Bonds.

Jamaica Pepper freely contributed by free Negroes (all grateful and enlightened readers of *Punch*).

Salt sent to *Punch* by the East India Company, as a sample of the untaxed material henceforth to be enjoyed by the Ryots of Hindostan.

Currants (from Zante), the gift of King Otho, and—to use his Majesty's own words—'as a small, but sincere acknowledgment of the Constitutional Wisdom derived by him from the pages of *Punch*.'

Spices that will embalm wit and good humour for ages.

Milk—of Human Kindness; get it where you can—and when got, make the most of it.

Again and again the injustice of justice is commented upon. A couple of girls aged six and twelve were proved

to have been guilty of picking a couple of handfuls of peas when walking through a field, the elder was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment in default of paying a fine of sixpence and thirteen shillings costs. In referring to the case, Jerrold insisted that Winslow must be in Barbary, and the account had to be translated into a Worcester journal to show how barbarous the followers of Mahomet could be ! Such items did not only come from provincial papers. The sentences at the Old Bailey gave the writer reason to suggest that legal discrepancies were such that a game of cribbage or dominoes would be a better way of deciding a prisoner's fate than all the paraphernalia of law which led to sentences so anomalous. A man who had stolen a crab valued at eighteen pence was sentenced to six months' hard labour ; one who had stolen fifty pounds in Bank of England notes received four months' imprisonment ; while a clerk guilty of stealing forty-four pounds was transported for seven years. All these sentences, delivered by one judge, were given as marking the zigzag course of criminal law, and the last of the prisoners would surely ' have been much better satisfied with his own lot had it fallen to him from ill-luck at cribbage, put, or dominoes, than falling to him from the lips of the Common Sergeant.'

Foreign affairs were less frequently treated by Douglas Jerrold, but he was one of those who sustained *Punch* in making butts successively of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon ; and when the Spanish marriage was being discussed, his contributions included *Hands not Hearts : a Farce*, showing the French Ambassador at the Spanish Court, and bitterly satirising the Royal Match-makers.

It has been pointed out how, as an original playwright, Douglas Jerrold was always ready to make fun of those dramatists who flourished upon translations and adaptations ; he had also occasion to give an occasional rap at those of their fellows who in the lax state of the copy-right law, could at once turn a successful story to stage purposes. (*Mrs. Caudle* was thus victimised.) When the monthly parts of Charles Dickens' *Dombey and Son*



began to appear, those who would exploit the brains of 'Boz' to their own ends were promptly satirised in an account of a *Great Dramatic Meeting*; in which to prove that there is honour among thieves, the adaptors agree not to begin work on the new story—before the issue of the fourth number!

Of *The English in Little*, begun in this volume, particulars are given in another chapter. Mention has been made of one or two of the many instances in which Jerrold, in touching upon law matters, protested against the enormity by which a man, fined a sum he could pay, was sent to prison because he could not pay the accumulated costs. When Lord Cottenham introduced his *Small Debts Act*, it was therefore fittingly welcomed in a long account of a *Murderous Attack upon Old 'Costs'*, who, giving it out to the world that he was married to Justice, 'committed all his atrocities in her good and holy name; she weeping the while at its hourly desecration.'

In the preface to the twelfth volume (*January-June 1847*) Jerrold said how it came to be added to the row in 'magnificent coats of crimson' in the library at Windsor, to that 'in morocco of episcopal purple' at Lambeth Palace, and to that in the Court of Chancery 'bound (the word has a terrible significance) in law calf,' to the libraries of all prudent, wise, and happy men—how the volumes of *Punch* had become 'the Press Lares, the Household Gods (with an additional two every twelve-month) of English homes.' Great had been the success of *Punch*, and great was his complacency.

To the Almanac for this year Jerrold contributed for each month the *Voice of the Man in the Moon* in the style of the almanac-prophets. The 'voice' for December may represent the whole:

Mars is stationary in Taurus, which—to anybody with half an eye—is evidence that Prince Albert, as Field Marshal, will carry off the first prize for a bull at the Cattle-show. A very promising scion of the aristocracy—an heir with blue Norman blood in his veins—disgraces his family for ever, by writing a pantomime for the Adelphi. A petition presented to the Lords, to send Mr. Webster—as the instigator of the crime,—to the Tower! Speaking of the Tower, about the 24th much suet

will be brought to the block, and blood will flow in torrents at the poulterers ! Holly will appear in thousands of houses, and may it supply the only thorns about your fireside, wisheth—in conclusion—Ye Man in Ye Moon.

To an early number of the volume Jerrold contributed a playful paper on *The Best of Husbands*—one of his occasional deviations from severe comment on men and matters of the moment :

This is a very rare animal ; but he is to be found. The existence of the unicorn has been successfully disputed ; and that very handsome and graceful animal, instead of being harnessed to Her Majesty's state-carriage—as assuredly the species should be, could eight of them be procured—is merely employed upon heraldic duty, namely, to support Her Majesty's Arms. But the good husband—let all our virgin readers take heart—is not fabulous. We cannot, certainly, precisely mark out his *habitat*. We do not think the creature is to be found at public masquerades, or billiard-rooms, or in soiled boots, dancing the Polka at the Casino de Venus, de Bacchus, or any other casino of any other disreputable heathen deity. The habits, too, of the Best of Husbands vary with the best of wives. Some are best for one particular virtue—some, for another—and some for virtues too numerous to specify. Some Best of Husbands are always buying best of wives new gowns ; some best, again, are continually taking their better-best to the opera or play ; in fact, in ten thousand different modes do the Best of Husbands show their superiority to the second best, and the middling, and the fine ordinary, and those merely good for families. But Mr. Brown, the best husband of the best Mrs. Brown, did—according to that excellent—in the most devoted manner, display the paramount excellence of his marital qualities. Mrs. Brown herself, only on Thursday last, informed her dear friend Mrs. Smith of the peculiarity that blest her with the best of men. Mrs. Smith had dropt in to talk of nothing, and have a dish of tea. Mrs. Smith had left her bonnet, muff, and cloak in Mrs. Brown's bedroom, and was seated at Mrs. Brown's fire. Mrs. Smith put her hands to her head, and softly sighed.

*Mrs. Brown.* What's the matter, my dear ? You don't look well. Nothing particular, I hope ?

*Mrs. Smith.* Oh no, nothing. Only Smith again, as usual.

*Mrs. Brown.* Poor thing. Well, I *do* pity you. What is it ?

*Mrs. Smith.* Oh, my love, *that* Club. He wasn't home till two this morning, and I sitting up, and—yes, but you are a happy woman.—I've no doubt, now, that Mr. Brown——

*Mrs. Brown.* Bless you, my dear! He was reading the paper to me all the evening.

*Mrs. Smith.* Ha! Mr. Brown *is* a good man.

*Mrs. Brown.* A good man, my dear? If I were to tell you all, you would say so. In fact, he's the best of husbands, and one little thing will prove it.

*Mrs. Smith.* What's that, Mrs. Brown?

*Mrs. Brown.* Why this, Mrs. Smith. You wouldn't once think it of the dear, kind soul; but he's so fond of me, that all this bitter cold weather, he always goes up first to bed, to—warm my place! Now I call that——

*Mrs. Smith* (raising her eyes and folding her hands, exclaims) The Best of Husbands!

The many hits at the high-falutin of the 'Jenkins' of the *Morning Post* of the time, the other gibes at the 'grandmother' *Morning Herald*, and the 'Mrs. Harris' of the *Standard*, were continued as occasion offered. A passage is quoted from Camden's *Remaines*, concluding, 'Soe one indede that can beare ye *Standard*, muste *ex vi termini*, bee capable of endurenge muche.' To which Jerrold adds, 'We agree with Camden. He must.' Shortly after, when a Congress of crowned heads was mooted, *Punch* is made to suggest that the monarchs are to meet to consider the propriety of encouraging his circulation or entirely banishing his appearance in the various states, and gives a preliminary account of the discussion. Says England, '*Punch* being our own subject, we feel maternally moved to ask of you the offences alleged against him.' To which Russia is made to retort: 'Offences, Sister England! Why, he speaks the truth! And I put it to my Brethren, my Sisters here, what is in the end to become of us, if we give free licence to truth? Why, it cuts deeper than the knout! Permit the free use of ink, and I tell you it will in time corrode the bars of prisons and the fetters of what are called patriots! Allow the goose-quill to do what it may, and farewell to our eagles!'

Shortly afterwards an extraordinary manifestation of 'goose-quill' was shown in the case of Alexandre Dumas as *The Literary Briareus*:

The Porcupine Man who appeared on the stage of life some years ago only shadowed the great coming event—Alexandre

Dumas, certainly the greatest hero of quills yet vouchsafed to the world. The recent trial, in which the literary monster was proceeded against for breach of supply of foolscap, reveals the tremendous energies of the man. He haunts the world, a goose-quill demon! He lives on paper, and bathes in ink. He writes five *feuilletons* at a time; that is, a *feuilleton* with every right-hand finger. Horses of best blood pant to keep up with him; and the railway stokers heap up coals, and the engineer puts the train to double speed, and all to supply the Paris press with the written thoughts of M. Dumas! Now, for any man to do this, to be modest, would be treason to his genius. He knows that he covers the whole world with a sky of paper, and that all the human race walk only by his light. Therefore, what would be the grossest impudence in a man of genius is merely grace in the Demon of Authors. 'Who dare assign a limit to genius?' asks M. Dumas; and, says the report, there is a 'movement' among the auditors at the interrogation. M. Dumas engages to supply eighty volumes; and he supplies them! Whereupon, he says, and hardly says enough: 'The whole Académie together, forty in number, could not have produced eighty volumes in the time allowed me by my publishers. I had begun five different romances in five different journals. I have finished them all in the given time, and every word is written by my own hand. [*Oh! Alexandre!*] I have done what no man ever did before, and what none but myself can ever do again.' The Demon continues: 'I have at this moment three horses *ready saddled in my stables*—three grooms *ready booted*, ready spurred to mount—*then the railway going every hour to carry my feuilletons to Paris.*' And whilst this was going forward—adds a correspondent of the *Atlas*—Dumas was revelling with his friends in a wood, hunting and feasting, the 'most uproarious of them all.' And the guests knew 'nothing of the toil and trouble of the nights,' when the Demon was at work.

Now, it has been scandalously reported, and of course as generally believed, that Alexandre Dumas is only the Director of a Company of novel-mongers; and that what appears under his name is, about nine-tenths of it, the work of inferior quills. But then Alexandre

'Sheds o'er the page his purity of soul,  
Corrects each error, and refines the whole.'

This is, of course, the base calumny of base envy; for Dumas says he writes every word with *his own hand*; or rather, hands; for, like Briareus, he has a hundred of them, and can write with each. How, otherwise, could he meet the impatience of three horses ready saddled—three grooms ready booted—and the railway



starting every hour to Paris with copy? We are sorry to be compelled to say it; but we have it from our own correspondent, that Dumas has sold himself to the Printer's Devil, for the use of a hundred hands, with a pen in each, so many hours every night. Thus, after his 'delightful dinners' at his Pavilion de Henri Quatre at St. Germain—and his 'revelling in the woods, hunting and feasting'—and his 'petits soupers' are concluded, he retires to his chamber, and, taking off his coat, has, for certain hours of the night, the unlimited use of a whole hundred hands, with pens, like bread, *à discrétion*.

Douglas Jerrold returned to the attack on *Dumas, Marquis de Poltronnerie* in comment on a challenge to a duel which the romancer had sent to a marquis who had referred to him in the Chamber of Deputies.

The frequent hits at the Court's neglect of native talent were reinforced in this volume by a page letter purporting to be from 'the oldest inhabitant' of Stratford-on-Avon, giving a full, true, and particular account of a supposed visit to the Shakespeare shrine of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Royal children. A postscript pointed the satire by saying that the Royal Family 'were all at Drury Lane Theatre—all to see a show of beasts; camels, Indian ponies, and Indian elephants!' A little later came a suggestion that Barnum—Shakespeare's house being a drug in England—should buy the Poet's Birthplace and remove it to America for Tom Thumb.

The question of decimal coinage having been dealt with in the House of Commons, a speaker proposed that the new two-shilling piece should be named 'a Royal,' the shilling 'half-a-Royal,' and the sixpence 'a Quarter of a Royal.' 'We should like more familiar terms; for instance, why not call the two-shilling "a Hog"—the one-shilling "a Pig"—and the sixpence "a Suckling"?'

A few weeks later another letter from Stratford-on-Avon's 'oldest inhabitant' made a proposal which was—more or less—acted upon:

However, Sir, it seems the Poet's house is really to be sold. Now, as I am informed that your paper—printed in golden letters, they tell me, and on white satin—is laid upon the Queen's breakfast-table, with camellias, and azaleas, and heliotropes, and



other beautiful and fragrant things, every Thursday morning, I humbly write the following lines, in the fearful hope that they may catch the starry and vouchsafing eye of condescending Majesty.

I do, then, humbly propose—to save the nation from a blistering shame—that the house of Shakespeare be purchased by the State. And further, that there be a poetic guardian, or—as I believe it is called, custode—of the premises, with a gentlemanly and sufficing incoming. His title might be the Poet-Laureate of Stratford; and, crowned with poetic wreath—it is a pity that mulberry doth not leaf so early—he might deliver an ode, or sing a song, as his voice might be, on every anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. This gentleman—in his own poetic right—should do the honours of Shakespeare's house on certain ceremonious occasions. For, of course, the Literary Fund (if I am not wrong in the name) would now and then, after visiting the house, keep festival in Stratford; and, no doubt, the Shakespeare Society would occasionally take an early train, and hold a solemn sitting under the roof of Shakespeare. Mr. Payne Collier—(we have his edition of the Poet in sweet-smelling Russia, also Charles Knight's, lustrous with pictures, at the Falcon)—would pen a right merry chronicle of such a gathering. And on these occasions, as I have said, the custode should be, so to say it, master of the ceremonies. And this custode I would have some dramatist; and, to begin with, say Mr. Sheridan Knowles, a man who hath done good service, and faithfully earned his future ease.

And, Sir,—if the State and the Queen be too poor to save the house of Shakespeare; if they be all too straitened to purchase the premises, and keep them in due honour,—permit me to suggest the present as an opportunity well worthy of the attention of the affluent desirous of compassing a lasting renown, and at the same time fulfilling a debt of gratitude to him who hath made all men, of all nations and all times, his largest creditors.

The subject was returned to early in the following volume, and Sheridan Knowles again suggested as fitting custodian of the Birthplace; once more a little later on, when it was said that there had been made 'a magnificent offer' if the public would buy Shakespeare's house by subscriptions—the Government would take care of it! 'In humble imitation of this munificence, *Punch* here declares, that if the country will forward to him the very best gold chronometer, set with the very finest and costliest diamonds—He will put it in his fob and wear it!' When Shakespeare's house had at length been purchased for the nation, *Punch* (by Douglas Jerrold's pen) had a fresh suggestion:

The House of Shakespeare being placed at the disposal of the Government, will the Government attach to it a Literary Chapter? Why should there not be the Order of the Mulberries? We have Knights of the Thistle, why not Knights of the Mulberry Tree? Say, that we have a dozen knights to begin with, just to give the experiment a chance; for in a matter of literary enthusiasm, Lord John—as the author of *Don Carlos*—may naturally like to be upon the safe side. A dozen knights who have shed their best ink in the service of their country and humanity at large, may be provided for at the rate of £200 per annum each. This will cost the country £2400 a year. But this is not the only expense. This we state plainly, as we wish to deal fairly with all people, and with Her Majesty's Ministers in particular.

We further propose that some of the property surrounding the House be purchased and straightway demolished. That Mr. Barry be immediately empowered to draw out the plans of Mulberry College in the true Elizabethan style, and that the building—the plan approved—be immediately set about. We are very sure that Prince Albert will be only too happy to lay the first stone, if, indeed, the honour be not engrossed by Her Majesty herself. Elizabeth smiled upon the living Poet—her smiles, by the way, were easily coined, cost nothing, and thus were generously dispensed—and Victoria, the Elizabeth of Peace, may take pleasure to herself thus to honour the memory of the Bard.

As we wish to be liberal in our estimate, we will say that £10,000 may be required for the purchase of the old houses and the erection of the new building of Mulberry College, an edifice that shall stand as a continual honour to Shakespeare; that shall give ease and 'retired leisure' to the lay priests of Poetry. Can the Government refuse such an outlay? We are convinced that if even the royal horses at Windsor could be made to understand the question, even they—brute beasts as they are—would neigh a loud assent, reflecting, as they would reflect, that to stable the quadrupeds selves costs their country not ten thousand pounds, but seven times ten. We already see Mr. Hume impatiently vibrating on his seat in the Commons; anxious to rise and perhaps to move that the £10,000 be made £20,000. But no, Joseph: we do not ask it.

We are not yet fully prepared with our plan of Mulberry College; but we pledge ourselves to have matured it by the time that Lord John has written Her Majesty's Parliamentary Speech. We think we would have a costume for the Collegians, something Shakespearian; something after the bust of the Poet in the Church; though, of course, we do not stickle that members with a profusion of hair should shave the brow and temples for genius. And as Cardinals, on their election to the Papacy, choose a name,

—so would we have every Collegian take a title to himself from the works of Shakespeare. Thus, we would have Brother *Falstaff*, Brother *Touchstone*, Brother *Macbeth*, or Brother *Wolsey*. The duties of the Collegians are yet to be defined ; but they should all be in harmony with the great purpose : to do honour to the World's Poet, and to diffuse Shakespeareanity throughout all classes.

Some time later came *The Shakespeare Night* at Covent Garden, and Jerrold supposed Shakespeare and his wife there in a private box, and made the fancy the opportunity of a pretty compliment to Mary Cowden Clarke :

Shakespeare was received—and afterwards lighted to his box—by his editors, Charles Knight and Payne Collier, upon both of whom the Poet bowed benignly ; and saying some pleasant, commendable words to each, received from their hands their two editions of his immortality. And then, from a corner, Mrs. Cowden Clarke timidly, and all one big blush, presented a play-bill, with some Hesperian fruit (of her own gathering). Shakespeare knew the lady at once ; and taking her two hands, and looking a Shakespearean look in her now pale face, said, in tones of unimaginable depth and sweetness, 'But where is *your* book, Mistress Mary Clarke? Where is your *Concordance*?' And again pressing her hands, with a smile of sun-lighted Apollo, said, 'I pray you, let me take it home with me.' And Mrs. Clarke, having no words, dropt the profoundest 'Yes,' with knocking knees.

'A very fair and cordial gentlewoman, Anne,' said Shakespeare, aside to his wife ; but Anne merely observed that, 'It was just like him ; he was always seeing something fair where nobody else saw anything. The woman—od's her life!—was well enough.' And Shakespeare smiled again.

In a later volume it was stated that : 'a considerable majority of the Common Council negatived a motion made by Mr. Lott to pay fifty guineas in aid of the purchase money of Shakespeare's house. Many of the Council defended their vote by reason that they had never heard of Shakespeare before, and that if they voted money for strangers in one instance, "there would soon be no end of Shakespeares in the City" !'

One of Jerrold's earliest bits in the thirteenth volume (*July-December 1847*) is a brief dialogue at the Royal Institution, entitled *Marriage of the Metals* :

*Professor Smith* (reading *Morning Post*). Very extraordinary ! (to *Professor Jones*) Have you read this ? No ! Well, then, the *Post* says that the Duke of Wellington—the Iron Duke!—is going to marry Miss Burdett Coutts !

*Professor Jones*. Nonsense ! It can't be true.

*Professor Smith*. But if it should be true, what would you think of such a match ?

*Professor Jones*. Think of it ! Why, with the Duke and the heiress, I should think it a most extraordinary union of Iron and Tin.

Later comes an account of *Punch's Tea Service*—a very sermon on Temperance—telling how in a dream *Punch* went on 'a Tippling Tour round the whole world' 'and still with growing drunkenness, still with increasing thirst' :

And our tongue burnt like a flag of asphalte—and down—down our throat was a brimstone walk—passing by a piece of expiring cinder (it was once our liver) that still weakly tinkled, tinkled with the fire of gin ! And for our heart,—it was, we thought, as hard as a pebble, here and there veined with a dirty muddy red. And at last—it was an odd dream—our eyes seemed to descend into our stomach, but for a time were blinded by the spirituous fumes. At length the internal ruin in all its devastation was revealed. And we had thought enough to wish that now and then the eyes of a drunkard could only sink into his stomach and take a peep at what gin was doing there.

And the thirst grew intolerable ; and—still in our dream—we yelled for a cooling draught. And suddenly, we thought that the god Mercury—only that he wore a pigtail and had a sort of Chinese look—came and beckoned to us. . . . And then we thought a fairy—with odours dropping from her hair—rose before us. And, waving a little moonshiny wand, a boiling spring bubbled from the earth ; at this spring the fairy rinsed the pot, and warmed the teacups. And then—music breaking from her silver feet—she went from shrub to shrub, gathering, and casting what she gathered into the vessel. And then she filled it with boiling water, and poured it into a cup, and gave us to drink.

And as we drank, our tongue dissolved, our throat was comforted, our liver (we are sure of it) was as large and as oily as a whale's, and our heart as large and swelling as any bagpipe squeezed by Highlander.

And we asked, 'Oh, Goddess ! What is this sovereign beverage ?'

And a clap of thunder answered 'Tea !'



When Jenny Lind came, sang, and conquered, *Punch* devoted a good deal of attention to her. When she departed Jerrold paid her a 'last compliment' in this pretty story :

Jenny Lind has left us, but ere she had half crossed the Channel an English mermaid rose ahead of the ship ; the paddles were stopt, and the syren begged of the Swede to accept, as a slight memorial, her comb and mirror. Jenny, of course, received the gifts with her usual sweetness. She then begged the syren to sing a song ; but the mermaid, shaking her head—as much as to say, 'Since you've been heard it's all up with mermaids'—and with a bubbling sigh, dived to the bottom of the deep.

To this volume Douglas Jerrold contributed some papers on *Punch at the Play*, in one of which praising a new five-act tragedy, he said that in modern criticism 'it is not enough to put laurel upon the brow of one man, unless you throw a stale egg in the face of each of his contemporaries. This is a current style of criticism. We have now nothing but a "meaningless literature." How lucky it is for an author to be dead.'

Shortly afterwards he was taking up the cudgels on behalf of a dead author, Thomas Holcroft, who had been dubbed in the octogenarian Joseph Cottle's *Reminiscences of Coleridge*, 'Holcroft the Atheist.' In doing so he invented one of those little apologues with which he was ever ready to enforce a point :

Mr. Holcroft was, as a man, as immeasurably above Coleridge as he was below the poet in intellect. Holcroft's *Autobiography* is a noble book, a true-hearted chronicle of manly work gallantly achieved. Whilst, according to Mr. Cottle and his reviewer, Coleridge 'preferred to manly exertion the ignoble idleness of the pitied mendicant,' Holcroft nobly wrestled with griping want and squalid circumstance, and threw them. He was a man of iron independence of character, and the neglected, ignorant stable-boy won his own bread by the honest exercise of his intellect, and bequeathed to the country certainly one sterling English play that the world 'will not willingly let die.'

Wherefore, then, was Holcroft called an atheist ? The answer is ready. He was a political reformer ; and the wicked old hag, Old Toryism, spat the foul word at him as at others who openly and manfully exposed her wickedness. Atheist ! Why,



it was the daily poison that tipped the pens of 'Tory hirelings ; and used on even the lightest provocation. Not to believe in the virtues of the Prince Regent was to be an atheist. To deny the purity of Gatton and Old Sarum was to be 'the owlet atheism' that, in Coleridge's own words—

'Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,  
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,  
Cries out, "Where is it?"'

Mr. Thomas Holcroft—the eldest surviving son of the libelled dead—has written a letter to the *Times*, promising the publication of certain records that 'will satisfactorily refute the calumnies preferred by Mr. Cottle.' Such a vindication is, of course, honourable to Mr. Holcroft ; but we think he may leave Mr. Cottle's calumnies to die in their own unsavouriness ; unless indeed he should ere his departure for those 'grander scenes' that sublimate an old man's later thoughts, perform the Christian part of apologist for a deep injury carelessly inflicted—for a libel uttered upon the faith of one, as Mr. Cottle himself shows, not to be credited.

Atheist ! Yes, it was a word in frequent use ; and, like the thumbscrews in the Tower, has done its service to tyranny and wrong. And then it was of such easy application that any fool, with malice enough, could apply it. 'Drowned, Percy Bysshe Shelley, an atheist,' wrote the Tory scribe in the *Courier* ; and, doubtless, thought his religion all the sweeter for the charity.

We have said the missile is easy to throw ; nevertheless, we do not think it possible to apply it so dangerously as heretofore. And yet, there is a mixture of malignity and cowardice that even now finds—or thinks it finds—a dangerous blackness in it. Our friend Hopkins—only yesterday—gave us an amusing instance of the fact.

We had observed to Hopkins—whose house is ordinarily silver-clean, as Mrs. Hopkins herself expresses it—that the drawing-room windows were covered with mud. 'Why, yes,' said Hopkins, 'it's that mischievous fellow, Tom Tangle, the page that some time ago I turned away. Tom was a smartish lad, but his conceit so filled the house, that I may say there was no shutting the door for it. And then he would run about, and so use the name of Hopkins, upon every and all occasions, that really, as a quiet man, I felt myself compromised by his monkey tricks.'

'And so you turned Tom Tangle off?' said we.

'Bless you ! I put up with him for two years, and tried all I could make to him reasonable and decently quiet. I never

took more pains with anybody. All to no use; and so at last I discharged him plump. Well, what do you think he did? He went round all the neighbourhood; called at I don't know how many shops; shouted down I don't know how many areas—"Beware of Hopkins! Hopkins is an atheist!"

'Very annoying,' said we.

'Not at all,' said the equable Hopkins; 'it moved me no more than if he'd called me an angel. Nevertheless, the black word shows the black malice. And more than that, once a month at least the foolish fellow comes and throws mud at the windows!'

'And what do you do?' said we.

'Nothing. And as for the mud, a little water makes all clean; for glass, my friend, is like a good reputation, mud may darken it for a little while, but it can't lastingly stain it. So, whenever in the month I come downstairs and see the windows blacked with mud, I ring the bell, and show them to Molly; and she, turning her mop, merely says, "Yes, sir, I see; it's that nasty little turned-off page been throwing his dirt again."'

With the fourteenth volume of *Punch* (January-June 1848) Douglas Jerrold returned to the happy task of preface-writing. He pictured *Punch* retiring to his 'Brown Study' and pondering over the state of affairs in different parts of the world, and how he could best help the peoples out of their besetting difficulties:

At length he jumped up with a new resolution beating in him. 'I will'—cried *Punch*—'put forth a Charter for all human kind. A Charter of One Point, and it is—Let every man, rich and poor, strong and feeble, high and low, let every man do one thing, and that one shall be sufficient to all things—LET HIM DO HIS BEST.' And that *Punch* might carry out his own injunction, he immediately nibbed his pen to commence his Eighth Year's Work—his Fifteenth Volume.

When early in 1848 there was talk of a French invasion, Jerrold wrote a 'bulletin' in which the French Marshal recorded the 'walk over' which his army had had, and how when it reached the capital 'twenty thousand Frenchmen domiciled in London—namely, valets, drawing-masters, cooks, and fiddlers—appeared in the streets in the uniform of National Guards.' (The fiction-mongers of later 'scare' novels have in similar fashion—but in a very different spirit—seen martial

enemies in foreign barbers and waiters.) In the following number of *Punch* a lodging-house keeper, Mary Gerkins, was supposed to write of the unprotected state of Brighton—'Why, I myself—never minding what I thought the nonsense of nat'ral enemies, so as they paid their way—I have let my first and second floor to French families, that now I'm sure of it only took 'em for spies.' Mary Gerkins continued the 'scare' in later numbers.

In comment on the conviction of a baker for selling his bread short weight, we have this :

When a Turkish baker is discovered to have sold bread of short weight his ear is nailed fast to his door-post, and he is then benevolently supplied with a sharp knife, to work, when he is tired of his fixed position, his own deliverance. How many English would walk about with only one ear !

Three children under twelve having been sentenced to be whipped for stealing some old iron, Jerrold in recording it adds :

Certainly this juvenile delinquency is a sad social evil, and should be suppressed, but it may be permitted us to ask, what has society yet done for these children, 'none of them more than twelve years old?' Have they been taught right from wrong? or have they been left, like thousands of human vermin, to grow up ignorant of the difference of good and evil? It is very easy for society 'to whip,' but we are now and then fain to ask, 'Does not society itself, more than the child-thief, deserve the lash?'

*Punch's* latter-day method of supplying public men with coats of arms, or 'giving them fits,' was forestalled in his own pages by Douglas Jerrold, who, when Manchester was formed into a See, said that the College of Arms had done the handsome thing by the new Bishop, but that all other journals had wrongly described them :

'The Arms may be thus technically described—'Or on a pale of spikes' (to show how difficult it may sometimes be to climb into a bishopric); 'three mitres of Brummagen proper,' (showing that episcopacy is altogether above gold); 'a cotton pod' (to mark humility, for, whereas, all other Bishops wear lawn sleeves, the Bishop of Manchester will always appear in

calico); and 'a square shield, charged with a factory chimney proper,' with this motto—*Ex fumo dare gingham*.

*Punch*, by the pen of Douglas Jerrold, had so often spoken brave words against militarism that it is not surprising that his attitude towards it was not altogether understood. As a lad Douglas Jerrold had been a midshipman, and the nearest he got to active service was helping to bring cargoes of wounded back from Waterloo to England; this no doubt was one reason why, when treating of warfare, he generally emphasised the horrors which memory of it brought to mind. At any rate an officer presenting new colours to his regiment in India made it the occasion for a protest against *Punch's* attitude, a protest which Jerrold duly copied as follows into the fifteenth volume of that journal (*July-December 1848*), adding to it his comment:

'One whose wit is, to this moment, as brilliant as ever, after having ransacked all things and used them up; he who is the chief choice spirit of the day, the magician who enchants every class from the noble to the peasant, and charms every age from the urchin to the aged man; he who, amid all his rich revelry in fun, seems to bear throughout it a charmed existence in the lofty tone of a morality which never falters, but is always sound; I say this dread potentate has arraigned these ceremonials of presentation at the bar of the age; and has cast upon them the desolating lava of his ridicule. But how! by what keen sleight of sorcery has the mighty wizard achieved his spell? I will tell you; he has *conjured up the assumption that soldiership and brigandism are mere synonyms*; and, with this for his sufficiently spacious basis, he fails to see upon what score of propriety lovely woman should grace us with her august presence, *and deign with her snow-white hands to commit the banner of war to the brave spirits who defend her in peace and purity!*'

No, Colonel, no. Let *Punch* explain. He make true soldiership and brigandism 'synonymous!' Never. May his goose-quill turn the whitest and most recreant feather, could he defile foolscap with such a thought! *Punch* takes off his hat, and bows—reverently bows—to the heroism, the endurance of human nature, tested in the terrible crucible of war. *Punch* honours the valour of the soldier; but *Punch* hopes for the day when all men of all nations will denounce Mars as a curse, and not cocker up the bully, dress him, fondle him, and call him all sorts of pretty, sugared names, to make the Ogre of the world pass for



its beneficent guardian spirit. *Punch* will continually use his ink wherewith to water the olive ; but whilst he does this, he will give all honour to the men who, in the field of carnage, gather the blood-stained laurel.

As for the 'snow-white hands' of woman ; bless them, if they must minister to glory, their best employment is to pick lint for the wounded, and not to pat 'the gods of war' to slaughter. If women are to present colours, and say pretty things of blood and rapine, talking of laurels, instead of good housewife sage and onions—why should they not serve at once ? Why not raise a few battalions of Amazons ? Why not have a regiment of 'Connaught Doves,' or 'Coldstream Ducks' ?

On behalf of 'Sisters of Misery'—governesses engaged (the advertisements already quoted show as much) to do many things for trivial remuneration—Jerrold tilted many lances, and also on behalf of the class the cause of which, with Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, *Punch* had made peculiarly his own. The following letter was written to enforce the terrible fact that for some workers the workhouse or the gaol was the most profitable place in which to pursue their labours :

SIR,—I well remember when Mr. Hood sang his *Song of the Shirt* in your pages. Ha, Sir ! what a song was that ! and how it seemed to touch and tremble upon the heart-strings of all England ! We sempstresses thought that one little song had made the selfish world ashamed of itself ; that a few lines of verse had carried compassion and Christian tenderness throughout the land. A lovely song, Sir, setting free, as by a charm, thousands and tens of thousands from the bonds of slavery. Fine ladies sang the song, as though converted by it from the carelessness of plenty to think kindly, tenderly, of the sufferings of the sempstress. People talked of the sisterhood of woman ; and the slaves of the needle and thread smiled at the words, and, in their simplicity, thought there was really something true and beautiful in them.

All this, however, passed away. I once heard Mr. Huckaback observe, 'Songs are all very well to humbug the ignorant, but you can't set 'em to political economy !' Now, Sir, I don't exactly know what political economy is, but I'm told it's an economy that's to teach the poor to live upon nothing. And this I know—a many thousands of 'em every day learn a good deal of the lesson.

But, Sir, my reason for addressing you is this. I am a shirtmaker, and am desirous of getting into the Union or the



Penitentiary (whichever you may advise as best), that I may be able to eat a little more from my needle and thread than I am able to do in my own garret.

You must know, Sir (and Mr. Roper, the Secretary to our Society of Distressed Needlewomen, will be my witness), that there's a Union where they take shirts from warehouses at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d each, that—to keep life and soul together in the needlewoman that makes them—ought at least to be 1s. 9d. At Millbank Penitentiary and other prisons, sailors' jackets and soldiers' great-coats are made at the rates of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 5d.

Now, Sir, as the pauper woman gets a farthing for herself out of every  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., I am sure I should be much better off in the Union than in my own attic. Because the Union finds board and lodging and coals; and there is, at least, the extra farthing clear for little luxuries, such as snuff and tea. But, Sir, with rent and food to pay for, I must starve (I mean, Sir, I *do* starve) in my own garret, with never a farthing to spare at all. Therefore, Sir, I have made up my mind not to attempt any competition with my Parish, but to go into the Union at once, and enjoy the independence of the farthing.

Or, Sir, as I feel my pride pretty well starved out of me, it you think I should do better in the Penitentiary, I think after a few trials with myself I would attempt to steal a roll, or a bun, or some trifle of the sort, to get comfortably committed. Once I should have died to think of such a thing; but—I am sure of it—'tis nothing better than conceit in such as me to think to work against the authorities. I can't work at either the Union or the Prison prices, and keep myself, but am content to take their  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 5d. with the understanding that they must keep *me*. We must all come to this sooner or later, and I may as well go among the first as the last.—Your obedient Servant,

SUSAN JONES.

*P.S.*—I've got a linnet and a geranium, and as I hear I mustn't take 'em either to the workhouse or the gaol, they're at your service, dear *Mr. Punch*, if you will do me the kindness to accept 'em.

In the middle of this fifteenth volume—with a hit at the then new sheriffs' liveries—ends the means of identifying bit by bit all of Douglas Jerrold's contributions to *Punch*; for the further seventeen volumes issued during his lifetime, and to which it may safely be assumed that he continued to contribute with something approximating, though probably by no means equal, to

the earlier fulness, no exact details are available, although 'internal evidence' might frequently be held to afford sufficient indication of the authorship. As such other contributions—apart from certain serials referred to in the next chapter—could only be claimed by conjecture, they must remain here unrecorded.

## CHAPTER VI

### 'MRS. CAUDLE' AND THE OTHER SERIALS

'A wit with a mission,—this was the position of Douglas in the last years of his life. Accordingly, he was a little ashamed of the immense success of the *Caudle Lectures*,—the fame of which I remember being bruited about the Mediterranean in 1845, and which as social drolleries set nations laughing. Douglas took their celebrity rather sulkily. He did not like to be talked of as a funny man. However, they just hit the reading English—always domestic in their literary as their other tastes,—and so helped to establish *Punch* and to diffuse Jerrold's name.'—JAMES HANNAY.

OF the ten serials which Douglas Jerrold is known to have contributed to *Punch* the earliest four took their place in his collected works. These were *Punch's Letters to His Son*, *The Story of a Feather*, *Punch's Complete Letter Writer*, and *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. The fifth—*Mrs. Bib's Baby*—was reprinted with an edition of *Mrs. Caudle* in 1873. Of the other five serials three are now reprinted for the first time as the second part of this volume, while the other two, though with much in them that was characteristic of their author, were of more or less limited topical interest. This is not a work of criticism, and therefore little need be said of those serials which have their place in Douglas Jerrold's collected works, though it may be mentioned that their original reception shows them to have had a goodly share in helping to establish *Punch* in the popular regard.

Of the *Punch's Letters to His Son* (vol. iii.) one critic remarked: 'Here indeed his poignancy dazzled by its sparkle and scorched by its corrosiveness . . . there are passages of grave irony that are unquestionably superior to anything in the same strain since the days of Swift, while they are models of vigorous Saxon expression.'

*The Story of a Feather* (vols. iv.-v.) is the only novel of Douglas Jerrold's which can be said to have continued to maintain a popularity in any way comparable with that of the *Caudle Lectures*. Mr. Spielmann has described the year 1843 as a notable one in *Punch's* calendar, ‘for in it Jerrold struck the note of sympathy and tenderness that was almost immediately to culminate in Hood's tragic poem. *The Story of a Feather* was begun, and was the greatest success the paper had scored up to the time, with the exception of the first Almanac. Dickens, who watched for it and read it as it came out, wrote privately to him that it was “a beautiful book,” and his verdict was endorsed by the ever-increasing circle of *Punch's* readers.’<sup>1</sup> The beautiful, tender romance so maintained its popularity that it has been reprinted more often than any other of Jerrold's works, with the exception of course of the *Caudle*. In his stories Jerrold could not altogether sink the moralist in the tale-teller, and as he himself said, ‘the public will always pay to be amused, but they will never pay to be instructed.’ This remark was made apropos of *Mrs. Caudle*, which, frankly written to amuse, helped to prove the truth of his statement, though the ‘purpose’ of *The Story of a Feather* did not prevent its enjoying a lasting popularity.

*Punch's Complete Letter Writer* (vol. vii.) was a further exploiting of the idea of the first serial, the satire being more generalised by the letters being made applicable to all, by the presenting of letters to and from all manner of people—ladies in want of servant or of governess; from manager and actor, from a meddling maiden aunt to a niece on the imprudence of matrimony, from a tailor in search of payment and a gentleman seeking to evade it, from a labourer to his landlord and the reply, and so on. It was as a satirist—a satirist with the healthy bitterness of bark—that he wrote this *Complete Letter Writer*, duly published as a separate volume with appropriate sketches by Kenny Meadows.

On the first page of the eighth volume of *Punch*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Spielmann goes on to say (of 1843), ‘*Our Honeymoon* was Jerrold's last series of the year—a year which drew from him plenty of outside work.’ *The Story of a Feather* appeared in 1843, and *Our Honeymoon* in 1853.

appeared the beginning of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, and above the opening instalment was a picture of *Punch* as Aurora accompanied by the following verses—I know not by whom,—the closing lines of which may be taken as summing up the motive spirit of the paper in its earnest youth, and certainly the spirit which animated Douglas Jerrold in most of his contributions :

As young Aurora, with her blaze of light,  
 Into the shade throws all the pride of night,  
 And pales presumptuous stars, which vainly think  
 That every eye is on them as they blink :  
 So *Punch*, the light and glory of the time,  
 His wit and wisdom brilliant as sublime,  
 Scares into shades Cant's hypocritic throng,  
 Abashes Folly, and exposes wrong.

In *Mrs. Caudle*, however, the writer's main object was entertainment—satire being subordinated to fun. Of the great success of the *Lectures*—of the way in which 'Douglas Jerrold would go radiant to the (*Punch*) Dinners as Mrs. Caudle was sending up the circulation at a rapid rate; and was one of the happiest of them all,'—much has been said by all writers on *Punch* and *Punch* men. The full bibliographical story of the *Curtain Lectures* I have already told elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> and it is scarcely necessary to repeat much of it here. The voluble lady has taken her place among the immortal type-figures of fiction, has even been ingeniously utilised for purposes of advertisement—that final ratifying of immortality in these days! It has been recorded that so real was the influence of *Mrs. Caudle* on the fortunes of *Punch* that the news-vendors would inquire whether the number contained a further instalment of the lectures before giving their orders for a new issue. Douglas Jerrold was, it has been said, a little impatient of the fact that it was this particular one of his works which became most widely popular, for he knew that it did not represent his best contribution to literature. Broadly speaking, however, it may be said

<sup>1</sup> By way of introduction to the edition reissued in 1903 as the Centenary Edition. The hold which the *Curtain Lectures* has upon the public imagination has since then been newly illustrated by the late gifted humorous draughtsman, Mr. Tom Browne, in a series of picture postcards depicting Mrs. Caudle and Job her husband in ridiculous situations.





OLD MULBERRY IN THE GARDEN AT WEST LODGE, PUTNEY, SPRING 1910  
(A large portion of the tree had been destroyed by a storm during the previous winter.)



that a celebrated writer’s literary best is rarely that which appeals to the widest circle of readers. Jerrold himself should have known this from his experience as dramatist. From the literary point of view he wrote a number of plays better than the one which took on lasting popularity, yet *Bubbles of the Day*, *Time Works Wonders*, *Thomas à Becket*, *The Housekeeper*, are unknown even by name to many to whom *Black-Eyed Susan* is familiar as a stage classic. Though the *Lectures* were given an instant popularity, there were apparently people who took them all too seriously, for Mrs. Newton Crosland—known to the periodical literature of the time as Camilla Toulmin—has recorded that :

It was while the *Caudle Lectures* were appearing in *Punch*, that one summer day my mother and I were invited to a friendly midday dinner at the Jerrolds, who were then residing in a pleasant country house at Putney. Towards the close of the meal a packet arrived—proofs I fancy—at any rate Douglas Jerrold opened a letter which visibly disturbed him. ‘Hark at this,’ he said, after a little while, and then he proceeded to read a really pathetic, though not very well-expressed letter from an aggrieved matron, who appealed to him to discontinue or modify the *Caudle Lectures*. She declared they were bringing discords into families and making a multitude of women miserable.

An author is indeed, as Jerrold pointed out once in *Punch*, in an awkward position when called upon to explain his fun ; but it is little likely that there were many readers who took so serious a view of the work as did the ‘aggrieved matron.’ Mary Cowden Clarke—writing to a friend in America a month after the death of Douglas Jerrold, referred to her copy of the *Lectures*, saying, ‘No sum would represent the amount of value I set upon a little volume containing the *Caudle Lectures*, bearing the playful inscription, “Presented with great timidity, but equal regard, to Mrs. Cowden Clarke by Douglas Jerrold.” Ah, my dear sir, what a cruel loss is there ! to us, to all !’

It was while the *Caudle Lectures* were still appearing in *Punch*, and a few weeks after John Leech had depicted the pillowed heads of the couple—Job trying to sleep, Margaret obviously wakeful—that Thackeray suggested

the application of the Caudle idea to the weekly cartoon, and on August 9, 1845, Leech, as his own parodist, duly depicted the Lord Chancellor as the sleep-seeking Job Caudle, and Lord Brougham as his wakeful wife. Beneath the pictures were the words :

'What do you say? *Thank heaven! You're going to enjoy the recess—and you'll be rid of me for some months.* Never mind. Depend upon it, when you come back you shall have it again. No; I don't raise the house, and set everybody in it by the ears; but I'm not going to give up every little privilege; though it's seldom I open my lips, goodness knows!'—*Caudle Lectures* (improved).

This was not the only occasion on which *Punch* referred to the lady whose fortunes he had made, and who had helped in making his. In 1847, for example, a short article, 'on the King and Queen of Spain, who, like the masculine and feminine gender in Lindley Murray, never agree in any case,' was entitled *Mrs. Caudle in Spain*. Very slight changes were made when the work was reissued in book form: the little dog 'Cherub' of the first lecture became 'Mopsy'; Mrs. Caudle's concluding sentences of the first lecture, too, were by slight verbal changes converted into Caudle's comment-summary. The lectures ran, with the occasional missing of a week or two, through the eighth volume and a great part of the ninth.

In the Almanack for the following year was given *Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk*<sup>1</sup>—a brief chapter for each month—a sequel which, not very happily, showed how Job Caudle, after the death of Margaret his wife, profited by her example and 'lectured' his second wife (*née* Prettyman) every morning at the breakfast table.

In February and March, 1846 (vol. x.), appeared a little bit of domestic satire in *Mrs. Bib's Baby*, a short serial of half-a-dozen chapters, which was reprinted with an edition of the *Caudle Lectures* in 1873. This biography of a baby was to be continued from the time of its birth until it could run alone, but ends abruptly at the time that grandmother Daffy had insisted upon giving it a

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted with *Fireside Saints*, Boston, 1873; and with *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, 1907.

nursery anodyne in defiance of Mr. Bib's wishes. The brief chapters have some delightfully tender passages about the eternal infant as typified in Baby Bib, for the author was a warm lover of children, and, as many passages in his writings show, a keen observer of them. It has, indeed, been pointed out that the chief *Punch* men—certainly Thackeray, Jerrold, and Leech—were all lovers of childhood; and it may well be believed carried into manhood something of that spirit which refuses to 'grow up,' that spirit which we may interpret as having been intended by the ancient sage who said that those whom the gods love die young.

*The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe*—the subject, says George Hodder, having been suggested by Horace Mayhew—was begun by Douglas Jerrold in the first number of the eleventh volume, and was no doubt originally intended to go on further than the fourteenth chapter at which it abruptly breaks off. Of this little need be said, for the narrative is reprinted in this volume, but it may be pointed out that writer after writer who has referred to this story has mentioned it as 'The Female Robinson Crusoe.' The mis-naming began in *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, was repeated by Hodder in his memories, by Mr. Spielmann in his *History of Punch*,—and indeed I cannot recall ever having seen the title given accurately outside the pages of *Punch*.

Just a month after Miss Robinson Crusoe's account of her adventures came to an inconclusive conclusion Douglas Jerrold began a new series of papers—*The English in Little. By General Tom Thumb*. Under the capable exploiting of Phineas Barnum—who would 'gammon a whole bed of spinach by only winkin' at it'—General Tom Thumb had been made much of in English society, and had, presumably, reaped a golden harvest when, as Jerrold put it, 'the English having idolised a dwarf, the pigmy, duly returning the compliment, paints *The English in Little*.' In the introductory chapter it was said that the General—imitating those who penned long passages within the circle of a sixpence—wrote with a humming-bird's quill his life in so small a compass that



'the original manuscript has, in the handsomest manner, been forwarded by the General to Prince Albert to wear as a watch-paper.'<sup>1</sup>

The writing of Tom Thumb's experience of the English being thus explained, in the following week the veracious chronicle began with a talk between the General and Barnum, as to the insult that had been offered to the star-spangled banner in that 'Mrs. Victoria' had not invited General Tom Thumb, 'the greatest, brightest star of that banner,' to see her. Barnum is just inditing a challenge ('I never travel without the necessaries of life, and I've brought my Kentucky rifle!') to 'Mr. Albert' 'to come out with me in his wife's own Hyde Park, for early bullets'; he had dipped his pen in the ink when :

Rap—RAP—RAP!

There was the Royal Knock at the door!

Barnum ran to the winder; looked out, and bobbed his head in again as if he had seen a flash of lightning. *It was the gold on the Royal livery!*

A card was brought up, from Her Most Gracious Majesty. These were the words, in her own handwriting, upon it: 'Her Majesty the Queen of England would feel herself particularly honoured by the company of General Tom Thumb and that of his guardian this evening to tea. *N.B.* Muffins. Please to ring the Backstairs Bell.'

'Then comes the question as to whether they shall go at all if they must do so by the backstairs, but of course they go, and after being received by a dozen 'critturs in crimson . . . tattooed by tailors' were shown up the backstairs—'so tarnation small and so cruel crooked, that I'm certain no really great man ever could go up and down 'em'—and were there taken in hand by a Lord-in-waiting. 'You should have seen the crittur. He was dressed in a sky-blue satin coat, with amber-coloured very smalls, and a pink waistcoat with silver periwinkles crawling all about it. There were bunches of silk sun-flowers and hollyhocks worked in his skirts—and silk convolvuluses a-running round his cuffs. He wanted

<sup>1</sup> A watch-paper, it may be necessary to point out, was an old-fashioned, fancy ornament of thin tissue lining the inside of a watch-case.

nothing but a tight-rope and a balance-pole to be set up for life.’ Then came ‘a whole cloud of Maids-of-Honour’—and the osculatory performance to which the General was accustomed in all parts of the world. This gives him occasion for a dissertation on kissing, and it is only towards the end of the next chapter that they are finally introduced to ‘Gracious Majesty.’ This is followed by an account of the tea:

‘Gen’ral, what do you think of our muffins?’ said Gracious Majesty.

Afore I could answer I could see Barnum’s eye burnin on me like a blue light. ‘Steady, Gen’ral; mind what you’re about. Muffins is a leadin question. Steady; or she has you high and dry upon the Corn Laws.’ Though the Governor only scrooged and quivered his eye a little, I could see he meant all this. Whereupon I jist bobbed my tongue agin my cheek, as much as to say to him, ‘Of all the days I was born it wasn’t yesterday.’

‘What do you think of our muffins?’ again axed Gracious Majesty.

Whereupon, I smiled down the corners of my mouth into my waistcoat pocket, and answered by asking, ‘What, Gracious Majesty, do you think of our Hominy Cakes?’

‘Hominy Cakes, Gen’ral! I never heerd of ’em,’ said Gracious Majesty.

I was jist going to cry out, where was you born?—when I remembered, in Kinsington Gardens. So I only said, ‘Never heerd of Hominy Cakes! You never say so?’

‘Upon my honour, Gen’ral,’ says Gracious Majesty, laying her white hand solemn on the tea-caddy.

Whereupon I clears my throat, as if I was goin to speak in Congress, and, stretchin out my right hand—for an Honour Maid near me run for my cup and sarcer—and said, ‘Get a pint of small Hominy grits: a pint of sifted Indian meal; a teaspoonful of salt; three tablespoonfuls of fresh butter; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls of strong yeast; a quart of milk; a saltspoonful of pearl ash or salaratus’—and here I stopt short.

‘Well, Gen’ral?’ said Gracious Majesty, ‘and when I have got these, what then?’

‘Why, then, Gracious Majesty,’ said I, ‘my mother will show you how to mix ’em. The dear old critter’s in London, and any arternoon is at your service; providin always with the compliment of a coach-and-six to bring her here, where the flag flies, at the front gate,’ for I was determined to have no more of backstairs.

Upon this Gracious Majesty larfed so hearty, and showed sich rows of pearls, they'd have shined better in her crown than the rael ones, I'm certain. 'Gen'ral, you're very good, I'm much beholden to you,' said Gracious Majesty, and agin she larfed; and the Honour Maids larfed too, though in course smaller than their missus.

Then the General 'put his foot in the milk-pan' by asking Prince Albert if there was 'Anything doin at the play-houses?' Lady Dorcas, one of the Maids of Honour, pointed out that the theatres were 'low,' the Court had nothing to do with anything but the Opera. (Jerrold's old complaint.) The uncomfortable question has caused a certain degree of tension when company comes in, and the General learns that the men of genius of Great Britain are received by the Queen at tea one day a week—but very privately for fear the 'mob' shall get to know anything of it. Sir Edwin Landseer, that 'good-tempered-looking gen'leman,' and 'the imminent tragedian Mr. Macready,' 'a tallish, slimmish gen'leman,' and Thomas Carlyle, a 'plain-mannered, thoughtful-looking republican,' are named as among those present. Lady Dorcas explains that Macready came secretly every week to read Shakespeare to the Queen and Prince Albert, but, she adds :

'You mustn't say I told you; it would be as much as my place is worth.'

'Why not?' ses I.

'Why the fact is, Gen'ral, it's agreed in the Palace that we should vote the English drama and English players low; but—nature will prevail, Gen'ral—we can't help lovin Shakespeare, and them as plays him best. We've tried to get the better on it, but we can't; therefore, as Lady Morgan said here the other night, we enjoy private drama-drinking, and keep up appearances.'

The General and Barnum tot up the 'spoils' presented them at the Palace—presents ranging from 'Gracious Majesty's bracelet and watch,' and from 'diamond shirt-studs out of Prince Albert's own bussom,' to the housemaid's silver thimble, and then the General proceeds to satirise Exeter Hall by telling how his father had gone there in mistake for the Egyptian Hall—'as I am writing to Americans, it's only proper

in me to warn 'em against the mistake ; otherways, from what is sometimes done and said at Exeter Hall, strangers might sartinly believe they were at the “Gyptian.”” In the chapter with which the dwarf began the twelfth volume of *Punch* he discoursed of Christmas in England—how every family fattens its own bullock, sheep, or pig, and after prizes have been awarded, the cattle are driven off to the workhouses for the inmates ! And this custom, he said, was to be improved upon, for :

There will, next Christmas, I have heerd, be a sort of poultry show—kinder fancy fair like—for ladies ; so that the lords of the airth, as the men critters call themselves, mayn't have the fat all their own way at the Portman. The ladies and young gals will show their turkies, and their ducks, and their geese, and roosters and hens, and be prized accordin. Only right and proper this. Why should great, big, hulkin men carry away all the meddles for fat beef—(and after all, when they think they're growin' meat, they're only makin tarnation dear candles)—and the dear little pussey critters not have so much as a silver thimble for a plump rooster ? 'Taint the straight line by no means ; when the airth was made, woman was to have half of it ; but the truth must be said ; we have wronged the pretty critter precious. And how kind she always was and is to us ! Never keepin nothin wholly to herself ; for, as I said to Barnum the other day, who only larfed and couldn't say nothin in answer—when, poor soul, she hadn't no more than one apple, didn't she give Adam half of it ?

The General finishes his words about the English Christmas by discussing the custom of kissing under the mistletoe (‘a thing that, as a free Republican, I am proud to say does not grow in smart America’), and of how the man caught under the fatal bough finds himself in six months ‘the gal's husband’—‘with mistletoe berries they make bird-lime, ses Lady Dorcas to me, and with mistletoe they make bride-lime too.’ After Christmas Tom Thumb touches upon New Year and Twelfth Night, and his comment shows that the Royal Academy and the London statues were long since selected as subjects of derision :

The Britishers have high notions of art for Twelfth-cakes ; but are easy pleased with out-o'-door statues. Anything, they think, will do in bronze and stone, but they are mighty

particklar in art when it comes to sugar. Barnum ses they succeed better in Twelfth-cakes 'cause all the confectioners set their faces against Royal 'Cademicians. I haven't the smallest crumb of doubt upon it—that's it.

John Bull's fondness for foreigners rather than his own Britishers Barnum declares is on account of Bull's modesty. The General wants to know what modesty is, —never having heard the word before :

'Why, modesty,' ses Barnum, 'is'—and then he did look in a tarnation fix. 'Modesty, Gen'ral, is,' ses Barnum, and then he stopt agin : no, he couldn't get it out : it seemed to stick like a leetle fishbone in his throat ; and the more he hummed and hawed, the more it wouldn't come. At last, he takes a turn or two in the room to hide his ignorance ; and then ses with a kinder determined manner, 'Look you here, Gen'ral, I'll explain this leetle question to you by money. I'll illustrate what modesty really is, by what is called the coin of the realm.'

'Is that possible?' ses I, 'Gov'nor.'

'Gen'ral,' replied Barnum, solemn, 'there is nothing—no moral pint on the airth that money will not illustrate, if you only know how to set about it. Well, modesty is just as stupid a thing as this ; it is for all the world as if a full weight goolden suv'reign was to insist upon going for only nineteen shillins, and not a farden more. That is modesty ; by which you will understand that modesty is always a thing that a man loses by. Deny your full weight though it be but a thousandth part of a grain, and though you're put in a pair of scales and balanced, the world will swear that you don't weigh half you really do. Modesty ! Why, it's as if a whole hog should beleetle himself down to a suckin pig.'

'What you've said about the goolden suv'reign, Gov'nor,' ses I, 'has sunk into my heart. I'll fancy meself that precious coin, and never go for half-a-cent under it.'

'My dear Gen'ral, that won't do at all. By no means. No: the true wisdom of this airth is for a man who thinks himself a goolden suv'reign, to get twenty-seven—twenty-eight—aye, thirty shillings for his goold ; and what's more, never—when he can get 'em—never to refuse the extra ha'pence.'

The General describes how the crowds came to see him—ten women and one thrown in to every man,—just as if they had no babies to look after, but must 'scrooge' and push to see the smallest bit of humanity on 'airth' ; he describes the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries



attending him before his show began, and how the ‘Dook of Wellington,’ coming to see him, ‘bust into tears,’ the mannikin, dressed as Boney, ‘was so cruel, so startlin’ like Napoleon.’ And then, with twenty-five packages of watches and jewellery, he was suddenly carried off back to the states by Barnum, and, in a farewell note to *Punch*, declared ‘I start for President nex’ ’lection.’

Before *The English in Little* had come to an end, Jerrold had started *Capsicum House for Young Ladies*. That entertaining account of an educational experiment is now reprinted in this volume, and therefore does not call for special description here. It may be pointed out that Leech’s picture at the close of the first chapter includes a happy caricature of the author. It is quite likely that the idea of *Capsicum House* occurred to Douglas Jerrold when he was recording the adventure of Miss Robinson Crusoe, for that young woman desolate upon her island had reason to reflect upon the ‘finished’ education which left her incapable of preparing a turkey for cooking.

At irregular intervals from the fifteenth to the nineteenth volumes of *Punch* Jerrold contributed in *Punch’s Little Bird* (afterwards *Our Little Bird*) comment on many matters of the moment—suggested now by a newspaper paragraph, now by words uttered in Parliament or elsewhere. The bird was introduced in characteristic fashion:

There is a sort of swallow, whose nest is melted into soup for mandarins. A hundred swallow-houses are dissolved, and steam in one China vase; the very houses of the birds are gulped by the rapacity of man. Lobsters have a better fate; though devoured themselves, respect is shown to their blood-red coat of mail. Even the oyster, when opened by Equity, is by Equity bolted without the shells.

Our Little Bird, like the swallows above, will elaborate a nest for the moral appetite of the reader. And the nest will be made of all sorts of materials. Now will be found a bit of cinnamon, a shred of clove, that the phoenix, in his rare building season, would take a day’s flight for; and now a lock of wool, plucked, it may be, from the Chancellor’s own sack, when haply his Lordship is nodding.

Our Little Bird has a bird’s eye for everything: it will pick up all it may.

We had hardly written the promise when our Little Bird flew in at the window with a bit of paper, like a label, in its mouth. Here it is: 'The doorkeeper of the Court of Chancery, whose duties are returned as "none," receives a salary from "fees" to the extent of £3218 per annum, his right to which is returned in the Parliamentary papers as "usage" only.'

Our Little Bird has perched upon the inkstand, and now sips the ink; for it is a strange little creature, and loves the literary black broth upon which we foolscap Lacedemonians live, and now preens its rumpled feathers.

The little bit of paper gives opportunity for enlarging upon the ways of the Law, and the Little Bird concludes:

'Mercury, the God of Thieving, has his pets, his piggesnies. Now, they who creep into pockets with naked fingers are rogues to be whipped and hanged. But they who take and give not in return, may dip into pockets with safety and with thrift, if—scorning the naked hand—they wear gloves of parchment.'

Naughty Little Bird!

This particular 'little bird' made but two appearances in the fifteenth volume, and was revived as *Our Little Bird* ('that to our shame we have for some months shamefully neglected') early in the seventeenth. *Our Little Bird* was a serious little bird, serious with the seriousness of 'Q'—touching now upon foreign affairs, now upon the influence of the gallows, now upon the first Peace Congress held in Paris in 1849 ('France and England, with hand grasped in hand, are teachers that the world must listen to'). When Queen Adelaide died the Little Bird wrote a brief notice, 'her memory is her best embalmment,' concluding thus:

We close this brief notice of the departed Queen with an anecdote that may usefully be considered by the savagely virtuous; by those whose ferocity of chastity too often makes them neglect the appeal of the erring of their own sex. The Story is given upon undoubted testimony; and the moral contained in it demands and causes its preservation.

The Duke of Clarence, in the lifetime of Mrs. Jordan, was frequently behind the scenes in Drury Lane Theatre. Indeed, it is said that the royal autograph is extant in the Saturday Treasury book for Mrs. Jordan's salary. Thus, in after times, a few of the old Drury actors always met with a cordial reception

at Bushy and none more so than Downton. Upon a certain ‘benefit’ occasion the actor waited upon the sailor Duke, and was received with the old kindness and simplicity. In the course of the interview, the Duke observed the actor look significantly at a portrait over the chimney—the portrait of Mrs. Jordan. ‘Yes, Downton,’ said the Duke, ‘she was an excellent woman ; and, by the way, I’ll tell you a little story about that picture. It always hung there : but some time before I was married to the Duchess I caused it to be removed. Well, shortly after I brought the Duchess home, I found one morning the picture in its old place. “This,” said the Duchess, “was done at my desire. I discovered that the picture had long hung there ; it was the picture of the mother of your children, and it was not fit it should be displaced. You must gratify me, and let it remain.”’

Let those who withhold their aid from the daughter of Nelson, because the daughter of Lady Hamilton, consider this, and know the best chastity is adorned by the largest charity.

Later the ‘Little Bird’ returned to the subject of Nelson’s daughter, declaring that France was about to succour one whom England in her prudery ignored, and later still proposed by way of most beneficent monument to the memory of Queen Adelaide, the abolition of the excise on paper or of the tax on advertisements—two of the Taxes on Knowledge against which Douglas Jerrold long waged war.

In volumes xxiv. and xxv. appeared the moving record of *Our Honeymoon*, which is here for the first time reprinted, but there is little doubt that there are other serials of Douglas Jerrold’s which it does not now seem possible to identify except from internal evidence. Notably *Miss Benimble’s Tea and Toast* (vol. xvi.), which has many of the characteristics of his work ; it consists of letters from Matilda Benimble, a lady whose occupation in life is to be caretaker in houses to let—‘though I make it a pint of principle never to have a house on my hands under £70 per annum, taxes not included.’ Her entertaining comments on current affairs, and her malapropisms are supplemented by the remarks which she gathers from Mr. Bagster, the milkman, ‘a low Chartist,’ and Mr. Lovelace, the policeman, ‘a Tory of the good old school.’



## PART II





CAPSICUM HOUSE FOR YOUNG  
LADIES

[FROM *PUNCH*, VOLS. XII., XIII.]



## INTRODUCTION

THIS finishing establishment for young ladies, not being conducted on common principles, has not its vacation, at the vulgar time of Christmas or Midsummer. Hence, the examination of the pupils before breaking up took place last week ; and Miss Griffin, knowing the great interest that *Punch* takes in the proper education of the female mind, very handsomely sent him a card and a patent safety cab, requesting the honour of his attendance. Now, Miss Griffin's establishment is really finishing, its whole object being to turn out the fair pupils fully impressed with the solemn responsibilities of marriage ; a knowledge of housewifery and cookery being rightly considered among the most serious. Thus, Miss Griffin gives practical lectures. Whenever she goes to market she takes a select class with her, who, by such means, obtain a perfect knowledge of the tenderness of beef in all its joints, and learn how 'to choose fish,' and detect the age of poultry. Something like a 'finished' education this !

We were present at the examination last week, and were delighted with the fluency and correctness with which nearly all the young ladies answered leading questions on English Housewifery and Cookery. (M. Soyer, by the way, is engaged as the master of French dishes.) The young ladies were assembled in a row, and their examination gradually rose from rump-steaks to turtle. It was quite delightful to listen to the silvery voices of the lovely girls, as they prattled of 'ketchup' and 'shreds of shalots,' and then deepened into 'onions.' One young lady carried off as a prize—for fitting prizes were bestowed—a very handsome silver butter-boat, given

as a reward for the admirable manner in which she described the cooking of a calf's-head, throwing in various original suggestions that proved, from her intimate knowledge of the subject, she would be a treasure to any man.

Another pupil received half-a-dozen silver skewers for the adroit and elegant way with which she carved a fowl, making no more of it than if it had been a roasted Cupid,

Another bright-eyed little thing, not above sixteen, 'took down' a whole row, getting at once to the head of the 'Pastry' class upon her intimate knowledge of tipsy-cake. The whole class was at fault as to the relative proportions of brandy with other ingredients, when she cried out, 'Six spoonfuls of the best white,' when, as we have said, she took them all down, and won for a prize a Punch-ladle, with Victoria's face smiling in gold in the middle of it.

The 'Chicken Currie' class was particularly interesting, from the solemnity with which the examination was carried on. Miss Griffin evidently felt the eye of *Punch* was upon her; and therefore commenced her interrogatories with beseeching gravity. And the class—six bouncing girls—felt the presence of their august visitor, and were in a state of very proper trepidation.

'How to make a chicken currie?' asked Miss Griffin in a solemn voice.

'Cut up the chickens raw,' said the head girl, 'slice shalots——'

'Onions,' cried the second.

'Take her down, Miss Briggs,' said Miss Griffin, and the first girl was taken down accordingly.

'Slice onions, and fry both in butter of a fine auburn brown,' said the third. 'Lay the joints in a stew-pan with veal or mutton gravy, and a clove or two——'

'Clove of what?' cried Miss Griffin,—and number four was at fault.

'Clove of garlic,' shrieked number five, and of course she took number four down.

And in this way the different classes went through the whole Cookery Book; winding up with the 'Bishop' and 'Grog' class. And we must say it—the progress



of the young ladies as to the mixture of 'bishop,' 'cardinal,' and so forth, was delicious to listen to. The 'Grog' class was no less excellent: we must give a sample. It was the 'Chicken Currie' class, again examined.

'Young ladies,' said Miss Griffin, 'it ought to form the reasonable hope of every young woman entering upon life, that some excellent, endearing man may think her worthy of being exalted to the honour of the marriage state. In looking at the various vicissitudes of this changeful world, every young lady cannot do better than keep her eye wide open to the probability of the wedding-ring. Now, it is not enough to catch the affection of a husband—no; the grand secret is, to hold what you catch. Husbands are like those little delicate love-birds on sale at the Pantheon; easy, as I am told, to cage, but difficult to keep. Now, it is the weakness of most men to be at times addicted to spirituous admixtures; and it would ill become me, as a teacher of female youth—as the Principal of the Finishing Housewifery Establishment, and, as I may say, a Living Guide to the Marriage Service—to suffer any young woman to leave my tuition without having passed her examination as to what I may call the proper conjugal mixture of brandy-and-water, and of other grog or grogs.' Hereupon Miss Griffin drew herself up, and asked, 'How to make a husband a first glass of brandy-and-water?'

'Half-and-half,' said Miss Briggs; and Miss Griffin bowed assent.

'How a second?'

'Two waters, one brandy,' answered number two; and all the responses, varying with the supposed number of glasses, showed equal wisdom and foresight on the part of the scholars.

We have not room to dilate upon the 'Pickling' class, but we must say until then we never saw the latent beauties of cabbage and gherkins. In brief, we left Miss Griffin's establishment with a still higher appreciation of the noble qualities of the female mind, when, as we had witnessed, so beautifully, so wisely directed.

We shall be happy—in confidence—to send Miss Griffin's card to every mother interested in the connubial prospects of—it may be—an only child.

PROSPECTUS  
(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL)

*Miss Bianca Griffin—having quitted her former residence for her present most extensive establishment—deems the occasion peculiarly auspicious for the further development of what she ventures to call the GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM of Education for Young Ladies.*

*Were it necessary, Miss Griffin would not, for a moment, hesitate to specify the number of years that has elapsed since she was first struck by the conviction that the education of females began and ended in an entirely erroneous principle. When Miss Griffin looks—as she continually does—round about the world, she feels that Woman, to be more thought of, should think more of herself. For what, it may be demanded, what do we not owe to her? Without her, where—it may confidently be asked—where would be your army? Where your navy? Where the wooden walls—if Miss G. is not wrong in the expression—built around our sea-girt isle? Man boasts of his triumphs by flood and field; but how rarely does Man remember who it was that first taught him to run alone!*

*But the Emancipation of the Female Mind is at hand. It cannot be doubted that, in an age that has given us the Electric Telegraph and the Benevolent Oblivion of Ether, it cannot—Miss G. fearlessly observes—be doubted that the Female Mind will burst from the thralldom that has too long dwarfed it to the dimensions of her Master. The GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM is the great discovery that will effect this moral revolution, elevating Woman to a pinnacle that even the most hopeful scarcely dare raise their eyes to.*

*To effect this, Woman must assert her natural position, and become the MASTER OF MAN! The Tenderness of the Dove must (the GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM might add shall) be united to the Wisdom of the Serpent. Education is the great lever that will lift Woman into her proper place.*

*But then it must be the Education, not of the Mind, but the Feelings.*

*Man—(this Prospectus is written for the eye of the 'lady of the house' alone)—Man being a selfish animal, must be subdued by the means of his very selfishness. Like a trout—so to speak—he must be tickled, to be taken. Now Miss Griffin has, with inexpressible pain, observed that the modern accomplishments (as they are audaciously denominated) of females are by no means calculated to hold Man in that proper subjection for which he was undoubtedly created. Why, it may be asked, was Woman made less physically strong than Man? Simply, that she might be morally more powerful! Man is weaker than the whale; yet Man, by his superior wisdom, harpoons the fish (and supplies the stay-makers). Thus, from the very weakness of Woman may we expect the greater strength. The weapons to subdue Man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen!! The weakest part of the crocodile is his stomach. Man is a crocodile!*

*Miss Griffin does not desire to depreciate the elements of Modern Education; nevertheless, she has her little mission to fulfil in this world; her mission, as her niece of six years old is wont to observe when she gives milk to the kitten—to fulfil, and will not shrink from the peril involved in it. Miss G. then declares—and not without emotion—that she knows not in the wide world a more pathetic object than a Young Lady returning home from what is called a Finishing Establishment. Poor thing! What does she really know to arm her for the Rough Battle of Existence?*

*She becomes a wife, we will say; and, the ring upon her finger, one by one she moults all her accomplishments. She might as well never have been finished. We will first take Music. She has learnt to play Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Herz, and Mr. Liszt. She knows all their Variations, which are nothing more or less than Fireworks on the Piano. She knows Music Time wonderfully; but does she know Kitchen Time? Can she tell—the weight given—how long it will take to boil a Leg of Mutton? Miss G. is afraid not.*

*And the Finished Young Lady knows the use of the Globes. She will put her little finger upon Arabia Petraea*

at a minute's notice ; and, in fact, go round the world quite as well as Captain Cook. But though she can turn the globe, can she put her hand to an apple-dumpling ? Miss G. trembles to give an answer.

And the Finished Young Lady can paint a peacock on velvet, she has so light a touch. But can she tell the age of a simple fowl at the poulterer's (to say nothing of ducks and geese) ? Miss G. cannot venture a reply.

Miss Griffin might proceed in the enumeration of what are called Accomplishments. She will pause—pause and ask, of what use are the qualities (if they may be so called) already specified, to the Young Woman in the Proper Direction of a Husband ? It is more than serious to think—no use whatever. Music, Painting, and Geography may be looked upon as the extras of life which married men care nothing about. Now breakfasts, dinners, and suppers are things of daily interest. She who directs the husband's appetite, guides the husband.

Man, as a lover—hideous hypocrite !—professes to admire the theory of knowledge in all its matters of filigree. As a husband he demands the sternness of practice. He, who with his affianced will talk of mounting to the stars, when married will expect his wife to descend to the affairs of the kitchen. Man is a monster ; but we must make the best of him. It is our mission.

Theory and Practice ! Miss Griffin will here venture an Illustration. She will take the ingredients of plum-pudding—if she may be permitted. The Finished Young Lady, looking at the currants, and raisins, and candied lemon-peel, and brandy, and flour, and bread, and all the harmonising beauties of plum-pudding, will discourse upon them. She knows their national and social history. She will tell you that currants come from Greece, which also gave birth to Pericles ! That raisins are from Valentia ; and straightway she will talk of Spain : of lemons, and then she will speak the lines of Charles Lamb, beginning :

Oh, know you the land where the lemon and myrtle ?—

Of brandy, and that will take her to France—and—and all that : but there she stops : she cannot make the plum-pudding.



*She is too finished for that. Now, the pupils of Miss Griffin superinduce upon the theory of knowledge—for Miss G. will venture to use the expression—the practice of the Boiler: her Pupils can make the Pudding!*

*In a word, Miss Griffin professes really to finish Young Ladies for Dinner-making Wives. Miss Griffin feels that she was born with a call—a mission, namely to humble Man to the dust; and, with this purpose, she has removed to her present extensive Establishment, that thereat her principles may be the more fully developed.*

*As it is, Miss Griffin cannot refuse to herself the gratification of reflecting that at least two hundred of her pupils—married, and with families—are carrying out those principles at two hundred firesides. She might—but she will not—make many references. She may, however, be permitted to say that, by a curious coincidence, three of her pupils have all married the sons of bishops. Miss G. has always been peculiarly fortunate in those Young Ladies who, bent upon the benign purpose of marriage, have left her Establishment for India.*

*Miss Griffin feels that one sheet of paper cannot half contain all that she has to say upon the momentous subject of female education. She must therefore endeavour to content herself with observing, that her System, in a peculiar manner, embraces the Useful with the Elegant. At Capsicum House, Young Ladies are taught all the Varieties of Cooking, Picking, Preserving, Carving; in fact, in every sense, are made—when married—Young Men's Best Companions (and more than that).*

*Lectures are every week delivered at Capsicum House, for the furtherance of these paramount objects.*

*Terms, £150 a year. Every Young Lady is expected to bring her own carving knife and fork, a satin-wood rolling-pin, and a dozen silver skewers.*





## CHAPTER I

### A VISIT TO CAPSICUM HOUSE—MISS GRIFFIN ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF STUFFING



WE shall never forget the emotion that softly broke within us on our first visit to Capsicum House. We know not how it is, but we have always felt a particular respect for Boarding Schools for Young Ladies. We are open to allow the oddity of the taste; we confess to the eccentricity—but so it is. We have a knack of looking upon such abiding-places as great manufactories of the domestic virtues—as the salt-cellars of a vain and foolish world. And now we are prone to consider them as towers and castles—we of course speak of Schools Finishing—whence, as in the precious old times, young ladies walk forth, their accomplishments breaking like sunbeams about them, to bless, elevate, and purify ungrateful, wayward, earthy man. As Miss Griffin herself was wont to say, sometimes with little tears glistening like pins'-heads in her eyes—as that great woman was accustomed to observe of her own pupils—'Dear little things! they are made too good for men; but then—poor souls! it's their mission.'

Slightly chastened and humiliated by this truth, we

repeat it, we always treat a Boarding School with growing respect. And touching, and pretty, and very suggestive it is to see a Boarding School 'walk.' With schoolgirls gravity is, of course, a matter of height; hence, the tallest—next the mistress—are ever the most serious—whilst the little ones, like rebuked kittens, are just as serious as they may be. Dear little things! we never see their line of bonnets, that we do not drop plump—fathoms down in contemplation. We ask it of time—and of course have to wait for an answer—'Sweet little girls! where, at this moment, are your husbands? How many of them are playing at top, wholly thoughtless of the blessings blossoming for them?—How many trundle the hoop, and dream not of the wedding-ring that even now may be forged for them?—How many fly their long-tailed kites, without a thought of coming curl-papers?—How many, heedless of the precious weight of matrimony, jump at leap-frog?—And how many, at ring-taw, oblivious of the holy state, at this very moment knuckle down?' But the picture is too affecting; our eyes begin to water over the page, as it were an onion-bed.

Well, the intelligent and serious reader—for we trust the animal is not yet extinct: it is our meek hope that the comic epidemic raging throughout the land, attacking constitutions in no way able to withstand it, and making very grave folks very bad indeed;—the serious reader may now imperfectly understand our emotion as we approached Capsicum House. It was a building worthy of its purpose. A large, square, massive, red brick house; a house that somehow revealed the solid comforts to be had within. A house, it was plain, with a magnificent cellar for its heart—a cellar that at seasons sent its red blood throughout the whole body of the building. The contemplative man, his eye for the first time resting on the dining-room windows, would inevitably subside into calculation; would count the number of elbows that might be allowed honest play around the mahogany circle of that room. There are many such houses throughout our merry land; and yet how often are they in a fallen condition! How often do we see them put in irons by the mad doctor

for private lunacy,—how often are they made the wineless sanctuaries for school mistresses ! How often is the use of the globes despotically taught in some noble room—a room especially built that men might therein congregate and with spirits on the wing—the bee’s-wing—play with the globe, as schoolboys afore-named play at marbles !

The house was approached through an avenue of limes, curiously cut. One bent to the wind, a large green shoulder of mutton, another had a sirloin shape, whilst shrubs came up in frying-pans and fish-slices ; and cruet-stands grew in box ; and all things around had a learned presence significant of the studies pursued by the rosy dwellers in the House of Capsicum. There were many beds of sweet herbs ; knotted thyme and lemon ; sweet marjorum, and the sober green of sage ; and the bees, jolly little burglars ! singing—singing as they broke in upon the blossoms, and secured the property about their persons. And from a neighbouring bed arose the bright green threads of tender onions ; and fancy went half an inch into the ground, and saw their white waxen faces feeding at the breast of mother earth for future ducks ! We could have wept.

A few steps further, and we got among the small salad. In one bed were these words in mustard-and-cress, sown in a very fine Italian hand—‘ *Welcome, little stranger !* ’ Well, we confess it ; we have had our small twopenny-halfpenny triumphs in our time ; but we never felt so highly flattered as by this green, pungent compliment, ‘ *Welcome, little stranger !* ’ Yes, it is plain, we pondered, that Miss Griffin, expecting our visit, has sown—or caused to be sown—this flattering sentence. There is a delicacy in the attention that we must take all to ourselves. Well, we reflected, if we are so much pleased with the mustard, how will it fare with us when we come to the beef ! Softened, we were fast melting in our own thoughts, when Miss Griffin, turning the angle of a holly-hedge, came sharp upon us. She had a bunch of parsley in her hand, and wore a snow-white apron high up, succinctly drawn across the bosom. Meeting her in

the garden, and with the parsley in her hand, we gallantly observed, from some poet—

‘Plucking the flowers, herself the fairest flower!’

‘Why, the fact is, dear Sir,’—said Miss Griffin, blowing the dew in silver drops from the parsley,—‘the fact is, I am just now a little busy with some of the girls. The Veal-Stuffing Class is on, and there is one girl, Miss Fluke—whatever will become of her in the world, I can’t tell—I never can get her to understand the proper proportions of parsley. Now, I hold stuffing to be one of the bases—if not *the* basis—of education.’ We bowed. ‘A woman ignorant of stuffing,’ said Miss Griffin solemnly, ‘is ill-calculated to meet the trials of this life. You cannot tell how the giddiness of that girl distresses me. However, I have my mission to perform, and stuffing is a part of it. Nevertheless, Miss Fluke is my great trouble. It has always been my pride to turn my girls into the world with such unmistakeable marks about them, such staring accomplishments, if I may be allowed the phrase, that those who know my system, can at once exclaim,—“That’s a Griffin!” Now, I do not wish to prejudge anybody; nevertheless, when I sometimes lay my head upon my pillow and think of Miss Fluke, I own it, I am inclined to despair; I do not think she will ever be a Griffin.’

We essayed some words of comfort, as in manly duty bound; and then, in our own adroit way, endeavoured to turn the conversation. Sidling up to the writing in mustard-and-cress, and taking Miss Griffin with us, we observed, removing our hat, ‘This is flattering, and announces your expectation.’

‘Sir!’ cried Miss Griffin, and she dropped the parsley; ‘Expectation!’

‘I assure you that I feel the compliment; you know I promised to come, and herein I read your graceful welcome’; and again we bowed.

‘Oh!’ cried Miss Griffin, with rather a long gasp, and we thought—but it could not be; no, impossible—with a slightly contemptuous glance. And then she



picked up the parsley, and we thought we heard her mutter, as we saw one of her hands close very tightly, 'It's *that* Miss Fluke!'

'You have delicious sweet herbs here,' we observed.

'Yes; they are the girls' beds, all of 'em. I teach 'em from first principles. You see young women sent into the world who don't know lemon-thyme from hollyhocks. Now, as my girls cultivate the sweet herbs themselves, they know stuffing, as I say, from first principles.



Again, with mushrooms.—You must go out with us some morning when we mushroomise.—I once knew a dear child killed—he would have come to a charming landed property—killed because his foolish, ignorant mother made ketchup from toadstools. Ha! Had the mother been a Griffin, her babe would have been living at this hour. But principles—first principles—there's nothing to be done without 'em. As Mr. Wordsworth says—

The girl is mother of the wife!

It is my intention, next year, to have that sentence planted in lavender.'

At this moment, a wild, giddy thing, with black eyes rolling with fun, and her hair, in lumps of curls, bobbing about her ears—a thing in the sweet insanity of seventeen—came running from the house.

'Oh, ma'am!' she cried, just dipping us a curtsy by the way, 'Miss Carraways wishes to know if the Forcemeat-Ball Class is to be heard this morning?'

'You will return to your stuffing, Miss Fluke,' said the majestic Griffin, deigning no further answer, and Miss Fluke made a passing cherry-bob with her lips, and skipped and jumped into the house. '*That's* my great trouble,' said Miss Griffin, with a sort of calm despair; 'I can hardly expect it, but I can only hope she'll not break my heart.'

## CHAPTER II

### MISS GRIFFIN UPON THE TEA-POT—‘MORALS AND EXAMPLES’—WASPS AND HUSBANDS

MISS GRIFFIN was about to plant her foot upon the doorstep: she paused. ‘With your leave,’ she said, ‘we’ll take a turn down the Tea-Table Walk. A little more air will do me good; for that Miss Fluke does so distress me! Well! I suppose I must go through with it; but sometimes I fear I have hardly strength for my mission.’

Anxious as we were to enter Capsicum House—the Great Vestibule, as we considered it, to all the Domestic Virtues—nevertheless, we suppressed the wish with the strong hand of gallantry, and, with Miss Griffin turning, turned about.

Three or four minutes, and we entered Tea-Table Walk. Here, as in other parts of the garden, there were household lessons for the female mind in the greenest and fullest leaf. In one bed was a most charming tea-service, in the tenderest coloured and most delicate box; whilst on either side were two huge bushes, trimmed and taught to shoot as tea-kettles. They struck us with a blow of fine art. ‘How noble!’ we cried.

‘What! the kettles? Yes, they are fine,’ said Miss Griffin, with humble, chastised pride; ‘the kettles are natural, and when the bees are buzzing about ’em you’d positively think they boiled.’

‘And a complete tea-service!’ we cried; and admiration simmered in our soul.

‘Everything but the spoons,’ remarked Miss Griffin;

'but all in good time. As I say to the girls, be patient; patience is a virtue—peculiarly a female virtue, for though it is greatly encouraged, it meets with so little reward. Pardon me, my dear sir,' said Miss Griffin, laying the sprig of parsley very gently on our coat sleeve, 'but I feel that I can talk to you as to a sister.'

We made no reply to this; but it was plain that Miss Griffin saw doubt rippling the corners of our mouth.

'Pray understand me,' she quickly followed. 'I mean, I am so impressed—have such a rock-like confidence in your sympathy with women in their great social struggle with their natural enemies——'

'Natural enemies!' we exclaimed. 'Impossible!'

'Oh!' cried Miss Griffin, 'it's no use denying it—none at all, now. For six thousand years—and I don't know how much longer, according to Doctor Buckland—all your sex have worn a mask, and gone under a false name. But it is my mission to discover you. In Capsicum House things are called by their proper titles. In this place Man'—added Miss Griffin, solemnly—'so long disguised, is taught to be what he is, a natural enemy. And you know you are.'

There was an emphasis in this that enforced a polite confession. We therefore bowed.

'To be sure,' cried Miss Griffin, 'I knew I might rely on your frankness. Well, sir, I will be equally open. The whole aim and tendency of the Griffinian System is to confound and conquer this natural enemy; or, as I once happily observed to the girls in this very walk, to turn the tea-tables upon man.'

'The happy thought,' we observed, 'was no doubt suggested by the genius of the place. Nothing can be more charming, more natural, than this evergreen service. What cups and saucers—what a tea-pot!'

'I assure you, my dear sir,' said Miss Griffin, 'in the depth of winter, walking here, you may, with a very little fancy, absolutely smell the toast and muffins. Once a week, in summer, I deliver a lecture here; I have a complete series—*On the Use and Abuse of Tea in connection with the Social Position of Woman.*'

‘A large subject,’ we observed ; ‘a subject with many branches.’

‘Not a tree in the garden has a greater number,’ cried Miss Griffin, a little vivaciously. ‘I look upon the tea-pot, properly directed, as a great engine in the hand of woman—an engine, sir, of subjugation of her natural enemy.’

‘Can it be possible ? Is it really so ?’ we said a little doubtingly.

‘As I observed,’ said Miss Griffin, ‘I can—I am sure of it—speak to you as to a sister. Such a large, and pure, and tender heart as you possess is quite thrown away upon a man. I know all your goodness, my dear sir ; and this I will say—you deserve to be nothing less than one of us.’

At this we made the lowest of bows, all but touching the gravel-walk with the tips of our fingers.

‘And some afternoon, when I’m upon Tea, I trust I may be honoured with your presence. If I am proud of anything, it is perhaps my Gunpowder Class, sir. The classics—people who never knew what real Pekoe was—talk of their magic herbs, and philtres, and love charms. Now, sir, every wife with a tea-caddy may be more powerful than any good-for-nothing goddess of ’em all. Let the young wife fascinate the husband with the tea-pot—let her only bring him into habits of intoxication with tea—let her, so to speak, made household honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth-rug be a bed of heart’s-ease for feet in slippers—and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him, and, as I say, his subjugation be complete.’ Unconsciously we shook our head. ‘Don’t tell me,’ said Miss Griffin ; ‘kindness is the true killer. I often illustrate the agreeable fact ; for in Capsicum House no natural object is lost upon us. For instance, last Tuesday, whilst the Milk Punch Class was on, an enormous wasp came like a Lilliputian dragon into the room, and flew from girl to girl. Immediately, they began to scream. I own it ; this is the sad weakness that I have to fight against ; but, somehow, girls



consider screams as property they're born to. Some of the girls flew at the wasp with handkerchiefs, and that little rebel Miss Fluke seized a fire-screen. Feeling that the time was come for me to show my energy, I exclaimed with all my natural vigour, "Silence, ladies! silence, for a moral and an example!"—my usual mode of speech when about to submit any natural object to a social, or, I should rather say, to a conjugal illustration.

"A moral and an example!" cried the girls, and, except that Fluke, they were as still as mice.

"Bring me the salad cruet," was my command; and, with a thought, the salad cruet stood upon the table. "Now, young ladies," I observed, taking a pen; "now for the moral and example. You are here to be finished for sensible, affectionate, but, above all, controlling wives. You are here to learn how best to subdue your natural enemies, that is, to govern the men who may become your husbands. Yes, ladies"—for somehow (I can always tell) I felt the flow of words was coming, and it was not for me as a woman to stop it—"Yes, ladies, the Griffonian system will teach you how to control and overthrow your tyrants. Man, marrying us, puts a gold ring upon our third finger, and, in the arrogance of his heart, makes us, as he thinks, his blushing captive. And shall not man, also, wear a ring—our ring? Yes, he shall!" Here that Miss Fluke proposed three cheers, but, with a look and brow of thunder, I stopped her. "If," said I, "we must wear *his* ring upon our finger, let him—and not know it, poor wretch! for that's the true triumph—let him wear *our* ring in his nose." Here Miss Fluke jumped upon a chair and huzzaed, and—well, this time I did not attempt to suppress the natural burst of delight so honourable to their feelings—all the other girls joined in the shout.

"A ring in his nose," I repeated; "not the bit of shining gold that declares our slavery, but an invisible, a fairy ring, that—like a fish with a hook—he knows nothing about, only that he must follow wherever it pulls him. Bless you, my dears! There's such rings in the

noses of thousands of husbands, though—for all they shave every morning—they never see 'em."

"And, dearest madam," asked Miss Pebbles, a girl I have the greatest hopes of—"dearest madam, how is the nose of our natural enemy to be wrung?"

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kind of



‘Killing a Wasp.’

violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp when it comes have its little bout and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip, but be as quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined—as at this moment—to settle. 'Then do as I do now.' Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and, in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like grooms' waistcoats

—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. “There, girls,” said I, “see what kindness, what a little oil does. Now, here’s my moral and example. When a husband comes home in an ill-humour, don’t cry out and fly at him ; but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp.”’

## CHAPTER III

### ARRIVAL OF MR. TAMERLANE CORKS—THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS



EVERY hour's communion with Miss Griffin charmed us with the growing belief that Nature, just for once to show what she could do, had made in the mistress of Capsicum House a perfect woman. Every hour she rose in our opinion ; and—it is the faculty of genius—she seemed to elevate us at the same time : we rose with her. Thus, albeit we were prepared for an admirable, and withal most original discipline of the female mind in its tremendous development of girlhood into womanhood, we were yet to be pleasantly astounded by the genius of Miss Griffin in her preparation of the giddiness of maiden life for the serious truths of wedlock. Miss Griffin, however, felt the solemnity of her mission, and, in the matter of marriage, began with the beginning. Hence, her pupils were once a month collected into the Marriage-Service Class, that, by a proper rehearsal of the ceremony, they might be perfect in all fitting self-possession when the anxious time of performance should arrive.

‘My dear sir,’ said Miss Griffin, ‘I have seen weddings that have sent me into a twitter. Tears and tremblings ! Oh, I have felt compromised by the weakness. No, sir ; I like to see a woman give herself away with dignity ; as if she very well knew every scruple of her own worth—every atom of the treasure which, at the most liberal

moment of human life, she was bestowing upon man. It's a great gift, sir, a very great gift ; and therefore, as I say, I acutely feel the humiliation when I see a young woman give away her hand as though she, forsooth, was the obliged party. All wrong—all very wrong ! ' said Miss Griffin, with a sigh. ' A woman, sir, should deal by her heart as she deals by a trinket at a fancy fair ; ask a man the highest price for it, and give no change.'

'No change, Miss Griffin ! No reciprocity of love ! ' we cried.

'Well, not exactly that,' said Miss Griffin ; 'but you know what I mean.' Not quite ; nevertheless, in all gallantry, we bowed.

It was on an early visit to Capsicum House that its mistress revealed to us thus much of her discipline : we were therefore not wholly unprepared for an introduction that in a few days followed. We had paused at one of the girl's beds of sweet herbs, and, with dreamy eye, were wandering from thyme to parsley, from parsley to sweet marjoram, thinking of marriage as treated by Miss Griffin, when that lady, attended by a strange gentleman, approached us.

'Dear sir,' said that wondrous woman, 'allow me to introduce Mr. Tamerlane Corks, Professor of the Marriage-Service Class.'

'A clergyman ? ' we observed in a half-voice to Miss Griffin ; for we thought we recognised in the neckcloth of the stranger the established starch. 'A clergyman ? '

'Why, no,' said Miss Griffin, 'although Mr. Corks has several pupils, young gentlemen intended for the Church. He teaches 'em to say grace with proper intonation at public dinners. Indeed,' said Miss Griffin, with a slight burst, 'I don't know why it should be disguised—and, for myself, I feel quite above the prejudice—but the fact is, Mr. Corks *was* an actor at Drury Lane Theatre.' Here Mr. Corks bowed with the tempered majesty of fallen greatness. 'However, it was not for a man like Mr. Corks to associate with camels, and make companions of elephants ; and, therefore, in a word, you see in my friend Tamerlane the Decline of the Drama.'



We bowed to the obvious truth. Looking again, we wondered how for a moment we could have mistaken Corks ; for we still saw the track of the hare's foot upon his cheek, though a little obliterated by the later occupation of his mind, divided as it was between the Church and the Bar. His former practice as an actor had, notwithstanding, all unconsciously prepared him for the double task. He took to the stage as a walking gentleman, and, retiring from before the elephants, left it as a heavy father ; having in the course of five-and-thirty years played all the intermediate parts. Hence, he could charge a young barrister with the varying eloquence of a *Marc Antony*, making him play upon a jury of twelve as though they were Pandæan pipes—or he could load an advocate for the pulpit with the dignity of a *Cardinal Wolsey*. (It is not generally known that Doctor Scarlet, who went over from Protestantism to Puseyism—preferring his religion coloured to plain—was got up in his most effective discourse by Mr. Tamerlane Corks. However, we would not have this circumstance talked of : if known, it might injure the prospects of Capsicum House. People are so prejudiced.)

‘And how are the young ladies, dear Miss Griffin?’ asked Mr. Tamerlane Corks ; as though—taking us for a part of the Church, the very humblest brick, or candidate for horse-hair and hunter of yet unlittered ermines—he talked for a pupil ; and therefore very handsomely gave us a specimen of his powers of intonation. Mr. Corks had a remarkably fine range of voice : now it liquefied into the Lydian flute, and now fell in a lump to the Bartholomew gong. ‘How are the young ladies?’ he asked, running the scale ; ‘brilliant as dewdrops on the damask rose?’

‘Just so,’ said Miss Griffin, slightly iced ; ‘but you know, Mr. Corks, I do not admit of such language here.’

‘Madam,’ rolled Corks, like a muffled drum, ‘then I will take the liberty of sacred friendship to say you are wrong. Again, I will say it. To make the education of your young creatures complete, you must have the Flattery Class.’

'I'm afraid of it,' said Miss Griffin; and she looked upon the earth.

'Then, my dear madam,' reverberated Tamerlane, 'you will send them into a dangerous world with a raw and imperfect education.' A brief spasm seemed to convulse the soul of Miss Griffin at the imputation; but she tossed her head, and broke into a placid smile. She would not believe it. Mr. Corks, evidently glancing towards us for support, continued, 'Poor, unprotected things! Unless, with the other transcendent accomplishments acquired at Capsicum House, they are not steeled—I should rather say plated—against the wiles of flattery, they are made doubly hazardous. Depend upon it, they'll marry at the first offer; and that's a responsibility, Miss Griffin, yes, that's "a burden, Cromwell!"' Miss Griffin was silent—contemplating the smallness of her own foot. 'And therefore you must have a Flattery Class, where all sorts of sugar-plums in syllables are flung about, that when the young ladies get into the world they may be invulnerable to the shot. Depend upon it—and I say it with feelings I hardly confess to myself—depend upon it, Capsicum House must have a Flattery Class: indeed, without it the Marriage-Service Class—though I, as the examiner say it—is altogether premature. A Flattery Class, with the lessons selected from the British Dramatists. I have every dramatist here—Corks clapped the tip of his forefinger to his forehead—'and could do it in a week. A Flattery Class, eh, Miss Griffin?'

'I can't say,' said that thoughtful lady; 'isn't it playing with edged weapons?' At this moment a gentlewoman, with a serious look authorised by five-and-thirty years in a very serious face, came from the house. 'Carraways,' said Miss Griffin, 'Mr. Corks, you see, is here. Are the ladies ready?'

'Been waiting, ma'am,' answered Carraways, 'this quarter-of-an-hour and more.'

'Dear girls; they're always so punctual! Now, sir, if you please: we shall make no difficulty about you. Besides, as a marriage is very seldom performed without the presence of some strangers, it is necessary, for the acquire-

ment of a proper demeanour during the ceremony, that the girls should not always be alone. This way, if you please,' said Miss Griffin, and she mounted the steps of Capsicum House.

We followed, crossing the threshold. We gently, tremulously trod the floor, for varied feelings throbbed in our soles. In our time we had visited many abodes of learning. Our hearts had palpitated at the theology of Oxford, and melted almost to tears with the mathematics of Cambridge. We knew that we trod the halls and crossed the quadrangles of the future Bishops of England—the Judges of England! Nevertheless, we did not forget our manhood; but, with head erect, bore up against the load of awe that weighed upon us. This was at Oxford and at Cambridge. How different our feelings at Capsicum! The thought of the Bishops and Judges of England was heavy—if you will—awful; but still a distinct feeling. Shovel-hats and horse-hair wigs, and silken aprons, and ermine tippets (masculine), are all of them very dear things. No Englishman with a heart as big as a cotton ball can deny it. Nevertheless, what are the Bishops and Judges, to the Wives, of England? No; we venerate the shovel and the wig, and will not risk our future prospects in life by daring a comparison.

Miss Griffin swept along the passage, and in a minute—we knew it—would arrive at the class-room door. For a moment how we hated, yet envied, the indifference of that stony-hearted woman. She evidently thought no more of the visit she was about to pay than a shepherd thinks of his morning and evening lambs. This too, when our heart beat thick—thick—and we dissolved into a soft perspiration.

This was—well, no matter—it was years ago. Ere time had coined the silver hidden in our locks; ere the quaking, blushing spirit, bathed in the sour, the bitter Styx of ink, looked coldly, blackly, upon human life!

That sweet, ingenuous time, when a mad dog was thought a far less dangerous animal—a something much more easy to manage withal—than a young lady in the mute terrors of her dumbfounding loveliness!

That time, when the heart flew towards lodestar eyes—flew to the mouth, and could not say a word when there!

(Here the reader stares and asks, 'How long, sir, may this be ago?' To which we make answer, 'Perhaps, after all, the weakness is not yet extinct within us. After all, we may not be so hardened as we would wish the world to believe.')

And now, Miss Griffin touches the handle of the fatal door. In that room are twenty marriageable young ladies. The door opens. How to describe them?

See, at the very edge of our ink-bottle—like Apollo on the banks of Ilissus—stands our aforesaid spirit. Stands, with its head—large and lustrous as a diamond shirt-stud—gently bent, its hands closed, palm to palm, its body gracefully bowed.

And what, asks the reader—(if he likes)—what does your spirit in such a place and posture?

Why, sir, our spirit is about to dive into that black sea; to bring up, if it can, from the very bottom of that inky ocean, diamonds and pearls, and coral, and the fair bright tints of mermaid skins, and the gold of mermaid tresses, and all wherewith to adorn the twenty young marriageable ladies, at present gathered together in the next room for due examination in the Marriage-Service Class.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS—MISS FLUKE IN FULL BRIDAL DRESS

REMEMBERING that spasm of the heart as the door opened, we think with moderated admiration of the valour that takes a man clean up to artillery. For resolutely jumping from our natural timidity, we are sure of it, we caught a sublimer heroism than ever yet surprised the early soldier, one moment pusillanimously sick at heart, and—(the cannon thunder)—and the next the aforesaid heart burning with the blood of dragons. For—in all sobriety we ask it—what, what is a park of artillery, what twenty guns conscientiously loaded to the muzzle, to twenty young ladies charged to the mouth with the Marriage-Service?

There are men—brave, fragmentary men—at Chelsea and Greenwich who would wince at the question; would heavily shake the head at the very provocation of the comparison.

And therefore we took the liberty of crowning ourselves with a chaplet of immortal greenness when we found that we had conquered the craven within us; and stood, with only here and there a nerve vibrating—like harp-strings touched by beauty's fingers—stood, receiving the fire of forty eyes, levelled at point wedlock.

And then the hero melted in the man! Two minutes, and we had subsided from the audacity that confronted the danger to softest, humblest admiration. We felt that we stood in the presence of twenty of the future wives of England, and our spirit bowed to them as to creatures sent into the world to make it habitable for



men. What love, what tenderness, what capacity in those twenty bright ones to make this otherwise cold, bleak, dirty sloppy world warm, and trim, and snug to man as a ring-dove's nest! Such were our harmonious thoughts—such the music that broke in our brain. And then we looked into their eyes; and then we thought—'Sweet little things! If they only knew their strength! But then, they never do!'

We say it, there were twenty marriageable young ladies all in a row. Twenty young ladies; the meanest of the twenty beautiful; the others by most delicate gradation sublimating to the angelical.

(Now it is with some confusion we confess that, in the way of description, this is all we can do for these young women. We have—as we promised—dived souse into our ink-bottle, and have despairingly groped about for every imaginable beauty;—but no, after an hour we rise to the surface with nothing but the headache. And yet, what fairy treasures, what immortal jewels lie at the bottom of that Black Sea, and a man only knew how and where to dip for them!)

'Where is Miss Fluke?' cried Miss Griffin, with a cold, edgy voice; and no young lady would take it upon herself to answer. In a moment we had counted the class; there were but nineteen. 'Where is Miss Fluke?' repeated Miss Griffin, and, we could see it, Carraways shrank at the query as from an east wind.

At the moment the door swung open. 'Here, ma'am!' cried Miss Fluke, and that young lady bounded into the room as a kid would jump a rivulet.

Miss Griffin drew herself up as though determined never to come down again. 'Why, what mockery is this?'

'Mockery, ma'am!' cried Miss Fluke, as though she ran all the syllables into one. 'What mockery, ma'am?'

We may here make it known that Miss Fluke, being the last comer, had never before attended the Marriage-Service Class. But that young lady possessed an earnestness of disposition that at once carried her into the very heart of a subject; her treatment of Veal Stuffing, before

lamented by Miss Griffin, always excepted. Hence, the pupil had determined to do all honour to the tuition of Mr. Tamerlane Corks, and to appear in the fullest bridal dress that her wardrobe rendered possible. She wore a white satin gown or slip : (though why a gown should ever be confounded with a slip we cannot discover.) And over this gown was another gown of lace. She had a veil, hanging in white clouds about her like a fairy in a pantomime ; and tenderly clasping her head—and seeming very comfortable there—was a wreath of orange flowers. Indeed, if we except a certain audacity of sparkle in her eye, Miss Fluke looked a bride to the life—to the tenderest and warmest life.

‘Miss Fluke,’ said Miss Griffin, a little confounded by the saucy, rebellious demeanour of her pupil—who, with the prettiest affectation of awe, stood with her red lips wide open, and her swimming eyes as fixed as they could be, for the laughter that was breaking in them, staring at her awful governess—‘Miss Fluke, I should very much wish to know where you expect to go to?’

‘To the altar, ma’am,’ snapped Miss Fluke as though she had anticipated the question.

‘To the altar!’ echoed Miss Griffin ; and then she raised her eyes to the ceiling, and, as though soliloquising, solemnly ejaculated, ‘Poor man—whoever he is!’

‘Isn’t this the sort of dress, ma’am?’ asked the sparkling, unabashed Miss Fluke. ‘Except the diamonds, and that the lace isn’t real Valenciennes, I’m sure I’ve made it all up from a wedding at St. George’s in the *Morning Post*. The bride fainted, ma’am.’

‘And do you read newspapers, Miss Fluke,’ asked Mr. Corks in his deep and dulcet tones.

‘Yes ; I like the politics— I don’t care for anything else,’ answered Fluke.

‘Politics!’ whooped Corks.

‘Yes, you know : the births, deaths, and marriages. Wouldn’t give a pin for anything else,’ repeated the pupil.

Here Miss Griffin instantly armed herself with her worst of terrors. Nobody could know what she suffered

to threaten such a penalty ; but, certainly, Miss Fluke—unless she compassed complete and immediate amendment—would be ignominiously expelled from Capsicum House. And what would *then* become of her ?

Miss Fluke bore the threat with the hardihood of a confirmed criminal ; for she merely brushed out her flounces with her hand, gave a twitch to her orange wreath, as though to tighten it for the ceremony, and slightly bent back her shoulders with an expression of



energy and self-decision. Her whole manner said : ' Let us to marriage, directly.' It was clear that Miss Griffin was a little appalled by the demeanour of her latest and youngest pupil ; and, in momentary helplessness, turned her gaze upon Mr. Corks. That worthy man immediately lightened the dilemma. He put on his gayest look, and spoke in his most cherished falsetto.

' After all, madam, the young lady may have only responded to the promptings of her genius,' said Corks.

' Genius !' cried Miss Griffin ; and she shuddered, as though she had been entrapped into a forbidden expression.

‘Some actors always play better after a dress rehearsal. There is a—a what is it?—a metaphysical connection between the spangles of the wardrobe and the—the poetry of the dramatist. The brain, my dear madam, the brain feels dressed when the body is characteristically habited. A wonderful piece of work is man, as the Great Creature says. I can say it, I never felt the true colour of a part until I had the rouge on.’

‘You!’ cried Miss Griffin, with piercing emphasis, and vehemently winking at the same moment.

‘As my friend John Philip Kemble once observed,’ was the adroit amendment of Mr. Corks. ‘And therefore Miss Fluke may feel that the orange-flowers, and the lace, and all the bridal appointments may make the illusion of marriage more complete. Is it not so, my dear young lady?’

Miss Fluke was about to answer; but Miss Griffin rapidly lifted her hand edgewise, as though ready to chop in two any sentence that her audacious pupil might dare to venture. It was very extraordinary—Miss Fluke was silent.

‘And now, my dear madam,’—and Corks sounded the words like a ring of bells—‘now, shall we go on with the Marriage-Service?’ As Mr. Corks said this, he smiled very widely, and one eye half slumbered, half winked on the cheek of Miss Griffin; who, all unconsciously to match the smile that opened the mouth of Corks, smiled very widely herself.

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ cried the sharp-eyed Miss Fluke, laughing in every bone of her body.

‘How dare you laugh!’ exclaimed Miss Griffin, and her cheek tingled with blood as with a nettle—‘Is there to be no propriety, Miss Fluke? What *are* you laughing at?’

‘Please, ma’am,’ answered Miss Fluke, laughter still bubbling from her, ‘please, ma’am, it’s Miss Palmer tickling me.’

Miss Palmer—Fluke’s next companion—a fair, quiet girl of nineteen, with flaxen hair and blue china eyes, looked wonderingly at Miss Fluke, and was preparing



herself to meekly deny the imputation, when Fluke, sharply nodding her head, said—'You know you did, dear ; but never mind.'

Miss Griffin looked hopelessly upon her youngest pupil ; and then, with suppressed desperation, and something like a ghastly smile, said to Mr. Corks—'It's no use ; we had better go on with the Marriage-Service. That *may* tame her.'

Then there was a rustling sound as the twenty pupils smoothed themselves and took close order ; and we had seen enough of Miss Fluke to feel assured, from her busy expression of face, that, come what might, she was determined to distinguish herself. She had not endued her person with white satin, lace, and orange-flowers for nothing.

'It is not to be forgotten, ladies,' said Miss Griffin, with a practised air, 'that, according to the most authentic returns, the population of the world is—is—it's very odd ; but what is it, exactly, Mr. Corks ?'

'The learned Mr. Pinnock'—said Corks in thorough bass, to give weight to the authority—'Mr. Pinnock, who was a patient man, and had doubtless counted heads, says eight hundred millions.'

'I should say,'—observed Miss Fluke, desolately ignorant of political economy—'I should say, the more the merrier.' Miss Griffin would not hear the rebel, so Corks proceeded.

'Eight hundred millions. And it is one of the many gratifying instances of the wisdom of Nature—divine goddess!—that of the millions that are every year born the numbers are equal ; when I say equal, I mean so many million little boys to so many million little girls.'

'That's nice !' cried Miss Fluke.

'Nice !' shouted Miss Griffin.

'I mean, ma'am, it's just as it should be,' said Miss Fluke, a little confidently.

And Miss Griffin could not deny it.



## CHAPTER V

THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS CONCLUDED—‘I WILL’

MISS FLUKE pinched meek Miss Palmer, and then whispered her to be quiet. Miss Griffin, looking down the line of girls, but loftily avoiding the eye of Miss Fluke, proceeded :

‘Now, it is particularly necessary, young ladies, that the population tables of the world should enter into your most serious thoughts. Every young woman apt to marry——’

‘Apt is a very good phrase—a sweetly veiled word,’ said the accentuating Corks, ringing his silvery notes upon the syllables.

Miss Griffin drooped her eyelids, smiled, juttet a little curtsey, and went on. ‘Every young woman apt to marry is to consider—to speak familiarly—the state of the market. Thus, before she gives away her hand, she is to remember the millions of husbands there are to pick and choose from. If ever there was a mistake in the world—if ever there was an alarming error, most injurious to the peace of respectable families—it is the Pagan superstition that people were made for one another; that they came into the world paired like pigeons, or like——’

‘Hooks-and-eyes,’ said Miss Fluke, coming to the rescue, as Miss Griffin paused.

‘Will you take my words when they’re *out* of my mouth, Miss Fluke, and not before?’ said the governess very freezingly. ‘It is this dark mistake, ladies, that tends to enslave us. Out of our very ignorance,’ cried Miss Griffin vivaciously, ‘do we forge our own fetters.’

'Beau-ti-ful !' exclaimed Corks, applauding with the tips of his fingers ; 'and *so* true !'

Miss Griffin, slightly flushed with the plaudits, continued. 'It is this alarming bigotry that makes thousands of young women throw themselves away every year.'

'Could we come at the returns,' groaned Corks from his cavernous chest, 'they would doubtless be tremendous.'

'It is this benighted belief in women, that the first man who asks her for her hand is the very man sent on purpose into the world to put the question, that leaves her, so to speak, no power over herself. Poor darkened thing ! She immediately thinks her time is come, and so, at the first question, rounds her lips like a wedding-ring, and says, "Yes !" Lamentable superstition !' sighed Miss Griffin.

'Strange infatuation !' groaned Mr. Corks.

'Now, this sad mistake arises from our defective education. The whole mischief,'—said Miss Griffin, emphatically,—'lies in this little nutshell—We women don't think enough of ourselves.'

'Oh, don't we !' cried Miss Fluke, jumping up, and coming down upon her toes.

The governess would *not* notice her pupil, but turned for comfort to Mr. Corks. 'You don't, madam,' said the Professor of Intonation ; and we felt that, at least, an affirmative bow was required of ourselves. We paid it.

'Now, suffer me, ladies, to give you a moral and an example,' said Miss Griffin. Here the pupils were very attentive. 'I will suppose all of you, what is usually called, settled in life—as if a poor woman's life ever *was* settled !—But no matter. You want to purchase a pine-apple—the very best pine-apple—for a certain dessert. You ride or walk, as the husband may be, to Covent Garden Market. Well, the very first pine-apple you behold may be a very beautiful pine, indeed ; nevertheless, you don't immediately buy it. Now, it should be with husbands as with pine-apples. Listen. You don't, I say, directly purchase the first pine ; but you take a turn

round the market, resolving, should you meet with no better bargain, to return to the first pine again.'

'That's all very well,' rattled Miss Fluke—for her words seemed fighting with one another—'That's all very well; but suppose, in the meantime, somebody else should come and take that very pine-apple away?'

Miss Griffin swelled in silence. She then burst into speech: 'Miss Fluke, I don't know that we are safe under the same roof with you—I don't. For your effrontery is enough to set the house on fire.'

Here gentle Miss Palmer ventured to twitch Miss Fluke's frock, and whisper,—'Don't, love; you'll make her so angry.' This advice was confidentially and pleasantly acknowledged by a movement of Miss Fluke's elbow.

'Ladies,' said Miss Griffin, 'you know what I mean.' And this liberal assumption, as in so many daily cases, saved a world of inquiry. 'We now return to the population tables. Eight hundred millions, I believe, Mr. Corks?'—the Professor bowed. 'Well, we'll say we are half; that leaves four hundred to you. Four hundred millions. Half of them, we'll say, are already married; that leaves us two hundred millions. Half of this number we must deduct for the aged and the youthful, the too old, and the too young; which leaves us exactly one hundred millions of eligible men to marry with.'

'One hundred millions!' cried several of the girls with staring looks.

'How very curious!' half whispered the timid Miss Palmer.

'How very satisfactory!' exclaimed the bold Miss Pebbles.

'Never forget the number, ladies. The memory of it will be as an armour and a stay to you. Never forget it,—there are,' said Miss Griffin, taking breath, 'one hundred millions of eligible husbands. Perhaps more, Mr. Corks?'

'No doubt, ma'am,' said Corks; 'no doubt. In so vast a calculation—and permit me to say that you have

certainly the finest mathematical head since Sappho—in so vast a calculation, what are a few millions of people, more or less, to play with? One hundred millions of husbands!

'Is that counting blackamoors and cannibals?' cried the exact Miss Fluke; 'or are they to go for nothing?'

'Go for nothing! Do you call yourself a Christian?' cried Miss Griffin, not knowing exactly what accusing question to put. And then she turned to the Professor. 'Let us, if we can, proceed; but there's no supporting a theory with *that* girl in the room.'

'As all that we wish to arrive at in this class,' said Mr. Corks, addressing himself to ourselves, 'is the proper intonation of the two tremendous words "I WILL"—'

'It is the proper utterance of these words, sir,' said Miss Griffin solemnly, now looking at us, and now along her line of pupils, 'that once and for all fixes the position of the wife. In her pronunciation—I beg your pardon, Mr. Corks—in her intonation of those two words lies the fate of her future existence. It is impossible to over-rate the value of those two astounding syllables. A woman should, at that moment, throw her whole character into them. If ever a man is softened—and, I confess it, I am ready to support any theory to the contrary——'

'Dear Madam,' warbled Corks in deprecation.

'Oh, I am,' cried Miss Griffin with a little hurried laugh. 'If he is ever softened, it is at the marriage minute; and that is the time for the wife to make the impression. Thus, sir—for as I've said before, I quite think you one of us—thus all the discipline of our present class is to arrive at the triumphant intonation of that short reply, "I WILL!"'

'Very true,' we observed, breaking a long silence. 'Very true. The words themselves aren't much; but it's what they convey.'

'That's it, sir; that's precisely it. Can't you understand the possibility of a situation where even a monosyllable properly intonated,' said Corks, 'may be most sublime? What is "*No!*" "*Yes!*" "*Pooh!*" "*Pshaw!*" In themselves nothing. And yet, sir, I have known an

actor—who shall be nameless—who, intonating either one of those syllables, would make it sound '—here Corks slowly descended, word by word, into the depths of his voice—'sound, sir, like the knell of a broken heart!'

'Exactly—that's it'—said Miss Griffin, and she unconsciously flourished her handkerchief. 'However, if you please—now—Mr. Corks.'

'Immediately, dear Madam'; and the Professor took his place at the head of the class. It was the first day of meeting since the vacation, and the eldest young lady—as in more likely danger of matrimony—headed the file. 'Now, Miss Trimby, if you please—"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to"—but we'll come at once to the cue,' said Corks, 'which is—"so long as ye both shall live?"'

"*I will*," answered Miss Trimby with the greatest composure.

'My dear young lady,' said Corks, 'that will not do. Where is your intonation? Pardon me; but you answer "*I will*" as though you were asked to take a custard, and not a husband.'

'Very flat, indeed,' said Miss Griffin. 'Try her again.'

'You see, Miss Trimby—pardon me; but you should seem to have a sense of the great value of what you bestow—for though only two syllables, you must remember what they give away. Eh, sir?' and Mr. Corks glanced at us.

'True, sir; very true,' we said, to give poor Miss Trimby time; 'they've a wonderful brevity; it's a pity conveyancers can't adopt it; 'twould save a world of parchment.'

'Now, dear young lady. You are to remember the peculiar honour you are about to confer; you are not for an instant to forget that you have in the handsomest manner chosen one happy person from the whole world,' said Corks.

'That is, from one hundred millions,' chimed in Miss Griffin; 'leaving ninety-nine millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and ninety-nine men for the



one selected and obliged individual standing at the altar.' Here Miss Griffin took breath.

'Dear Madam!' cried Corks, 'what rapidity of calculation! Oh, what a chair you ought to have filled at Cambridge!'

'Let us proceed,' said Miss Griffin, deprecating praise.

'Once more, Miss Trimby. And as you are about to speak, as you are about to answer "*I will*," you must be good enough in your mind's eye to see the ninety-nine million and—and upwards that you have rejected for the one chosen—and this will give to you an elevation of mind that will naturally impart the proper intonation of utterance. That "*I will*" ought to be struck—I should say—like two silver rivets through the husband's heart, fixing it for ever.'

'Beautiful!' said Miss Griffin rather loudly to herself.

'You will receive the cue again, if you please,' said Corks. 'Now then,—*as ye both shall live?*'

Miss Trimby, a little abashed, hesitated; whereupon, '*I will!*' like two roasted chestnuts popped from the mouth of Miss Fluke.

'You *will!*' exclaimed Miss Griffin vehemently; and then she moderated her passion. 'But I should hope—never!'

'Dear Madam,' said the pacificator Corks to Miss Griffin, 'I can see it; Miss Trimby is a little fluttered. Will you be kind enough to reassure her? Will you assist her to make the response? Carraways will give the cue.'

Miss Griffin meekly assented, Mr. Corks standing up as bridegroom. Carraways put the question, and Miss Griffin, tolling the words like any bell, answered, '*I will.*'

Miss Fluke danced round and round, clapped her hands, and, stifling with laughter, flew from the room.

## CHAPTER VI

### MISS GRIFFIN'S SECRET—THE GREY MARE

Now, could Miss Griffin have screwed herself to the Amazonian pitch—could she have risen to her own ideal of feminine firmness—sure we are she would have sacrificed Miss Fluke upon the spot, by denouncing her as the expelled one! But for the milkiness of human nature seething in the bosom of the Mistress of Capsicum, the forlorn Miss Fluke—with all her boxes!—would have been sent forth into the wide world, to travel onward to an obscure grave, a rejected Griffin. This judgment, though deserved by the offender, was too terrible to be pronounced by the mistress; who, it may be, thought also of the scandal that might fly-spot the white fame of Capsicum. And therefore, mingled motives of benignity and profit made Miss Griffin tolerant of the audacious Fluke; who, by the laughing wilfulness of seventeen, confounded and governed a spinster of middle age—supposing the usual number of spinster years to be ninety.

As Miss Fluke whisked from the room, carried out of it by the unchecked vigour of her laughter, an infectious gaiety fell upon the remainder, nineteen young ladies. Mirth ran from face to face like a line of sudden light. Eyes, black and blue, were dissolving with the fun that shone within them; and lips put themselves into all shapes and contrivances to repress the laughter that—like heart-delighting wine—gently whizzed and oozed at the corners, ready to burst in sparkling foam for man's sweet intoxication. Nineteen pair of lips, some in little red lumps, some growing redder beneath the biting pearl, some tightly pressed, some involving one another, and

all vainly trying to imprison and slay the god of mirth, that, engendered in the heart, at length burst forth upon the air with a silvery shout.

And Miss Griffin, for the first time, knew she had a secret, at the moment she felt it was discovered. Those nineteen melodious voices were so many accusing spirits, taking all shapes and sounds. Now they tinkled in her ears like a chain of wedding-rings; and now, like the softest and most honeyed notes of a church organ, they accompanied the hymeneal cherubim—all heads and voices—chanting 'I WILL!'

In that prophetic flash did Miss Griffin see Mr. Tamerlane Corks in a new blue coat and white watered satin waistcoat. (She saw no more.) He held the ring; and she felt a cold shiver run to the root of her third finger. Corks smiled and—to her thought—looked like Cupid as a bird-catcher, the picture of her earliest valentine. In that lightening moment Miss Griffin felt her marriage minute was come! All things sympathised with the time. The pigeons without cooed loudly down the chimney; the orange-buds no doubt broke in the conservatory; and, in the garden, as singeth Planche, the lyrist:

The lily of the valley rang her peal of silver bells.

And all this, credulous reader, all this came into the mind of Miss Griffin, struck there by the leading laugh of Miss Fluke, conscientiously followed by all her nineteen school-fellows.

But Miss Griffin—shaking her feelings as partlet shakes her ruffled feathers—became calm, solemnly calm. 'The Marriage Class is dismissed,' she said, with a stern serenity; as though with the words she turned away Hymen from her own heart, like an importunate linkman whose services were by no means required. 'The Marriage Class is dismissed,' she repeated; and the young ladies, demurely as kittens bent on mischief, walked as with velvet feet from the room, every one of them carrying about her lips the beginning of another laugh, to be duly finished upstairs.

‘What will become of *that* Miss Fluke,’ said the Griffin, still avoiding the eye of Corks, as though it were a bullet, ‘who can tell?—It is not pleasant to ruin a young lady for life——’

‘No,’ said the sepulchral Corks.

‘Otherwise,’ continued the Governess, ‘I would send her with a penny-post letter home. However, I am afraid that, go when she will from this house, she will never leave it with the grey mare.’

‘The grey mare!’ we cried. ‘What of the grey mare?’

‘Oh, a symbol merely—a symbol,’ answered Miss Griffin. We gracefully pressed for an explanation. ‘Well, then, you must understand,’ said the Governess, ‘that when a young lady, fitted with all the acquirements of a wife and a housekeeper—a young lady, educated at Capsicum House, to guide her husband as Minerva guides her peacock, with reins unfelt, unseen—mere reins of moonshine,——’

‘Sunshine,’ we suggested, as an improved material for conjugal harness.

‘Say sunshine,’ consented Miss Griffin. ‘When she quits this place, duly furnished for the altar, the dining-room, and the pantry, she is always taken to her home by the grey mare. When married,—if she remain a true Capsicum, and I am proud to say I have known but few backsliders, —when married, sir, she is carried to the home of her husband by four grey mares. For in a grey mare, sir—you shall by and by see our own darling in the paddock—in a grey mare, as you ought to know, there is a proverb and a symbol.’

We bowed to the existence of the proverb; and then—for we marked that Miss Griffin desired to talk—and then we observed, ‘The saying is very ancient. Yes, the grey mare is old—doubtless very old?’

‘I am assured, sir, by Doctor Pumpus,’ answered Miss Griffin, ‘that she came out of Noah’s ark with Noah’s wife and Noah’s sons’ wives.’

‘No doubt of it,’ sounded Corks. ‘I have somewhere read that the Amazons—we have few such women now,’ and Corks looked at Miss Griffin—‘the Amazons always

strung their bows from a grey mare ; and I believe it is not saying too much of those distinguished ladies to assert, that their arrow never missed their man, and their bow never wanted a string. Happy women !'

'The world was worth living in then,' said Miss Griffin with a sigh.

'It is for you, madam,' said Corks, 'to roll back that world. As for the Grey Mare, her history—I mean her domestic history—is yet to be developed. I have no doubt she is a—a myth—' finished Corks, looking somewhat appealingly for an explanation of the syllable he had ventured.

'It has just struck me, Mr. Corks, that as we have the Order of the Sheep, the Order of the Elephant—if I am right,' ventured Miss Griffin, 'the Order of the Lion, and the Order of the Bear (an excellent Order) for men,—that it would be an admirable institution to have the Order of the Grey Mare, for women.'

'Splendid—did !' shouted Corks. 'Why not found the Order yourself, dearest madam, and hold your first chapter—if I am not wrong—here in Capsicum House ?'

'I almost feel it is my mission,' said Miss Griffin. 'Nevertheless, society is hardly ripe for it. To be sure, until the proper time shall come, the sisterhood might be one of secrecy. Every wife found worthy of the Order of the Grey Mare need not show it.'

'At least, not before company,' we ventured to remark.

And then Miss Griffin shook her head and cried,—  
'My dear sir, on second thoughts, only think of the temptation !'

'Very true,' we answered ; 'no : it is not to be expected. 'I would be like wearing diamonds under a nightcap.'

'Mr. Corks !' exclaimed Miss Griffin, as though she looked to him for protection ; and then, with cold composure, she said, 'If you please, as we are upon the subject, and the school is up for the day, we will walk to the paddock.'



Mr. Corks, bending his arm like the bow of Cupid, offered it to Miss Griffin, who just laid her five fingers upon the proffered limb, as though playfully afraid of it.

We descended into the garden, and, turning zig-zag right and left, came into the poultry-yard. Suddenly Miss Griffin stopped, and pointing to a gander that stood motionless beside a small, low shed, observed, 'Look there! The goose has been four weeks last Tuesday on her eggs; and except to eat a bit, and now and then to wash himself, that faithful bird, her mate, has never left that spot.'

Corks moved his head up and down in solemn admiration; and then, with his searching eye upon the gander, slowly remarked, 'Philoprogenitiveness very large.'

Feeling that some word was required of us, we said, 'Such tenderness in an irrational creature, madam, is a touching sight.'

'Oh, sir,' cried Miss Griffin, and pathetically too, 'Oh, sir, when I sometimes read the newspapers, and think of the faithfulness of the birds of the air, I confess it, I blush for a part of my species.'

'It is very kind of you, Miss Griffin,' said we.

'Not but what I sometimes think we wrong poor animals. Now, geese, Mr. Corks,'—and suddenly the Professor of Intonation looked quite alive to the subject—'I think geese very much slandered. I am convinced of it, geese have great judgment.'

'Well, madam, I must say it—my experience as an actor cannot wholly deny it,' and Corks feebly smiled.

'And do the young ladies,' we inquired, 'pursue their studies here? Have you a Poultry Class?'

'Most certainly,' answered Miss Griffin, as she walked on. 'How defective is the education of a woman who cannot detect a chicken from a maternal hen; a duckling from the grandmother of ducks; a young stubble goose from a goose grown grey with years! Reflect, sir, for a moment on the domestic acerbity likely to be occasioned by old poultry brought to table. I have known, sir, men of the best tempers—with tough poultry to carve—turned

into demons. Now here, sir, the pullet is watched, I may say, from the egg to the spit ; and thus the serenity of the future husband is unruffled by drum-sticks. But here,' said Miss Griffin, 'here is the paddock with the Grey Mare.'

## CHAPTER VII

### MISS FLUKE RIDES THE GREY MARE—THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND

‘STAY, madam,’ we observed; ‘we may disturb the young ladies.’ Saying this, we shrank behind a tree, and Miss Griffin, gently pressed by Mr. Corks, felt herself squeezed aside from the gate she was about to open. At a glimpse we saw that all the school was assembled in a corner of the paddock, gathered about the Grey Mare, whose keen, proud, handsome head—bearing a garland of bachelors’-buttons, jump-up-and-kiss-me’s, and Venus’s-looking-glass, selected and woven, as we afterwards learned, by Miss Fluke,—rose above the talking, laughing crowd that with white, small, tender hands patted the Mare’s satin skin, or braided her silken mane, or offered her delicate grass or newest hay. ‘Dear young ladies!’ we cried; ‘they seem very fond of the creature.’

‘It is a part of their education, sir,’ said Miss Griffin, ‘always to remember what is due to the Grey Mare. It is always——’

Here Miss Griffin was interrupted by a loud musical shouting, and clapping of hands; and the crowd of girls breaking apart, the Grey Mare throwing up her head, as though proud of its beauty, leapt forth like a hound, Miss Griffin—with beautiful presence of mind—killing a ready scream by plugging her mouth with her pocket-handkerchief. ‘It’s *that* Miss Fluke,’ she cried at length, in a smothered voice, at the same time unconsciously pinching the arm of Corks to relieve her feelings.

It *was* Miss Fluke. And without saddle or bridle—her little hand buried in the creature’s mane—she sat the

Grey Mare as easily and as smilingly as though she sat upon a cushion. And as the Mare broke into a gallop, Miss Fluke now waved a green branch over her head, and now laid it on the Mare's neck; and the young lady's big, black curls shook merrily about her glowing face; whilst her gleaming eyes seemed to dally with danger, as though she loved it. It was noon; and sure we are that Apollo, with his eye for beauty, must have pulled up his horses for one little point of time to admire Miss Fluke upon the Grey Mare.

'Fluke'—'Fluke, dear'—'Fluke, love, don't,' cried and shouted the girls, as the Mare galloped faster and faster; the young lady mightily enjoying the fun, and waving a graceful bravado with her green branch.

'She'll break her neck,' cried Miss Griffin with solemn resignation. The next minute the Grey Mare leapt the five-barred gate like a cat, coming down close at the feet of Miss Griffin, pulled up by the rider.

Miss Griffin screamed. 'I said I'd do it, and Palmer's lost the gloves!' cried Miss Fluke, as in a second she subsided from the Mare to the earth, shook her curls, dropped a curtsy, and bounded like a ball out of sight.

'Dear madam,' said the sonorous Corks, 'if she can only ride the Grey Mare in that fashion all her life, what a Griffin she'll make—what a glory she'll shed upon Capsicum House!'

Miss Griffin smiled a flurried smile, and begged for some minutes to be excused. She must follow *that* rebel. Mr. Corks could not suffer her to cross the poultry-yard alone; and left us to open the gate for the re-admission of the Mare into her paddock. This done, we sauntered with premeditated leisure—not to interfere with the Professor of Intonation—back to the garden. We entered a walk, and were musing, now on the hopes and vanities of life, and now on the bursting buds of peonies, when we heard a sharp, short sound, that revealed the near presence of soda-water. Guided by our ear, we turned with our best speed into another walk, and instantly beheld a man, seated in a garden chair with a goblet to his mouth. Looking full at us, with his eyes over the rim of the glass,

he undisturbedly drank ; took the glass from his lips ; fetched a deep breath ; and, with a ragged voice, said,—  
 ‘ Good-morning, sir ! ’

‘ Good-morning ! A nice cool draught that,’ we answered.

‘ Ha, sir ! They’re all very well, these nice cool draughts,’ cried the stranger ; ‘ very well in their way ; but oh, dear sir, what a pleasant thing brandy-and-water would be, if there was no to-morrow morning in it ! ’

The man had a loose, potable look. It was plain that his face, like hothouse fruit, had ripened under a glass. It seemed to us very strange that such a man should be found in such a place of floral purity and sweetness. We had as soon looked for distilled juniper in the cups of tulips.

The man looked heavily at us, and, without another word, put his hand to his head, as though remembrances of last night—like hammers—were beating there.

‘ Pray, sir,’ we said, with our best politeness, ‘ do you belong to Capsicum House ? ’

‘ Not yet ; I’m only here on trial—and I’m a little afeard I shan’t quite answer. They tell me I ain’t half quarrelsome enough. I’m sorry for it ; and nobody can say more. I’m sorry for it,’ he repeated emphatically.

Finding him so far communicative, we proceeded. ‘ What, sir, may be your profession here ? ’

‘ Oh, I’m on liking for the Drunken Husband,’ answered the stranger, and we stared very widely. ‘ Oh, I am, as sure as my name is Blossoms. But, as I said, I’m afeard I shan’t answer—I’m too peaceable by half.’

‘ The man is intoxicated,’ we thought ; and immediately Mr. Blossoms divined our opinion, for he very knowingly shook his head, and cried, ‘ No, I ain’t ; not a bit on it.’

‘ The Drunken Husband ! ’ we exclaimed. ‘ And is it possible that Miss Griffin can entertain, even in fiction, so horrid an animal ? ’

‘ Miss Griffin,’ replied Mr. Blossoms, ‘ is a lady of the world ; and though I may not be fort’nate enough to suit her—though I may be too peaceable for the average run,



as she says—I won't hear a word agin her. Last night, you see, was my night for coming home very drunk indeed, and I'm suffering for it. But then it's all in the way of bus'ness, and a man must live. Finding ourselves in this world—dust and ashes as we all are—we must make the best of it. Still, my mind tells me that I don't answer ; I'm too peaceable in my liquor. If I could only



The Frightful Example.

remember to break a few windows, I should begin to have hopes.'

'You never mean to say,' we cried, 'that it is your sole business to addict yourself to drunkenness?'

'No, not my principal employment, certainly not ; it's only a job for over hours,' replied Mr. Blossoms. 'My reg'lar bus'ness, you see, is this—I'm a collector of the Water Rate ; the Nymph and Lily Company ; but it's a poor matter by itself. Now if I can only add to it, for a certainty, the Drunken Husband, I shall feel myself a gentleman for life.'

We could not distinguish the true meaning of the man through his haziness of speech. We confess that we were not prepared for such attachment on the part of Miss Griffin to first principles—though they were the especial pets of the Lady of Capsicum—as to imagine that, for hire and reward, she engaged the representative of a bacchanal husband as a necessary agent in the complete education of young British ladies for the future Wives of England. In our ignorance, as it will be shown, we greatly undervalued the enthusiasm of a devoted woman.

‘You say, Mr. Blossoms,’ we continued, ‘that last night was your night for coming home drunk? You do not mean to infer that Capsicum House is your home?’

‘Most undeniably, sir, I do,’ replied Blossoms boldly. ‘Look here, sir, and understand me if you can.’ We bowed. ‘Miss Griffin—who knows the heart of man as she knows the A, B, C, and can put together and spell all sorts of feelings—Miss Griffin takes it upon herself to be mother to so many young women for so much a year—and hard work it must be, take my word for it. She teaches ’em life, as I may say, in a gallantee-show, afore they’re called upon, poor little things! to go and squeeze for themselves. Every young lady here is brought up for a wife. Now, sir, Miss Griffin says that the whole philosophy—yes, I think that’s it—the whole philosophy of a good deal of wedlock is to make the best of an early misfortin.’

‘Humph! a sad employment,’ we answered.

‘Picking oakum’s nothing to it,’ said Blossoms, a little softened. ‘Well, sir, it can’t be denied—and Miss Griffin, as a woman of the world, knows it—drunkenness is a good deal about.’

We nodded in mournful affirmation.

‘A husband, sir, with drink, is a wild beast—a lion coming home to lay down with the lamb,’ cried Blossoms, his eyes slightly twinkling with emotion.

‘You seem quite alive to the evil of the vice, Mr. Blossoms?’

‘I’m all over alive to it, sir; and I intend to ’bolish

it. That's why I'm so ill this morning. You see, I'm hired—or, as Miss Griffin says, my mission here at Capsicum House is this,—to take the part of the Drunken Husband ; and to do it so to the life—to make such a noise at the door when I come home o' nights—and such a hubbub when they let me into the passage—and to shout and sing and sit upon the stairs, and swear I'll never go to bed—so that all the young ladies, seeing what a tipsy husband is, should take the pledge one among another never to have anything to do with the animal. That's my mission,' said Blossoms.

'Very noble, indeed,' we observed.

'Only, the worst of it is,' urged Blossoms, with a mild melancholy—'the worst of it is, I can't be violent enough. To be sure, they tell me that I would kiss Carraways last night ; that's getting a little better ; a little.' And Blossoms wanly smiled with self-encouragement.

'Oh, you'll do, no doubt ; and then the cause is so noble,' we said.

'It's Miss Griffin's notion, and she carries it out beautiful. Every young lady, wrapt up in three shawls, with short candles, takes it in turn to sit up till three in the morning, to see what a wretch I am. Carraway lets me in ; and when I've had a good wrangle with the bannisters, and shown what a brute a lord o' the creation can be,—why, then, the gardener leads me to bed. It's all in Virtue's cause, says Miss Griffin ; 'but just now what a precious headache Virtue's given me.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE INJURED WIFE—A NEW ARRIVAL

‘THERE’S a young lady’s footstep,’ we cried ; and Blossoms received the intelligence as though prepared for it.

‘No doubt it’s my rib—that is, the young lady that sat up last night—coming, with Carraways,’ said Blossoms. ‘It’s about dinner. Get behind that holly-bush, and you’ll see how Miss Griffin—she’s a wonderful woman—teaches her gals everything. This young lady, you’ll find, is learning the Injured Wife.’

We followed the direction of Blossoms, and saw Miss Palmer—meek, blue-eyed Palmer—accompanied by her guardian, Carraways, slowly move down the walk. Yes ; behind the holly-boughs—like hopeless love—we gazed at beauty through a maze of thorns. Palmer—though significantly encouraged by the elbow of Carraways—could not carry her injuries with dignity. Her face was as fair, bright, and open, as though she had gone to early sleep with the lilies of last night ; and had not, until three in the morning, now winked at the *Wives of England* and now snuffed the drowsy candles. Surely, we thought, no temper—small, domestic thunder-cloud,—will ever threaten in those soft blue eyes ; no words, like swarm of angry bees, will ever issue from that honeyed mouth. It is quite impossible, we thought, that the wedding-ring can score one sharp or angry line about those lips, now so frankly, sweetly ripe ! And then we remembered that we looked at youth and beauty on the other side of the holly-bush—and we thought of the piercing, cruel thorns that might oppose them in the worldly way.

Miss Palmer, timidly as a dove, approached Blossoms, and tried to frown. Beautiful are such trials, that is, most beautiful in their failure. Success, as sometimes in other matters, spoils all. And therefore let wives—if they *will* be prettily wayward—let them, by all means, try to frown; but—oh, ye household gods, that pinch dimples in unwrinkled cheeks—never let them succeed. At such a time, defeat gives to them the sweetest grace.

Miss Palmer tried to speak upbraidingly; but her lips broke into a set of smiles, and her full white throat seemed as though swallowing her laughter. 'That will never do, Miss,' said Carraways, in a low voice. 'If you don't frown, and speak your mind, you'll always be put upon. Look at me.'

Hereupon, Carraways—rehearsing the Injured Wife—threw back her head, and swept up to Blossoms. In a moment there was a storm in every corner of her face; black and all black. Her lips were bent, and, to our thought, barbed like fish-hooks. Carraways was a spinster; but it was clear she had great imaginative powers; for it was impossible to look connubial injury more to connubial life. Blossoms—not sufficiently hardened in the iniquities of a husband—acknowledged the fine ideality of the passion; for he dropped his head, and shook like a tame rabbit eyed by a snake.

'And I suppose,' said Carraways, rehearsing with energy, 'I suppose, Mr. Blossoms, you call yourself a man?'

'Why—yes;—that is, if I may be so bold,'—and then he took breath, and courageously added,—'my dear.'

'Don't dear me, Mr. Blossoms; you know I hate it.' Nevertheless, a little bit of red and white dawned in Carraways' face; and her eye broke with a mild and forgiving light upon the fictitious husband. 'Pray, Mr. Blossoms, if I may be allowed to ask the question, do you dine at home to-day?'

'Yes, darling'—and Carraways affected to shiver at the endearment—'in course. Never so happy, you know, as when at home—never. So, my love,'—Carraways remained very calm,—'my dear, I don't know what it is



that's put it into my head, but—what *do* you think of a little mutton broth?'

'Mutton broth,' said Carraways, evidently relenting; 'I'm sure it's a shame to put innocent sheep to any such use. Mutton broth!'

'Well, you do make it so nice, my dear,' said Blossoms; 'you fairly drive me to it. 'Tisn't the drink at night as I care for, but the mutton broth next day. I never drink it, my darling, that I don't feel virtuous for a week; perhaps more.'

'You don't deserve that anybody should care a bit for you,' said Carraways, observing that Miss Palmer had wandered into another walk. The teacher, however, was not made the less earnest in her task by the neglect of her pupil; certainly not. For, moved by the passion of her assumed part, she sidled, wife-like, nearer to Blossoms, and, looking in his eyes, and holding out her hand, she repeated the opinion, that he was undeserving of the love of any mortal creature.

Mr. Blossoms—not to be behindhand as a husband—took the proffered palm, squeezed it, and with the quickness of a serpent, as Carraways afterwards declared, wound his arm about her waist. At this harmonious moment, the voice of Fluke—like a bird's—rang through the garden.

'Palmer, dear—Palmer,' cried Miss Fluke, and she came bounding, floating down the path.'

'Here, love,' answered Miss Palmer, turning a tall white rose-bush; and, to our fancy, looking as though, dryad-like, she was a part of it. 'Here, dearest.'

'Oh, come away from this nonsense,' said Fluke, running up to her.

'Nonsense!' cried Carraways; 'are you aware, Miss Fluke, that Miss Palmer is pursuing her studies?'

'Studies! I say, all nonsense. Miss Griffin might as well teach people how to sleep. Do you suppose when I'm married I shan't know how to scold my husband? Teach ducks to swim. I warrant me! You only find the husband, and I'll find the injuries.'

'I shall report your conduct to Miss Griffin,' said

Carraways, and with rigid eyelids she walked to the house, Mr. Blossoms, a little sheepishly as we thought, taking another way.

'Miss Griffin!' exclaimed Fluke. 'Why, you see this little thumb, Palmer?' and the young lady exhibited one of the smallest and prettiest samples of thumbs we ever beheld. 'Well, Miss Griffin, as tall as she is, is right under it.'

'You never say so!' cried the simple Palmer. 'Why, what do you know?'

'I know that when people suffer people—'specially when people are of a certain age—to go down upon one knee to 'em, why, then, people ought first to stop up the keyhole.'

'Why, you never mean'—and Miss Palmer, in excess of wonder, could say no more.

'Don't I mean? But I do though. And when, too, people leave letters for people in the strawberry-beds! Bless your heart, I know everything. That Miss Griffin is as much my slave—only I wouldn't hurt her, poor soul—as much as if she was any blackamoor. Why, that Mr. Corks is a play-actor.'

'You never say so!' cried Miss Palmer, really alarmed.

'A positive play-actor, my dear. He played the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* when Miss Griffin fell in love with him.'

'In love! Miss Griffin! Oh, Fluke,' cried Palmer; 'you scandalising little creature.'

'Fell into love—or rather, walked into love; for people don't fall into it at her time of life. Well, she admired him for his deep voice and full figure. For a whole week she was going about the house thinking of him. One day—you were at home then—one day, at the Pie-crust Class, not thinking of any of us, she held up the rolling-pin, and said in a solemn way to herself, "Remember me!" All the girls stared; but I shouted out, "Alas, poor Ghost!" Well, she coloured up so; I wonder she didn't set her cap afire.'

'You *do* surprise me,' cried the mild Palmer. 'But are you sure, love?'

‘Sure ! I’ve got the play-bill in my box ; and unless Griffin behaves herself, some of these days won’t I flourish it !’

‘Girls, girls,’ cried a bouncing brunette—Sophy Candytuft, aged eighteen—as she ran down the garden, followed by two or three giggling wenches—‘Girls, what do you think ? There’s a letter come from Miss Ruffler, that went to India, as governess says, upon the Marriage Service.’

‘Well, is she married ?’ asked Miss Palmer.

‘Married, to be sure she is married,’ said Candytuft, ‘and sent us a turtle.’

‘Real or mock !’ exclaimed Fluke, jumping and clapping her hands.

‘You foolish creature,’ replied Candytuft ; ‘a live turtle ! And, moreover, there’s such a handsome young officer, with his edges trimmed with gold, that’s brought it.’

‘La !’ cried Fluke, ‘a handsome officer ! What have they done with him ? Not tied him up, I hope.’

‘He’s now in the parlour,’ cried Miss Candytuft, and Fluke and Palmer immediately—without at all thinking of the matter—arranged their curls, and gave a twitch here and there to their gowns.

‘I hope they’ll not bring him here,’ said the gentle Palmer.

‘I hope they will,’ cried Fluke. ‘Tell me, Candytuft—has he got black eyes—curly hair—and a skin of nice sailor brown ?’

‘Miss Fluke !’ exclaimed Miss Candytuft.

But at this moment Miss Griffin appeared at the top of the walk, and in her hand an unfolded letter.

## CHAPTER IX

### A LETTER FROM INDIA—A TURTLE

As Miss Griffin came down the walk, Mr. Corks appeared in the background. His face seemed, we thought, ripe with satisfaction. His eyes—his lover's eyes!—drooped tenderly upon Miss Griffin as she swept along the path. As she advanced upon the holly-bush that screened us, we sauntered round it, as though lackadaisically strolling from another walk.

‘I came to seek you,’ said Miss Griffin, all of a glow. ‘Ladies’—and she turned to her pupils, suddenly huddled together, Fluke, however, standing out from the crowd in very bold relief—‘Ladies, to your tasks. In five minutes I shall be prepared to examine the Turtle-Soup Class.’

‘If it's real turtle, ma'am,’ said Fluke, ‘I'm not yet in it. You know when you examined me, I hadn't got beyond calf's-head.’

Miss Griffin now really felt that the moment was arrived when, with a tremendous repartee, she ought relentlessly to crush that daring girl, once and for ever. Miss Griffin's mind was made up—she would do it. And then, frowningly she looked above her—then below her—but, somehow, the withering retort would not come; then she looked to the left, into the very middle of a bush of wormwood—then to the right, on a bed of capsicums—still, neither sharp nor bitter syllable would present itself. Deep was the vexation of Miss Griffin. She felt ‘majestic pains’ (akin, no doubt, to those of Jupiter, when he would coerce rebellion, but has somewhere mislaid his thunderbolt). And then Miss Griffin

smiled, and said : ‘Nevertheless, Miss Fluke, you will attend the class. Go in, child. When you are able to write a letter like this,’—and Miss Griffin laid her hand as reverently upon the sheet as though it had been a hundred pound bank-note—‘then, for all this care, all this indulgence, how you will bless me !’

Miss Fluke, without condescending to award the least hope of any such future benediction on her part, just jerked a curtsey, and, like a fan-tailed pigeon, minced her way to the house, followed by her companions, whose sides—had Miss Griffin turned round to view them—were shaking with laughter in its softest sounds.

‘I suppose I shall be rewarded for my trouble with that little minx—pardon the expression,’ cried Miss Griffin, shrinking from the epithet with all the delicacy of a woman.

‘No doubt, madam,’ said we comfortingly. ‘No doubt, your mission is, indeed, a trial——’

‘Sir, but for consolation, for encouragement like this,’—and Miss Griffin shook the letter—‘it would destroy the marble statue of a saint. But this conveys it with a real solace.’

‘The most delicious I ever looked upon,’ cried Mr. Corks, coming up at the word, and rubbing his hands, as we at first thought, in affectionate sympathy with the governess. ‘I wonder how much it weighs ! You should see the turtle upon its back ! A disc, sir—a disc that would have covered Achilles. I cannot account for it’—and Corks suddenly intonated in his oiliest falsetto—‘but I do feel a sort of—of—sympathy—of tenderness, when I see a turtle thrown upon its back ! In a moment my imagination transports me to those waters of cerulean blue—to those shores of golden sand—to the impearled caverns of the deep—where the creature was wont to swim, and bask, and dive ; and then—to see it on its back—greatness overthrown—awaiting the knife. I do feel for the creature ! I always feel for it.’

Miss Griffin’s eyes—as the Professor of Intonation ran up and down his voice—dilated with sensibility.



Hurriedly she cried, 'But this, and things like this—to say nothing of the turtle—are my best reward. It is, sir'—and Miss Griffin turned to us—'it is from a dear pupil of mine, the late Caroline Ruffler, now Lady M'Thistle, of the Madras Bench. She went out in *The Forlorn Hope*, with goods for the Indian market.'

'And has married well?' we ventured to observe.

'She has married, sir, the man of her choice. She was ever a girl of energy, sir; always would have her own will. And such are the girls, sir, to send to the Colonies. They make us respected at home and abroad.'

'And, as you say, Miss Ruffler—landed from *The Forlorn Hope*—married the man she loved?'

'I meant to say, sir—that at the very first ball—she made her own mind up to the man she proposed to make happy; and if marriage can insure happiness——'

'*Can!*' echoed Corks, spreading his hand across his waistcoat.

'Caroline has done it. Here is her own sweet letter. I wish I could read it to you, every line,'—said Miss Griffin;—'but that's impossible. The female heart has so many secret places—unthought of—unrespected—unvalued——'

'For all the world like a writing-desk,' said the figurative Corks, 'a writing-desk with secret drawers. To the common eye—the unthinking eye—there looks nothing; all seems plain and above-board,—and then, you touch the hidden spring, the drawers are open, and discover, who shall say what hidden gold, what rustling notes? And such,'—said Corks, dropping his voice like a plummet,—'such is woman's heart.'

Miss Griffin sighed, and continued: 'Nevertheless, I think I can pick you out some delicious little bits—what I call bits of real feeling.'

'That will do,' said Corks; 'from the little toe of Diana we may judge the whole of the Parian statue.'

'Now, this is so like her,' said Miss Griffin, and she read: "'You will naturally inquire, my dear, dear governess, what I wore at my first ball. You know that I always detested the meretricious show of jewels. A

simple flower was ever my choice—a rose-bud before a ruby !”

‘And there nature, divine nature,’ said Corks, ‘is such a kind creature. Always keeps open shop.’

“Therefore, as you may well imagine,” read Miss Griffin, “I did not wear a single gem. I appeared in my white muslin, voluminously flounced ; nevertheless, how I *did* blaze. For what do you think ? Inside my flounces I had sewed a hundred fireflies, alive, and, as it were, burning. You can’t imagine the effect and the astonishment. Women, who by their looks had lived forty years in the country, smothered, I may say, with flies day and night, had never before thought of such a thing—and I am sure some of ’em for spite—the wicked creatures !—could have eaten me for it. Sir Alexander has since told me”—that is her husband,’ said Miss Griffin, so very solemnly that we almost felt inclined to touch our heart. Miss Griffin, after a pause, continued :

“Sir Alexander has since told me that the cheapness of my jewellery slightly touched his heart ; but—being resolved to die a bachelor—he would not be subdued. Nevertheless, as he confessed, those fireflies imprisoned in muslin did *fash* him. You will perceive that Sir Alexander is from the balmier though colder side of the Tweed. Providence conferred honour upon the very flourishing town of Saltcoats, by selecting it for his birth-place. Yes, dearest governess, my taste, my economic taste, was not altogether lost. Think how pretty—and how cheap ! Fireflies captive in white muslin bonds.”

‘I don’t know,’ said Corks ; ‘but I think there’s some meaning in that.’

‘None—nothing !’ cried Miss Griffin, with prettiest mirth ; ‘how should there be ? But let us go on. The dear girl then says : “My final triumph was, dearest governess, as you ever predicted ; it was the triumph of the kitchen. Sir Alexander visited the dear friends who protected me. I had heard much of his love for his native land and everything belonging to it. How often he wished to lay, at least his bones, in the kirkyard of Saltcoats, though he continued to sit upon the Bench of

Madras. Sir Alexander was to dine with my friends. I felt that my moment was come. I asked one boon—only one; the sole direction of one cook for the coming day. Need I say it was granted? It was in that interval that I felt the strength of the principles I had imbibed in your pantry. A something in my heart assured me of conquest; and I was calm—I may say, desperately calm.”’

‘Beautiful!’ cried Corks. ‘Quite Siddonian.’ Miss Griffin smiled, and went on with Lady M‘Thistle’s letter.

“‘The dinner-hour arrived. Sir Alexander—it had been so settled—took me down. Course after course disappeared; and Sir Alexander took no more than his usual notice of them. At length a dish was placed before him. His eye gleamed—his lip quivered—he snatched off the cover. He saw his native haggis!’”’

‘What is haggis?’ asked Corks.

Miss Griffin waved her hand, and read:

“‘Sir Alexander looked at the hostess; and she—dear soul—instantly said, and very audibly, ‘The cook, Sir Alexander, sits beside you!’ He smiled; but—I since know his character—his judicial prudence rose within him. He would not commit himself, he would first taste the haggis. He ate—and ate—and ate—and his face grew red and bright; and as he ate, I could see it, Scotland rose before him. He saw his blue hills—he heard the rushing streams—his foot was upon the heather! A tear—a patriot tear—trickled from his right eye. I could have kissed it from his cheek. The guests saw, but respected his emotion, and were silent. For twenty years had they beheld him on the Bench, in the most tremendous moments, and yet had they never seen the strong man weep before. And now he dropped a tear upon his native dish—and I had unlocked that tear, and made it trickle from its sacred source. Why should I further describe? In three days—Sir Alexander having first with his own eyes supervised my preparation of a second haggis—in three days I became,—Your affectionate pupil

CAROLINE M‘THISTLE.

“‘P.S.—I send you a turtle. Love to all the girls.”’

‘Beautiful!’ repeated Corks.

‘Very beautiful—I may say, too beautiful,’ cried Miss Griffin, who then twitched out her pocket-handkerchief, and made for the house.

‘Very odd, sir,’ we observed, ‘very odd that a man should be caught in matrimony by a haggis. If cookery’s to do it, the chains of Hymen may be forged out of black puddings.’

‘I can’t say, sir,’ replied Corks; ‘but one thing is, I think, plain—that to catch and keep a man’s heart, it may now and then be necessary to tickle his stomach.’

## CHAPTER X

### THE TURTLE CLASS—MISS FLUKE ON PUNCH

WHEN we entered the class-room, we found all the pupils assembled. All, too, were in full dress. 'They think a turtle an illustrious visitor,' was our belief, 'and have resolved to do it all toilet honour.' We admired, too, the rapidity of the change : in a very few minutes, many of the girls had turned morning into night—that is, had changed their early wrappers for evening silks and muslins. As for Fluke, she never looked so mischievously pretty.

Miss Griffin, with much dignity, unfolded Lady M'Thistle's letter, handing it to Corks. 'You will be kind enough, Mr. Corks, to read her Ladyship's missive in your *own* manner.'

Corks smiled at the delicacy of the emphasis, and began his task. His intonation was sweetly impressive, conveying in the subtlest manner all the hopes and fears of Miss Caroline Ruffer into the bosoms of his hearers, and ending with the hymeneal triumph of Lady M'Thistle. As Miss Griffin afterwards observed to ourselves, 'It was courtship and marriage set to the sweetest music.' Two or three of the girls shed tears. Fluke, however, as usual, clapped her hands, and crowed a laugh. Miss Griffin was again shocked. 'What would I give,' she whispered to us, 'if I could only see her weep! But she has no sensibility; and a woman without tears, what a defenceless creature she is!'

'Is the turtle to be brought in?' asked Carraways.

'Certainly : laid here upon the table,' answered Miss Griffin. 'As you have very properly observed, Mr.



Corks, the presence of the turtle itself may sharpen the sagacity and assist the imagination of the young ladies.'

'Assuredly,' answered Corks. 'They may see in it the future alderman—the Lord Mayor—the husband in civic robes—the show on the 9th of November—the Easter ball—and the drawing-room at Court. Turtle, truly considered, ladies,' said Corks, 'has great associations.'

'And, ladies,' said Miss Griffin, 'I trust that the letter, so beautifully read by Mr. Corks, will convince you of the utility of what I have ever called cosmopolitan cookery. In this, our harlequin-coloured life, who knows to what far land your fate may call you? The first Mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the Sultan of both the Turkies—the Emperor of Morocco—each may be caught by his national dish, even as Caroline caught Sir Alexander; and therefore no young woman's education can be thought complete, who has not made, I may say it, a Cook's voyage round about the globe.'

At that moment Blossoms, assisted by the housemaid, bore in the turtle, and laid it on its back upon the table.

'What an ugly thing!' cried Miss Fluke.

'Pardon me, dear young lady,' said Corks, looking affectionately at the turtle, 'but, properly thought of, nothing in the whole expanse of nature is ugly. When I think of the soup dormant—I should say latent—in that magnificent piece of helplessness, I could bow to it.'

'Now ladies, if you please,' said Miss Griffin, 'we will suppose you married.'

'Yes, ma'am,' cried Fluke very vivaciously.

'You will wait your turn, Miss Fluke,' was the icy response; and Miss Griffin continued: 'You have a turtle presented to you. Ladies'—and Miss Griffin elevated her voice,—'you are to consider that a turtle has entered your house. How will you dispose of it? What would be your first act?'

'Hang him up by the fore-paws,' said Miss Palmer, with some hesitation.

'By the hinder legs,' cried Miss Candytuft with great rapidity.

'Very good; by the hinder legs,' said Miss Griffin.

'Take her down, Miss Candytuft'; and Miss Palmer was taken down. 'Well, we have the turtle hanging by its hinder legs—what next?'

'Coax him, that he mayn't draw in his neck,' said Miss Barker, 'and then'—and she smacked her lips—'and then cut off his head.'

'You cruel animal!' cried Miss Fluke.

'Silence, Miss Fluke; Miss Barker is quite correct,' said Miss Griffin; 'cut off his head is perfectly right. No false sensibility, if you please. Well, the turtle's head is off. Go on.'

It was Miss Winter's turn, who timidly proceeded. 'Cut off his fins; divide his yellow-plush——'

'Callipash!' exclaimed Miss Winks.

'Take her down,' said Miss Griffin. 'Yellow-plush with a turtle! How *do* you think you'll get through the world? Go on, Miss Green.'

'Divide the callipash from the flagree——'

'Callapee!' shrieked Miss Jones.

'Of course; you will go down, Miss Green,' said Griffin. 'After the pains, too, that I have taken! What will your parents say to me? Go on, Miss Baker.'

'Break the bones and put 'em into a saucepan—take beef and veal bones—herbs, mace and——'

'Why, Miss Baker, you've got from real turtle to mock,' cried Miss Griffin.

'Had I, ma'am?' asked Miss Baker, too innocent to know the difference.

'But I see,' said Miss Griffin, with a struggle for resignation, 'I see the examination is premature. As yet, turtle goes quite over your heads. None of you can reach it.' Here Miss Fluke giggled. 'But perhaps, Miss Fluke,' said Griffin, with blighting sarcasm, 'I wrong your intelligence. Perhaps *you* can dress a turtle.'

'No, ma'am,' said Fluke; 'don't know that I can, ma'am, quite. But if you please, ma'am, I think I know all about the punch that's to be drunk with it.'

'Oh, indeed!' said the cold Miss Griffin.

'Yes, ma'am,' and Fluke for a moment took a long breath. 'Yes, ma'am. Two large lemons—rough skins

—ripe; ripe as love, ma'am.' Miss Griffin started, but was silent. 'Sugar, large lumps; introduce sugar to skins of lemons—rub hard, as though you liked it. Drop lumps into bowl; drop, like dewdrops, lemon-juice. Squeeze lemon upon sugar; and mix as for lasting friendship. Mix with boiling water, hot as vengeance!'

'Miss Fluke!' cried the governess.

'Soft water's best. Pour in rum blindfold, as you can't pour too much,' said Fluke.

'Did you ever hear such principles?' exclaimed Miss Griffin.

'Ice, and drink with turtle,' said Fluke; and she folded her arms with a sense of achieved greatness.

'Did you ever hear the like—and from such a girl, too?' cried Miss Griffin.

'The recipe is not quite correct,' said Corks; and then his face was sunned with the blandest smile. 'Not quite correct. But we may pardon a few errors, where there is so much enthusiasm.'



THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE

[FROM *PUNCH*, VOL. XI.]





## CHAPTER I

I was born in the year—(but no—I claim the privilege of an unmarried woman, and will not set down the date)—in the city of Westminster. My father was a foreigner of Heligoland, who settled first at Sheerness. He made a good estate by dealing in slops, which he profitably sold to the sailors ; and, leaving off his trade, lived afterwards in Westminster. Here it was he married my mother, whose name was Robinson, whose ancestor was the famous Jack Robinson, of whom is still retained a popular proverb, relating to rapidity of expression.

Being the third daughter, and, unlike my two sisters, single—and my father having impoverished himself by bestowing two large dowries, leaving nothing for me excepting at his death—I had little hopes of marrying in England, or, in other words, of bettering my fortune. I therefore resolved to cross the seas. I had read of several young ladies who, with no money, and very small trunks indeed—and with hardly beauty enough to make any man in England turn back to look at them—had married general officers and rajahs in India. I had heard, and with the easy confidence of youth believed the story, that such was the demand for young-lady-wives in the East Indies, that the black men's boats that brought off cocoa-nuts and yams to the ship, on her dropping anchor, also brought off gentlemen covered with diamonds, and provided with wedding-rings. In many instances, the ship carrying a parson, the ceremony was immediately performed in the Captain's cabin ; and the happy couple, on landing, immediately started five hundred miles up the country to spend the honeymoon. With these thoughts haunting me all day, I dreamt of nothing at nights but

palanquins and elephants, and a husband continually giving me diamonds and pearls as big as swan's eggs.

And when I recollected the education my parents had given me—with all the advantages of the Blackheath finishing-school—I had no cause for despair. I could play at least six tunes upon the grand piano: I had worked a melon in Berlin wool so naturally, that my dear aunt fainted, as she declared, at the smell of it. I could dance, sing, and speak the very best Italian for—India. My father, seeing me constantly poring over the ship advertisements in the *Times*, guessed my intentions. One day he was confined to his room, having dined the day before at Blackwall. He sent for me, and expostulated with me on what he foresaw was my determination.

'My child,' he said, 'do you not perceive that you are born in the happiest state—that is, in the middle state of life? Consider how much grief, either way, you escape by such a fortune. I will suppose you an earl's daughter—in time, to be married to a duke. Reflect upon the drudgery that would then await you. Compelled to be always playing a part; obliged, on all state occasions, to go and mob it at court; to stand behind stalls at fancy fairs; to be trundled about in a carriage, leaving bits of pasteboard from house to house; and, worse than all, if your husband should be a Cabinet Minister, to be obliged, every other month, to be nothing more than a Court lady's-maid, with this difference—that you're allowed to wear your own diamonds, and now and then permitted to see a follower. On the other hand, you might have made shirts at fivepence apiece, and bound shoes at a farthing a pair. Whereas, you hold the happy middle state of life; a state that peeresses would jump out of their ermine tippets to fall into.'

After this he pressed me not to think of leaving home; and, further, promised that he would look about him for a husband for me—a steady, respectable young man of my own condition. But I had my head too full of rajahs and elephants to put up with steadiness and respectability. My mother, too, often scolded me, and rated my father for sending me to that finishing-school.

'I always said what would come of it,' she cried ; 'when I heard that the girls, before they went to balls and concerts, always swallowed *eau-de-cologne* upon lump sugar to make their eyes twinkle—I always prophesied how she'd turn out, and so it's come to pass.'

Thus rebuked, I suffered a year to pass away in silence. One day, however, being at Gravesend, eating shrimps upon the pier, six beautiful East Indiamen, in full sail, passed down the river. The tears came into my eyes, and my smothered resolution burst anew into a flame. I resolved, without loss of time, to take my passage for the East. I returned to London ; but, instead of going straight home, I went to the Docks, where I accosted a Captain Biscuit, of the ship *Ramo Samee*, of I don't know how many tons. Observing that, as he passed his tobacco over his tongue, he looked suspiciously at my youthful appearance, I assured him that I had been married at fifteen, in India, that the climate disagreeing with my only child, a lovely boy, I had brought him to England, to remain with his grandmother, and was now only too anxious to rejoin my beloved husband at Budherapore. When I spoke of my husband, the quick eye of the Captain glanced at my left hand ; happily, as I wore gloves, he could not observe that no ring was on my finger. Instructed, however, by this accident, on my way home I purchased a ring at a pawnbroker's in the Minories ; purchased it with a fervent hope that, sooner or later, the ring would be found to be of more than money's value. I ought, however, to state that I took my passage with the Captain, the number of my cabin 20. For this I was to pay seventy pounds. I paid him—for I always managed to have money about me—twenty pounds in advance. 'What name?' said he ; 'Mrs. Biggleswade,' said I ; and I saw him write down, 'Mrs. Biggleswade, cabin 20,' on the list.

As for three years I had determined upon this step, I had saved nearly all the money allowed me by my dear father for pocket-money and clothes. And as, moreover, I made it always a point of being lucky at cards, I found myself mistress of a hundred and fifty sovereign pieces.

'Now,' thought I, 'if my outfit even costs me fifty pounds, I shall have, passage and all paid, thirty pounds left'; money, I thought, more than sufficient, even though a husband should not come off in the boat with the coconuts and yams to marry me in the Captain's cabin.

All my thoughts were now bent upon my outfit. With this purpose, I used to steal out morning after morning to make my purchases; having them all sent to the house of a good woman—she had been our cook, and had married a greengrocer—to keep for me for the appointed time. I laid in six dozen of double-scented lavender, a dozen of the finest milk of roses, twenty pounds of the best pearl powder, a gross of court-plaster, six ounces of musk, a quart of oil of bergamotte, two boxes of rouge, and—not to weary the reader—a hundred of the like articles indispensable to a young gentlewoman.

I next visited Madame Crinoline's, and entirely cleared the dear creature's window of her whole stock of petticoats, etcetera, of horsehair. I had heard that birds were caught with horsehair; and why not?—in the skittishness of my heart I thought—why not husbands? Besides this—as I had heard much of the effects of Indian fevers—I bought myself three sets of curls, brown, dark brown, and auburn. To capture in an engagement, I thought it was lawful to use any colours.

My outfit completed, I awaited, with beating heart, the 10th of May. On that day the *Ramo Samee* was to drop down to Gravesend. On that day I left my home, telling my dear father that I was going with some fashionable acquaintances to the exhibition of a sweet little love of a child with two heads and twelve toes. I hurried with my faithful friend to Gravesend. She went on board the ship with me; and, before the Captain, kissed me and bade me farewell, as her dear daughter.

We weighed anchor; the breeze freshened, and I went below, with some natural thoughts about my native land and my bandboxes.



## CHAPTER II

BEING booked as a married lady about to return to her husband at Budherapore, I was particularly cautious in my conversation with many of the female passengers, the greater number of whom were really the wedded wives of officers and state civilians ; ladies who had really left their little ones in England, and were returning to their Indian firesides. I say I was reserved in my speech, lest I might betray my inexperience. Besides the married ladies, there were a dozen young gentlewomen, consigned to the Captain for the same purpose as I proposed to myself ; namely, for instant marriage on their arrival. I will confess it, that the number of spinsters a little disconcerted me ; as I had picked out from newspapers something about the harmony of demand and supply, and therefore knew that if only twelve officers came off in the yam and cocoa-boats for a wife, there must, by every rule of arithmetic, remain one virgin unwedded. I will not attempt to describe my perturbation when I reflected that this one might be myself ! However, after I had well surveyed the whole twelve, I took great heart. Three had very red hair ; four irregular teeth ; two—but no ; it is a melancholy, a thankless task to number the imperfections of our fellow-creatures. Let it suffice that, with the ingenuousness of a woman's soul, I knew myself to be the most attractive of the lot. Thus, I would not despair should even a general officer come off in the cocoa-boat.

Much that I saw and heard, naturally enough, surprised and disconcerted me. I was a week at least before I could reconcile myself to the frequent order to 'put the ship in stays.' At first I believed it was nothing but Captain Biscuit's wit ; but as nobody laughed, I of course

looked as grave as the rest. When, too, the Captain declared that 'he knew we should have a squall before night,' I, innocently enough, asked him, 'which lady among us he thought most likely to scream?' Silly creature that I was! But I was soon to learn the difference between a feminine scream and the scream of Boreas. A warning this, I trust, to all roving young ladies who, not content with the chance of steady and sober husbands (as my dear mother, with tears in her eyes, used to call 'em) at home, must even take ship for the Indies to marry officers in regimentals, and so—but I will not anticipate the sorrows that overtook me.

We had sailed for many days with the wind, as they told me, south-west by west; which, as well as I could then make out, was as much as to say the Elephant and Castle by St. James's Church. Thus, after my own fashion, did I make out the theory of the winds. When we had been at sea a week, Captain Biscuit, with peculiar emphasis, declared that we were at last 'in blue water.' It was not of course for me to contradict him; but, looking over the ship, the colour appeared exactly what I had often bought at the mercer's for a sea-green. But Captain Biscuit was an odd man.

We had been at sea, I think, twenty-seven days, when we killed a dolphin. The sweet creature died beautifully. As I stood contemplating the brilliant hues of the expiring fish, beholding how the colours burned and intermingled, a tear stole into my eye, and the words involuntarily escaped my lips—'What a lovely shot for a dress!' And this is human vanity! Alas! how little did I dream of the terrors of the coming night. The sun went down like a ball of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red-currant jam. The winds began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in a shilling gallery. Every wave was suddenly as big and high as Primrose Hill. The cords of the ship snapped like bad stay-laces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament; and not even the voices of the ladies calling for the stewardess were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements.

For myself, with one hand clutching the side of my berth, lest I should be rolled into the bosom of a whole family lying in disorder before me, and the other grasping a smelling bottle, my thoughts—what could they do?—flew backward, home. Then I saw my father, mildly sipping his one glass of toddy ere he departed for bed; my mother, making believe to knit; Tib, the cat, upon the hearth; Joss, the pug, upon the stool; and my own sampler—yes, so roused was my fancy, I saw my own sampler—with the row of yew-trees in green silk, framed and glazed above the chimney! And then my father's words, 'I'll get you a sober and steady husband,' rang in my brain; and—so quick is imagination in moments of peril—I absolutely saw that interesting man, saw him as my wedded lord, and beheld myself in a very sweetly furnished house, surrounded by I know not how many happy children. The thought was too much for me. I wept.

I know not how long I had remained in this sad condition, when I heard the voice of Captain Biscuit shouting down into the cabin: 'Tumble up, ladies! Ship's going down!' I leapt from my berth, and, with wonderful presence of mind, seized a favourite bandbox. Nor, even in that hour of terror, were the curls (spoken of in my last chapter) forgotten. I will not dwell upon the scene that met my view when I rushed upon deck; though the patterns of some of the nightcaps I saw never can go out of my mind.

As I was about to rush up the gangway, I was seized—I know not by whom—and literally flung into the barge below. This violence struck the bandbox from my hand, and I saw it borne away for ever by the remorseless deep. Ere, however, I could express my feelings upon this bitter loss, I heard a shout—the voice, I think, of Captain Biscuit—the barge gave a lurch, and when I was next conscious, I found myself alone upon the deep, miraculously supported by my garments, and in this manner passed along from wave to wave. This, however,—I knew it—could not last. Gathering my senses about me, I therefore began to swim.

And here let me bless my prudence that had turned a month's visit to Margate to profit, teaching me to swim. I might, with the thoughtless and vain, have raffled at libraries—I might have sat whole hours upon the beach pretending to read the last new lovely tale—but no, I knew—I felt—that life was made for better things; and therefore, once a day, launched out into the deep, and—in flowing garments—learned to swim. The curious world might be gathered on the beach; I cared not, but struck out. And now, at the most eventful moment of my life, I found the value of my skill. Therefore is it, that I hope my example will turn some of my sex from dancing in all its variety of vanity to a more worthy and enduring accomplishment. True, dancing may obtain a husband; but swimming saves a life. Happy, then, the woman who quits the ballroom for the deep—who turns from cork-soles for a cork-jacket. To return to my story.

After much swimming, a mighty wave threw me ashore; but Neptune, doubtless for some unknown purpose, sent a bigger wave to fetch me back again; fortunately, however, my flounces—they were worn then very full—catching among the rocks, held me fast ashore. Taking advantage of this circumstance, I rose and ran away from the next billow.

I looked about me. It was plain I was upon some island. Yet, although my father had been regularly charged for my learning the use of the globes at the Blackheath School, the fault was either in the teachers or myself, that I could not possibly guess upon what part of the world I was landed.

Not wearing pockets, I had secured nothing about me, except a pair of scissors, a smelling-bottle, and a box of peppermint drops.

### CHAPTER III

I CONTINUED to walk about on the shore, much wondering at the fortune that had saved me, and grateful to my own discernment that at Margate had prompted me to shun the meaner pleasures of the place, to learn to swim. And then I suffered alternations of happiness and despair. I thought of my female comrades ; and, believing them to be in the deep, all thoughts of rivalry charitably died within me. I thought of ardent hair and irregularity of teeth with a pity—a sympathy that surprised me. So true it is that no trouble, however great, has not, in the core of its very greatness, some drop of comfort—for the human heart, like a bee, will gather honey from poisonous blossoms)—that from my very solitude I snatched a triumph. Should I meet an Indian prince—and, for what I knew, I might be in the empire of the Mogul—there was no lady to contest with me his royal affections. And again, this feeling was saddened by the thought that no other woman could witness my conquest. For all my acquaintance were gone ; I never saw them, or any sign of them, afterwards, except a jaconet muslin nightcap (the horrid pattern !) and a wave-tossed rouge-pot.

And still my feelings of satisfaction began to abate, for, looking about me, I saw no habitation ; and though I listened—my sense of hearing sharpened by my peril—I heard not the sound of a muffin-bell. I therefore concluded that I was in a land to which the blessings of civilisation were utterly unknown. And, besides this, I began to feel that my feet were very wet ; and—though I struggled long—I at length burst into tears when I thought of my evening blue buried in the bosom of the



deep. And then I began to have confused feelings of hunger. A sea-bird screamed in the distance, and I thought of the liver wing of a chicken. This threw me into terrible disorder. Only that I knew nobody was there to catch me, or what could I have done but faint?

As a child, I always screamed at a spider. As a woman—I throw myself upon the sympathy of my sex—though fond of milk, I always ran into the first shop or doorway, or grasped the first arm of the first gentleman on meeting even a cow. What, then, were my feelings when I thought of wild beasts?—beasts that revenged the wrongs of the beasts in cages, by eating the unprotected travellers on their shores? I had read horrid tales of bears and apes; and when I remembered I had nothing but a pair of scissors (with one point blunt too) to protect me, how I wept—how I repented of my folly, that had brought me in search of a military husband, coming in a boat with cocoa-nuts and yams, to perish at last, perhaps, in the claws of some wild and foreign animal.

Daylight, as if in mockery of my terrors, waned fast away. Where was I to sleep? That I, who at the least dusk had never walked from number nine to the Thompson's at number six, without the man or the maid—that I should sleep out all night, I knew not where, shocked me past words to paint! Respectability seemed sinking with the sun! Suddenly, I heard a sound—whether the voice of a tiger or a frog I knew not; but, equally alarmed, I ran to a tree. Instinctively looking about to see that nobody observed me—and, for the moment (silly creature that I was) thinking only of the country stiles of happy England—I put one foot upon the lowest bough, and, with an agility that surprised even myself, continued to climb. At length I threw myself into the umbrageous arms of a young hawthorn, and prepared myself for rest. I put one peppermint drop in my mouth, and soon sank to sleep. Even at this lapse of time I wonder at myself; but I never even thought—vain as the thought would have been—of paper for curling my hair.

I awoke, as usual, about eleven o'clock. It was a love

of a day. The sun shone beautifully hot, and the sea was like a looking-glass. For the first few minutes—ere fully awake—I thought I was at Margate; and, so were images mixed and confused, that as the small shingle was moved and shaken by the advancing and receding wave, I thought I heard the rattling of the library dice. Moving, a sharp thorn—the tree was full of them—brought me, as adversity lowers pride, instantly to myself. With a heavy heart I descended the tree, feeling it vain to wait for the breakfast bell. Again and again I looked around me—I was such a figure! It was foolish, weak; but, nevertheless, it showed the beauty of the female character. I dreaded lest even some savage should see me in my horrible *deshabille*. And then—though my nobler reason told me it could not be so—I shrank at every motion of the sea and air, lest the Indian prince, or general officer, should suddenly rise before me, and then—in such a dress what *would* he think of me? In such a state, it seemed to me a blessing when I could really think that I was upon a desert island, all alone! Solitude was bad, but to be caught with my hair in such a fright—with all my flounces limp (much starch was then worn), and my gown as though waxed about me—I felt it, I should have died upon the beach.

After a time my pride abated as my hunger rose. I could not have believed it, but I thought less of my hair and more of my breakfast. A lesson to human arrogance; for did I ever believe that the human soul could so have hungered for a twopenny twist? I walked upon the beach; it was strewed with oysters. Nevertheless, though there were thousands about me, it was June, and I knew that oysters were not *in*. ‘At least,’ I thought; ‘and whatever fate in its bitterness may have in store for me, as I have lived in the fashion, in the fashion I’ll expire.’ And this determination—mere men cannot conceive its deliciousness—comforted me exceedingly. Nevertheless—for I’ll write down here every then emotion of my soul—though I abhorred the thought of oysters in June as food, I could not forget them as the probable depositaries of precious pearls. Famished and destitute, I thought,

being in the Indian seas—as I believed I was—I might be destined to be one of those lucky people of the world, who have pearls washed ashore at their feet, and never run the risk of diving for them. Though I was as hungry as the sea, the thought like a sunbeam played about me, that I might be destined to wear my own head-dress of pearls, obtained from the living fish by my own hands, at some future drawing-room! And whilst I thought this, my hunger was in abeyance! Cleopatra dissolved *her* pearl, as ill-nature dissolves the treasures of life, in vinegar; but I enriched *my* pearls by honied thoughts. (What would I give had either of the Misses Whalebone, principals of the Blackheath Seminary, lived to read *this*—this from their pupil!)

I continued, with my footsteps, to print the sand. And shall I confess to what I believe is what is called an association of ideas, as taught me by my venerable father? Bear with the weakness, the affections of a daughter, whilst I speak of it. 'My dear girl,' said that revered man to me, 'I'll tell you what is meant by 'sociation of ideas. Thus it is, as it happens to your blessed father. When, at about ten at night, your mother,—darning a stocking, or what not,—looks up, full at me—I can't help it—I think of a lemon; then I think of whiskey—whiskey leads me on to a glass—a glass goes to nothing but hot water—hot water cries out sugar—sugar asks for a spoon; and before you can say "Jack Robinson"—the name of your blessed ancestor, who was a very quick chap, and came over with the Normans—I say to your mother, and all beginning with the lemon of her looking at me, "*My dear; the toddy!*"' And this, my darling girl, is the 'sociation of ideas.'

And, in this way, as my footsteps printed the sand, so was I resolved—if ever rescued from that desert island—to print my thoughts and sufferings whilst living upon it. To this resolution I will hold, as shall be shown in succeeding chapters.

## CHAPTER IV

WALKING on, I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment, my delight, to behold the ship—the *Ramo Samee*—reclining as upon a sofa, on a bank of sand about two miles distant! My heart fluttered. After all, I might not be alone upon a desolate island. The captain might be spared; if not the captain, at least the boatswain. Again, when I looked upon the vessel, soft thoughts stole into my bosom; hope stirred within me, and all about my plum-coloured silk and my crimson velvet—and the band-boxes, every one with a love of a bonnet, and the night-caps (I was always particular in my nightcaps) with their beautiful lace borders, chosen with an eye to the hopeful future. These thoughts forced tears from my eyes; and I resolved to save my wardrobe; or, as I once heard a gentleman in blue silk and spangles exclaim, ‘perish in the attempt.’

I satiated my hunger with raw periwinkles—for I found they strewed the lower part of the beach—which I was enabled to do, having several pins in my dress. I had never thought of it before; but how beautifully has Nature or Fashion, or whatever it may be, ordained that woman should never be without pins! Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins; a sharp truth not all unknown to the giddy and frolicsome.

Though dreading to approach my boxes, lest I should discover that the salt water had spoilt all my things, I nevertheless determined to visit the ship, and preserve what I could of my beautiful outfit. A pang shot through my heart when I thought of a certain white satin, made up—for I had provided against being married unawares in

case of the officer coming off in the yam boat. Allowing it to be preserved from the wrathful billows, of what avail would it be in such a place? Of what avail, indeed, any of my clothes, for who could see them? And when I thought of this, my tears flowed anew.

As I proceeded, my eyes beheld what, at the distance, they believed to be a monstrous eel. It is a fish I am prodigiously fond of; and I will own it, for the moment I forgot the horrors of my situation in the thought of my gratified palate. I ran to seize the prize, when, to my passing disappointment, I discovered that what I thought to be an eel was nothing more than an india-rubber life-preserver that had floated from the vessel. My better feelings were aroused, and I will not repeat what thanks I uttered for the accident.

Taking off my gown, for the flounces were very full, and therefore would hold much water, I put on the life-preserver, and made for the ship. It is true I was a good swimmer, and could have gained the vessel without any foreign aid; but I husbanded my strength, for I knew not what trials awaited me. Now and then I shivered as a flying-fish rose before me; for where flying-fishes were found, there, I had heard, were sharks; and my feet were wholly unprotected, the Adelaide boot being at this time wholly unknown. How strangely doth fear magnify circumstances! More than once I screamed at what I believed I felt to be an alligator,—at the very greatest, perhaps, it was a shrimp. I swam round and round the ship, looking for an easy place to get up. At length I saw a bit of rope hanging out of the captain's window, and,—always being a good climber,—I was speedily in his cabin. The silence—the solitude appalled me. His pipe—relinquished when the breeze began to freshen—still lay upon the table. There was something about that pipe that—I know not why—affected me.

I crept from cabin to cabin: all was still. I sat down upon a bench, and was buried in reflection. Now my thoughts dwelt upon my sad condition, and now they wandered to the wardrobe and jewels of the female passengers: poor things! all removed from the toil and



trouble of such vanities. Whilst thus occupied, I felt something rub against my knee. The thought electrically shot through me—‘I am not alone, then. Is it the captain : is it the boatswain ?’ This, I saw, was the thought of a second, and ere I could look about me. Then, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld a cat—the ship cat. Now, cats I had always treated with very distinguished contempt ; believing them, in my maidenly superstition, the inevitable companions of single wretchedness. And as the animal continued to rub against me, and stare at me with—as somebody somewhere says of melancholy—its ‘green and yellow eyes,’ and mew and mew, that its voice thrilled my heart-strings, I thought the creature cried, ‘Welcome, Miss Robinson, to old-maidhood ; welcome for ever to celibacy.’ The idea was too much for me. I rose, and, running and stumbling, reached my own cabin. There I found some water and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. Equally mixing the liquids in a horn, I drank the beverage, and was revived considerably. Another and another libation put new heart into me, and I continued my search from place to place. My own boxes were safe, and—shall I ever forget the emotion that swelled my heart—dry. A canary-coloured satin slip was, however, utterly ruined by the salt-water ; though I thought that probably the surrounding country might furnish me with materials to dye it for common.

It was with some natural feelings of curiosity that I rummaged all the boxes of my late female companions. Could I choose my readers, I would not hesitate to name the many artifices of millinery that I discovered ; the many falsehoods made of buckram, and wool, and wadding,—and—but no ; far be it from me to put a weapon in the hands of the male malignant. In every box I found a large supply of French slippers and shoes ; but, of course, they were all much too big for me.

By dint of great exertion I got all these boxes upon deck. Had their weight been of anything else than beautiful dresses, I do not think I could have lifted it. But I know not what it was that put a mysterious power within me. I carried up trunk upon trunk as

though it had been no more than a Tunbridge Wells work-box. 'How happy,' thought I, 'could I be with such a wardrobe, if anybody could see me wear it !'

In the steward's cabin there were all sorts of pickles and preserves, guava jelly, and preserved ginger. All these, and fifty other kinds of pleasant eatables, with—what could have prompted me to take it, I know not—one bottle of gin, I brought and set down upon the deck. My next thought was—and for a long time it puzzled me—how to get them ashore. But this I managed, as the reader shall learn.

## CHAPTER V

By rummaging with all the earnestness and intelligence of my sex—and who, when she likes, *can* rummage like a woman?—I discovered, in the steward's store cabin, a crate full of life-preservers; a sufficient number to have saved the lives of the crew of what I think on the voyage I once heard called a three-decker. How they came to be forgotten in the hour of our peril is only to be accounted for by the frequent truth, that we can rarely put our hands upon anything when we are in a hurry for it. (The reader who has ever mislaid her scissors, or any particular ball of cotton, will at once understand me.) Now, the life-preservers were exactly of the same sort as the one I found upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me, that by filling some fifty or more of them with air, and tying them together with tight string, I might make what is called a raft, upon which I might safely deposit the trunks, the bandboxes, and other valuables. Exhausted as I had been by the terrors of the previous night, this was no easy task. But perseverance was always my motto—as it should be that of every young woman setting out in life for a husband—and though I had had but a poor breakfast, I succeeded in perfectly well blowing up every one of the articles, and then flung every one of them overboard. Recruiting myself with another horn of *eau-de-cologne* and water, and some potted anchovies, found in the captain's cupboard, I again set to work to finish my task. I descended the ship's side, and with my preserver still about my waist, with some tight string bound every piece of buoyant india-rubber close together. Returning to the ship I threw overboard a patent water-bed, which subsequently I laid upon the life-

preservers, and very snug and comfortable it looked. I then moved trunk by trunk and box by box from the ship upon the raft; and who can know, who can understand my delight, when I perceived that every box, though trusted to uncertain Neptune, remained as dry as a bone! For the sea was like glass: there was not spray enough to straighten the curls of a mermaid.

Whilst thus employed, securing my own boxes, and the boxes of the other lady passengers, I cast my eyes towards the shore. The tide, I perceived, had risen, and was carrying away my gown, with all its flounces. I felt a momentary pang; but, looking at the boxes on the raft, permitted myself to be comforted. Having first secured all the articles of wearing apparel, my next thought was to provide myself with a sufficient store of food. A few sides of bacon—stowed away in the steward's cabin—half-a-dozen hams, and all the pickles and preserves, with twenty packages of Embden Groats (for how, I thought, could I bear existence without, now and then, my gruel!) were, with much pain and labour, discovered, and safely placed upon the raft. A very beautiful mahogany case of surgical instruments—the *Ramo Samee* had advertised to carry a surgeon—providentially attracted my notice. This I also secured; and happy was it that I did so.

My next thought was to secure some weapons to protect me against the bears and lions that might already be in the island, or the savages that might visit it. The captain's pistols were in his cabin; and as nobody saw me, I took them down, without even attempting to scream—which, I have no doubt, I should have done had anybody been present. A canister of powder, and a bag of shot about as big as pins' heads, next rewarded my scrutinising vigilance. I will not stay to number all the things secured (many of them will immediately arise to the recollection of every housewife), but state, that as I thought my raft pretty well furnished, I had nothing more to do than—as I had heard the sailors observe—shove off.

I again descended from the vessel, and was about to cut the string that secured the raft to the ship's side,

when—the thought flashed upon me, and as I may say, with its brightness illuminated the very depths of my being—when I remembered that I had no looking-glass!

A woman, nursed in the lap, and dandled upon the knees of luxury, without a looking-glass! Imagine it—dwell upon it—is it possible for fate, in its worst malignity, more cruelly to punish her? When at home, with every blessing about me, I thought nothing of the chief delight, the happiness of sitting two or three hours before my mirror, trying here a patch and there a patch. Now limiting the furtive wanderings of an eyebrow—and now making pretty experiments with my hair, for all the world as they practise in Woolwich marshes—for more certain killing. I have heard something about ‘painting the rose, and giving a perfume to the violet,’ and every morning, for two hours at least, determined to try if it couldn’t be done. I shall not, at this lapse of time, be accused of vanity when I declare that very often, as I then believed, I succeeded to a miracle.

To think of the looking-glass, and again to be on the ship’s deck was, I may say, the same thing! As the poet says, ‘Like the darting swallow,’ I fled into the lady’s cabin, for there, I recollected, was a large gilt-framed mirror, nailed to the wall, with lion’s claws (doves, not lions, ought to support looking-glasses; for what, in her innocence, knows woman of claws?) standing upon nothing. How to detach it, for it seemed to have been nailed up by a giant! Rummaging about, I found a chisel, with which—I know not how long—I laboured. I shall never forget the various expressions of my features in that looking-glass, as I worked and toiled. I looked red, and black, and angry, and savage; and still, in the very height and depth of my despair, I could not help pausing and asking if it could be possible that it was the same Miss Robinson reflected in the crystal, the very same that had so often ‘painted the rose, and perfumed the violet.’ Again and again I thought I must leave the glass to the mermaids. And then the thought of breaking the glass, and at least rescuing the fragments, rose within me. And then I shuddered.



Nerved by a thimbleful of *eau-de-cologne*, I resumed my task. How shall I describe my emotions, when I felt the first nail yield to the chisel? My face—I caught a look of myself—seemed to go off as it were in one tremendous smile (often as I have since practised for the same look, I never could touch it). Nail followed nail; and, not to weary the reader—for such person may be of the male sex—I folded the liberated mirror to my breast, as I released it from the wall. Had it not been a mirror I should have considered its weight quite insupportable; as it was, I felt it light—light, as somebody says who knew nothing about it—as vanity.

My next care was to place the glass upon the raft. Very thick, and very violent, were the beatings of my woman's heart as I brought the mirror over the ship's side. No words, though bright as rainbows, can paint my feelings when I saw the glass safely lowered among my other goods. I sank upon the deck, and grateful tears ran, like raindrops on cottage casements, down my cheeks. Finally recruiting myself for my great efforts—to land my goods—I descended upon the raft; it bore me beautifully; and it was not without some pride that I gazed upon my valuables, so safely stowed, my looking-glass included.

Taking an oar in my hand—I had once, in an hour of childish hilarity, rowed a boat upon a lake, somewhere near Hornsey, so was not altogether unskilful in the management of sculls—I paddled, as some one once said to me (oh, memory! and oh, fate!), 'like a little duck as I was.'

I steered towards a slit—a creek, I think it's called—in the shore, to avoid the billows that, big as feather-beds, were rolling over the rocks. Then I trembled for my raft; felt cold and hot, and hot and cold for my mirror. However, all went smoothly enough for a mile; and the more I paddled, the greater confidence I felt in my powers. Keeping—pardon the unfeminine expression—a sharp look-out, I steered and paddled on; but, knowing nothing of flats and shoals, my raft suddenly ran aground on the edge of a rock or something. I merely shifted

my oar ; and, summoning all the energies of my soul, endeavoured to shove off. And I did so. But judge of my despair—think of my horror ! The raft violently moved, gave a sort of lurch ; it communicated motion to one article—then to the next—then to the next—until, striking against my mirror, it sent it headlong (if I may use the word) headlong into the sea ! After this loss, consider, if you can, what were my reflections !

## CHAPTER VI

SINCE that beautiful looking-glass was gone for ever—for, never having learned to dive, it was impossible to hope that I should recover it—I still had hope. I remembered the number of lady passengers we had brought out, and felt comforted. There must be, I thought, twenty more looking-glasses in the wreck ; though not such a love as the mirror I had lost.

Having pushed my raft as far near the land as possible, I fastened it with a string to a large stone, believing that, as the tide went down, the raft would be left upon the shore. I had not calculated falsely. So it happened. My next work, however, was to look about me. Where was I ? In what corner of the earth ? It could not be Peru, for I saw not a morsel of gold upon the beach ; it was not one of the Spice Islands, for not a single nutmeg was to be seen upon any of the trees. Was it the Canaries ?—flights of birds flew past me ; but they flew so high, it was impossible for me to discern if there were any canaries among them. And here—I must confess it—I felt some anger towards the respected principals of the Blackheath Boarding-School. I have said that I was nominally taught the Use of the Globes ; my learning was down in the bill, and paid for every quarter. I had been taught to talk about California and Behring's Straits, and the Euxine and Patagonia, as if they were all so many old acquaintance ; and yet I knew not if at that moment I might not be upon some of them. And then I sighed, and felt that it isn't for a young lady to know anything of the world, because she sits with the Globe in her hand two hours a day. And I felt, too, that if I ever should have a daughter—and how my eyes did

sadly wander about that uninhabited tract—I should not conclude that she knew anything of geography, because I had paid for it.

However, I was resolved to look about me, and explore the country. Whereupon, I waded into the water, and removed one of the light trunks, and one of the bonnet-boxes. Of course, I could not go out without first dressing myself. My mortification was very great, though very foolish—for what could I have expected?—to find the box locked. Fortunately, it was a hasp lock ; I therefore sat down upon the beach, and with a large stone hammered away until I had broken it. With some natural anxiety, I lifted the lid. The first thing that burst upon my view was a very pretty muslin—worked with a green sprig—a nice morning thing. I remembered the lady to whom the box belonged, and felt that the gown could not fit me—it must be at least half-a-quarter too wide in the waist. But I felt half-comforted, and much distressed with the thought that nobody would see me. I therefore began my toilette ; and, considering my many difficulties, felt—for though I had no glass, we feel when we look well—I felt myself interesting. I contrived to pin in the gown, hiding it where most wanted with a primrose-coloured China crepe shawl. Dressing my hair in bands—for, though from childhood it always curled naturally, it could not be expected to curl so soon after so much salt water—I put on a beautiful chip bonnet (I am certain the unfortunate soul had brought it out with her ready trimmed for a hasty marriage). I was not troubled with the shoes ; for, by some strange fatality, even in England I never could get a shoe small enough for me ; and the lady whose shoes I was doomed to wear had a foot like—but no ; never while I live will I speak ill of the dead. I said my hair would not curl. Let me correct myself. One lock always could, particularly well. And this lock—do what I might—always *would* show itself just under my bonnet. And so it happened now.

Among the many little elegances—which I will not stop to name, for they will find names in the bosom of every lady—discovered in the box, I found some court

plaister. This was a blessing. I felt that even among tigers—if there were tigers—I should not be deprived of my daily beauty-spot. I also found a very handsome shot-silk parasol, fresh from the shop, wrapt in its virgin paper. Now, I never thought too much of my beauty—no woman can. But, from the loveliness of my complexion, people have called me, from a child, Little Dresden China. Therefore, my emotions on discovering the parasol, the sun being at the time, perhaps two hundred in the shade, may, in the words of a great public writer, 'be more easily conceived than described.'

Being as well dressed as my dreadful circumstances would permit, I felt that I might venture out. As, however, the country might be inhabited—(my heart beat thicker at the thought)—I felt it necessary to be prepared for the worst. For what I knew, it might be an island not far from Constantinople, and—the pure blood of a free-born English maiden burned in my veins—I would prefer death to the captivity of the Harem, or (according to the last editions) Hareem. At the thought, I remembered that I had been suckled at the same breast with the British Lion, and knew the proper moment when—to die!

My sister readers—and these pages are written for them alone—cannot therefore but applaud my resolution when I inform them that I took with me (placing them like sleeping vipers in my bosom) my pair of scissors, and in my right hand (my left carried my parasol), one of the captain's pistols. If the country was not inhabited by Hottentots or Hindoos—I always had a horror of a black skin, whereas there is something romantic in the true olive—there might be lions, and tigers, leopards, and crocodiles.

I therefore began my morning walk, never once turning round, though now and then—how deceitful is fancy!—I thought I heard footsteps following me. They might be men; but even then the lessons of my dear mother were not forgotten—I never looked behind me; I tripped a little quicker, unconsciously lowering my parasol. I began to ascend a hill, I should say quite as



high as Highgate. Arrived at the top, I turned round and round, and wherever I turned saw nothing but the sea heaving around me. Then I felt that I had, after all, learned something of geography. I knew I was upon an island.

Was it inhabited? There was a beautiful double opera-glass in the box I had opened. Why had I not brought it with me? If inhabited, I might have beheld the smoke of chimneys; the dancing, perhaps—what indecorous, what different dancing to the aerial movements of Her Majesty's Theatre—of the benighted savages. No: it was plain I was alone. Alone! My eye rested upon my sprigged muslin—my feelings flew back to my white chip—and I wept.

I descended the hill; and at the bottom, that was skirted with some thick bushes, I heard a noise. In a moment, and with a courage that at any other time I should have thought impossible for me to possess, I turned my head aside, and, presenting my pistol, fired. Something, with a heavy bump, fell a few yards from me. Before I ventured to look, I asked myself: 'Is it a tiger? is it an eagle?' I turned round, and saw it was neither one nor the other. It was a bird of an enormous size, with large fleshy knobs about its head and neck. Had I seen such a bird before? I had been to Mr. Wombwell's; *he* had nothing like it. And then I recollected that I had seen something like the bird in London, at Christmas. In a word, after much deep thought and patient examination, I discovered the bird to be a turkey—a wild turkey. At least, I thought, here is a dinner. But how to get it home? 'Home!' so sweet is the word; it follows us everywhere. My 'home' was where my boxes were. 'How to get it home!'

'If anybody,' I thought, forgetting my desolation, 'was to see me carrying a turkey, could I ever look the world in the face again?' Instinctively I looked round and round that nobody might behold me, and at length lifted up the turkey by the neck. I do not profess to be a correct judge of weights and measures—I never could learn 'em at school, but I am very much mistaken if the

turkey did not weigh at least seventy pounds. It was most oppressive to carry ; but I thought how nice it would be when cooked.

Cooked ! Who was to cook it ? I, who never even made a custard—because I thought it low—how was I to cook such a tremendous animal as a turkey ! However, I walked on—wearily enough—until I came back to my boxes. The tide had left my raft upon dry land. I would, therefore, I thought, prepare my dinner. I knew that the turkey must be picked. But how ? There was a dressing-case in one of the boxes. I had secured *that*. I therefore searched for it ; and taking from it a pair of tweezers, sat me down upon the beach, and began to pick my turkey.

## CHAPTER VII

WHILST picking the turkey—which, in my heart, I wished a golden pheasant, not so much for its flesh as for its feathers for a tippet—my thoughts continued fixed upon my home. I then felt the bitter fruits of my obstinacy. I had neglected all the truly useful arts of life for its vain accomplishments. I could work a peacock in worsted ; but, I felt it, I could not draw a turkey. Again and again had my dear mother tried to impress upon my giddy brain *Mrs. Glasse's* golden rules 'to choose poultry, game, etc.' ; and as often I had turned a careless ear from the dear soul, saying, that all such learning would, of course, be known to my housekeeper ; that I would never marry a man who would expect me to know the age of poultry ; and other impertinence of the like kind. I ought to have known that 'a turkeycock, if young, has a smooth black leg, with a short spur.' But when I should have laid this wisdom to my heart, it was beating for spurs not to be found upon turkeys. Then for telling the age of geese,—I despised such homely knowledge. Enough for me, if I could tell the age of certain beautiful officers, with white feathers not to be thought of with poultry. How I bewailed the time I had given to the Parks, bestowing no thought upon the kitchen !

Having, with the aid of my tweezers, picked my turkey, I had a confused suspicion that the bird should be drawn, and stuffed, and served with gravy. I turned it over and over, looked at it again and again ; and felt humbled by my ignorance. Then I thought of cooking it as it was, just helping myself to little bits of the breast. Again I thought, fortune will not send a turkey every

day ; therefore no part of it should be wasted. In my perplexity, I at length resolved to hang it to a tree until the next day, that I might reconsider the difficulty. I did so ; but I could not silence the self-reproach that said : 'Here you are, Miss Robinson, a finished young lady. You can play the Battle of Prague—can read very easy French—can work chain-stitch—can paint tulips on velvet—can dance any country-dance as though you came into the world with the figure in your head : but you cannot cook a turkey.' Oh, my dear sisters, may you never feel the pang of that reproach !

Assuaging my hunger with some biscuit and the captain's potted anchovies, I set to work to barricade myself against savages or wild beasts. With infinite labour I piled trunk upon trunk and bandbox upon bandbox in a complete circle. Never being accustomed to sleep in the dark, you may imagine how I missed my rushlight. A woman always feels protection in a candle ; and the lion itself, as I had heard, was to be awed by a lighted long-six. However, worn out by fatigue, I soon sank to sleep, and awoke about the time—so far as I could judge from the sun—that hot rolls are served in the morning. I made a hearty breakfast of shell-fish and biscuit—but somehow, I felt a strange vacuity, an 'aching void,' as Doctor Dodd somewhere says, that I could not account for. I wanted something ; an essential something. It was the *Morning Post*. It was always such blessed food—such support and gladness for the day—to read the 'Court Circular' ; to be sustained by a knowledge of the royal ridings and walkings ; and though I knew I should never be invited to such junketings, still it imparted a mysterious pleasure to know that 'The Marchioness of Mayfair *had* a party, at which all the *élite*,' etc. It was, somehow, to see the jewels reflected in the type—somehow to catch the odour of high society, even from the printer's ink. And this, the balm of life, was denied me. I was so haunted by the thought that, with playful bitterness, I sometimes wrote with a stick '*Morning Post*' upon the sand ; and then wanly smiled and moralised as the rising tide would wash that morning

print away ! After a season I devoted the time formerly given to the *Post* to my parrot ; and found in the eloquent intelligence of the bird much more than a recompense for my loss. But let me not anticipate.

I made continual trips to the wreck, and every time returned with new treasures of food and goods and raiment. What a wardrobe I had—if anybody could but have seen it ! Sometimes, when aboard the ship, I felt a concern for my stores on land, lest they should be ravaged by men or beasts, but on my return from the ship I found all as I had left it. Once only I saw two little creatures run from among the boxes. They were, I thought, either ermine or rabbits. If real ermine—the notion *would* rise—what a muff and tippet I might promise myself !

Whilst loading my raft, an accident occurred that mightily discomposed me. The wedding-ring that, for safety, I continued to wear, became severed in the middle. It was plain there was a flaw in the virgin gold. Solitude had made me superstitious ; and I looked upon the broken circle as an omen that I was doomed to perpetual celibacy. The thought of never-ending singleness fell upon my heart with a crushing weight. And, to make my misery perfect, the cat that I have spoken of in a former chapter again came rubbing herself against me, looking upwards with horribly speaking eyes, as though confirming my fear of destitution.

I took the fractured ring from my finger. Hope whispered : ‘ Take heart, Miss Robinson ; like a first love broken, it may be soldered.’ With this, I secured the precious bit of domestic metal, and renewed my work, a little comforted.

Like a bee gathering sweets, I went from cabin to cabin. Rummaging a locker I found three razors ; I was about to leave them, when my previous train of thought recurred. ‘ The fate that requires a wedding-ring,’ said the thought, ‘ also gives a value to razors.’ I therefore resolved to take the instruments ; and the same resolution induced me to bring away a prodigious stock of tobacco. ‘ I shall never smoke myself,’ I seemed to remark, ‘ but *he* may.’



In another locker I found some knives and—I could have wept with gratitude—some silver forks. It having been one of the first principles of my education to consider a silver fork essential to any assertion soever of human dignity, I felt myself lifted by the discovery. I had learned that what was known as the Iron Age was no other than the time of Iron Forks : or why did I take real silver to Blackheath with me ? The age of iron was the age of vulgar toil, when everybody laboured : now the first-known silver spoon—as I was instructed by the Misses Whalebones—came into the world in the mouth of the first gentleman.

In another locker I found a bag of sovereigns. They made me sigh. 'Of what use, O sovereigns !' I said, 'are you to me ? You cannot buy me a seat at the Opera. You cannot take me to Brighton. You cannot waft me to Rundell and Bridge's, to make choice there.' Flinging down the gold, I said, 'O drug, stay there, and'—and then the thought of the shops in Bond Street, and with the thought the stock of the four seasons rose in my mind, and I moralised no more, but took the bag. As I did this, the sky became overcast, and I found that if I would secure my goods I must shorten my stay. I ran into a cabin which I recollected had been occupied by a very nice old gentleman, a clergyman, going out to join his regiment, then fighting very hard indeed, in India. But, like a dove, he was going out with the olive in his mouth, to comfort the wounded and preach patience to the flogged. Taking a hasty glance, I saw nothing but a book upon the bed-clothes of his cot—the book he had doubtless been reading when the ship struck ; without opening it, I secured my prize, and ran upon deck. The sky was getting blacker and blacker, and I resolved to swim for it. The weight of the gold was a little embarrassing, but, for the first time, I found that almost any amount of gold might be borne in difficulties. After a time I seemed to swim the lighter for it.

The wind continued to rise, but at length I got ashore, and making a hasty supper of biscuit and salt-beef, with the smallest imaginable drop of *eau-de-cologne* on a lump

of sugar, I went comfortably to bed ; for I had in the course of my trips secured a hammock, which I suspended right across my barricade, by tying each end of it to the handles of opposite trunks. I must confess that for a long time it was very difficult for me to get into the hammock, as I no sooner got in on one side than I fell out from the other. However, as I knew there could be no witness of my awkwardness, I persevered, and in a few nights not a midshipman in the whole of the royal navy could jump more adroitly into his sleeping berth than I did.

## CHAPTER VIII

WHILST making my breakfast, I began to think—it was the constant custom of my dear father—of my dinner. My thoughts immediately flew to the turkey; and again I felt confounded by my ignorance. How was I to dress it? Whilst in this state of perturbation, and inwardly reproaching myself for the time I had lost at tambour-work that might have been so usefully, so nobly employed in at least the theory of the kitchen, my eye fell upon the book I had brought from the wreck; the book lying in the cot of the regimental chaplain going out to India. Listlessly enough, I took the volume in my hand—opened it, and, equally to my astonishment and joy, read upon the title-page—*The Complete Art of Cookery*! My gratitude was unbounded, and I blessed the good man whose midnight studies had indirectly proved of such advantage to me.

With beating heart, I turned over the pages until I came to ‘Turkey.’ Again and again I read the directions; but though they were written with all the clearness of a novel, they only gave me, what I once heard called, a magnificent theory. I felt that drawing required a practical hand; for how was I to know gall from liver? ‘A stuffing of sausage-meat’ sounded very well—but how to make it? And then—though, possibly, the plant might grow in the island—where to get a shred shalot? The excellent chaplain’s book, instead of instructing and comforting me, plunged me in the profoundest melancholy. As I turned over the pages—I, a desolate spinster on a desolate island—I seemed scoffed and mocked at by the dishes that I read of—dishes, all of them associated with the very best society, and many of them

awakening thoughts of Michaelmas goose, of Christmas beef, of spring lamb, and all the many amenities that impart the sweetest charm to civilised existence. With a strong effort of will, I laid down the book : I would keep it, I thought, for calmer hours. When more accustomed to my hideous solitude, it might soothe and support me, throwing the fascinations of romance about a cold and hungry reality.

Walking upon the beach, I looked, as usual, in the direction of the wreck, and found it—gone. The gale of the night had doubtless been very violent—though I slept too soundly to hear it—and the remains of the miserable vessel had sunk for ever in the deep. I was at first very much affected ; but when I remembered that with the exception of one box, containing a bonnet of the most odious colour for my complexion, I had brought all my dear sister-passengers' trunks and boxes safe ashore, I felt soothed with the consciousness that at least I had done my duty.

And I was upon an island—alone ; with neither man nor—excepting the aforesaid rabbits (or ermine)—beast. After a flood of tears, I resolved, like a true woman, to make the best of my misery. I walked further into the island and discovered a beautiful bit of grass-plot, backed by a high rock. To this place, with a strength and patience I am almost ashamed to confess, I removed every trunk and every box, placing them in a semicircle, with the rock as—I believe it's called—the gable end. When this was done, I cut down innumerable stakes of willow : this I was enabled to do with the surgeon's saw, a remarkably neat and elegant little instrument. The stakes I drove into the earth, within about six inches round the trunks, by means of a cannon-ball—providentially, as it afterwards turned out, brought from the wreck. This being done—and it cost me incredible labour to accomplish it—I dug up hundreds of creepers, and parasitical plants, and cactuses, that I found in different parts of the island, and replanted them near the willow-stakes. Vegetation was very rapid indeed in that island. In less than a week the plants and willows began

to shoot, and—to anticipate my story a little—in two months every trunk and every box was hidden by a green and flowering wall. The cactuses took very kindly, and formed a hedge, strong enough, I verily believe, to repel a wild beast or a wild Indian. I ought to have said that I had taken the precaution to roof my bower, as I called it, with some tarpaulin, that stained and made my hands smell horribly. However, I had no remedy.

Whilst I worked at my bower, I lived upon the biscuit and potted meats and preserves found in the steward's cabin. In time, however, I began to grow tired of these, and longed for something fresh. As for the turkey, I had left that hanging to the tree, being incapable of drawing and dressing it. Many wild-fowl flew about me, but, disheartened by the turkey, I took no heed of them. At length it struck me that, though not much of a cook, I might be able to boil some shrimps. The first difficulty, however, was to catch them. During my visits to English watering-places I had observed females of the lower orders, with hand-nets I think they call them, fishing for shrimps. I therefore resolved to make a net. Here, at least, some part of the education acquired at the Misses Whalebone's was of service to me, for I knew how to knit. Amongst the stores I had brought from my ship were several balls of twine. Chopping and chiselling a needle, I set to work, and in less than three days produced an excellent net. This I stretched on a stout elastic frame of wood, and the tide serving, walked—just like one of the vulgar women I had seen at Brighton and Margate—bare-legged, into the sea. The shrimps came in little shoals, and in less than a couple of hours, I am sure, I returned to the shore with not less than three quarts of the best brown shrimps, Gravesend measure. These I boiled, obtaining a light after this fashion :

When a very little girl, I had always assisted my brother when making fireworks for Guy Fawkes. It was he who taught me how to make, I think they are called, little devils. A pinch or two of gunpowder is taken in the palm of the hand, and wetted : it is then kneaded into the form of a little cone ; a few grains of dry powder are



laid upon the top, when fire is applied to it, and the whole thing goes off in a red eruption, like a toy Vesuvius. Having prepared the powder, I struck sparks upon it; using my steel busk (how the sparks did fly about it, to be sure!) and a flint. By these means I burnt a piece of linen—a beautiful bit of new Irish, and so got my original stock of tinder. After this, I had only to use my busk and the flint to obtain a light—for I found a heap of matches in the purser's locker—when I wanted it. Gathering dry sticks and leaves into a heap, I made a rousing fire. I had brought away the ship's compass; and so used the metal basin that contained it as a saucepan. In this I boiled my first shrimps. I had no salt, which was a great privation. Necessity, however, the mother of invention—(and, certainly, for a little outcast, he has proved a very fine child in the world; though, when prosperous, I'm afraid he very seldom thinks of his mamma)—necessity suggested to me, that if I would pound the gunpowder very fine, it might at a pinch serve for salt. I tried the experiment; and though I must allow that salt is better without charcoal, nevertheless salt with charcoal is infinitely better than no salt at all.

For some time, I took very much to shrimps; but the human mind is given to variety—a fact that in my solitude I have frequently pondered on—and I began to long for some other kind of food; in fact, for some fresh fish. In my wanderings about the island I had discovered a beautiful piece of water—clear as crystal, and sweet as milk—in which were multitudes of the most beautiful roach, and gudgeon, and pike, and I know not what. I felt very much disposed to obtain some; but my wishes met with a check from these thoughts. 'In the first place,' I said, 'I have no tackle; in the next, I am no fisherwoman.' Now to have made my argument complete against my angling, there should have been no fish. But it was not so. I therefore determined to invent me some tackle.

My petticoat—my *crinoline*—I had no doubt there were fifty others in the boxes—flashed upon me. It was

a little worn, and the others were, no doubt, new ; besides, I had more than one of my own stock. Knowing that fishing-lines were made of hair, I immediately began to draw my *crinoline*. As I drew out horse-hair by horse-hair I moralised—I could not help it—upon the wondrous accidents of life. 'When,' thought I, 'for the Crown and-Anchor ball, I first put on this *crinoline*, swimming into the room in a cloud of white satin, did I then think it (the petticoat) was ever intended to catch little gudgeons?' And with these thoughts, I patiently, mournfully, drew out hair by hair, and found that they would bear any weight of fish that might jump at the hook.

The hook ! Where was the hook ? In another instant the thought suggested the ring—the broken wedding-ring. There was a something in the notion that brought to my face a melancholy smile. There was a bitterness, a pleasant bitterness in the idea, that I relished mightily. I therefore resolved to turn the ring into a rude hook, which, by means of a pair of pliers from the surgeon's case, I accomplished. And it looked so remarkably like a hook, nobody could have imagined it had ever been a wedding-ring.

A tall, tapering rod grew on every tree. I therefore set out to the brook fully equipped. Arrived at the place, I baited the ring—the hook I should say—with nothing more than a little chewed biscuit, mixed, to keep it together, with pomatum. I threw in, and as fast as I threw in, I had a bite. It was curious to see the innocent creatures fly to the ring ; that is, the hook that was to destroy them. I was for some time astonished at their simplicity. At length I thought, 'Poor things ! their eagerness to bite at the wedding-ring proves the island to have been always uninhabited. They bite in this way, because they have never before beheld the face of a woman !'

## CHAPTER IX

PUNCTUALLY each day I visited this fish-pond ; and each day observed the increasing sagacity of the finny creatures. I am now very certain that, as my dear father used to say, we much underrate the moral perceptions of fish. I now believe with him that fish think. ‘Who shall say,’ my respected parent was wont to ask, ‘that a lobster does not reason ? Take a lively lobster ; put him in a saucepan full of cold water ; then put the saucepan on the fire. As the fluid becomes heated, conveying strange sensations to the lobster, he begins to reason—to suspect that he is not in the sea. Faintly, languidly, perspiring, he gropes with his claws for the ocean bed, and they move scratchingly against a piece of iron or tin that he knows is neither rock, nor clay, nor shingle. And then, too late, he feels that he is being cooked ; and, as his life ebbs away in hot and boiling water, he sees, with his projecting eyes, into the future. He sees himself as scarlet as a soldier of the line. And then he sees himself placed in a dish ; and one, or two, or three gentlemen, with twinkling eyes, looking down upon him. And then he feels himself passing in small pieces down the throats of the two or three gentlemen, who smack their mouths, as though they would never have a bellyful. Now the lobster,’ my dear father would say, ‘feels, though he has not words to express as much ; the lobster feels, as I began to feel when I got into the Court of Chancery ; even as I felt when I found myself chewed up after the suit had risen to boiling-point, and I was completely done.’ Thus my father would hold forth : whilst my mother would move uneasily in her chair, and, with the amiable freedom of a wife, beg him not to make a fool of himself.

And I shared in the risible unbelief of my mother ; but then I dreamt not of the sagacity of fish, for I had not angled with a wedding-ring. I was very soon undeceived. Doubtless, the uncaught fish quickly began to take count of the great number of their companions ensnared by that piece of gold wire, and so became shy accordingly. Be this as it may, sometimes for half a day and more would I angle with the ring, and never so much as get a nibble ; lots of fine, brilliant young fish, with waistcoats of gold and silver scales, would come, floating and swimming, and flirting about the hook, and making-believe to bite ; and now, with a sudden twist and plunge of the tail, darting to the other side of the stream. You may be sure that this vivacity, this wariness of the fish, made me frequently moralise ; again and again led my thoughts back to a delicious world of routs and dances.

Finding the fish become every day more shy, I laid by my golden hook and tackle for a time, and went abroad, when it was fine, with my pistol, as much for the pleasure of practising at a mark, as to see if I could kill anything that, when killed, I might turn to better account than my turkey. To my great delight, I discovered that the place abounded with rabbits. To be sure, they were as wild and skittish as colts, always running away when they saw me. At length, however, lying down among some high grass, I got a shot, fired, and killed a she-rabbit which, fortunately, had sixteen little rabbits near by. When their mother fell, the poor little things all gathered themselves together and never stirred a foot. Whereupon I took the old one and flung her across my shoulder, at the same time placing all the little rabbits in my gown as in a form, and so carried them all to my hut. I cooked the old rabbit, first skinning it. 'It might have been ermine,' I thought ; 'and then what hopes of muffs and tippetts.' However, as it was, I felt grateful ; for I knew the cold and rainy weather must set in, when even rabbit skins would be better than no skins at all.

And now I am about to enter into the most dreadful and melancholy relation of a silent life. Consider it, my sisters : a silent life. An existence in which the tongue

of woman becomes silent as echo when not spoken to— (dear echo ! that, lady-like, always has the last word)— silent as an untouched lute. As well as I can recollect, it was the 30th of September that, my foot—which I had always imagined dancing upon bleeding hearts in an Indian ball-room—first touched this inhospitable island. After a few days it came into my mind that I would keep an exact reckoning of the time as it passed. I felt the more secure in doing this, that my journal would be quite private. At first I thought of putting down the days and weeks on paper,—but straying on the beach, an accident determined me otherwise.

It will be remembered that I spoke of a magnificent mirror that, with all the strength of woman, I tore from the state-cabin. This mirror was dashed by the envious and relentless ocean from my raft, and sent, shivered in pieces, to be shared among the sea-nymphs. By a strong effort of the soul, I had wrenched this mirror from my daily thoughts—when one morning, bending my steps towards the beach—there had been an unusually high tide—I saw, washed upon the shore that very mirror. Here, I thought, is one drop of honey in my cup of bitterness. I turned the mirror up—it was lying, as I thought, upon its face—and discovered that there was nothing but the frame. The shell was there, but the gem was rifled. There was, indeed, its wooden frame, but its reflecting soul was gone.

Soothing this new and most unnecessary affliction as best I might, I resolved to turn my disappointment into some sort of profit. Whereupon I took the skeleton of the looking-glass, and set it up in the earth. And then upon its sides I cut every day a notch, with double notches for what I recollected were opera nights. And this incident, too, made me prettily moralise. ‘Had the glass remained,’ I said to myself—though I do not think, had anybody been present, I should have extended the confidence—‘had the glass remained, *that*, without incision of knife, might have told of departing years’;—told, I must say, more truly than, I fear, I did ; for, whether it was idleness, whether it was woman’s instinct, I cannot say,



but certain it is, I was always behindhand marking my days—marking, in the long run, two instead of ten. It may, I know, be urged by the calumniators of our sex, that this on my part was design. But no : I repeat it : I think it was pure instinct—nothing but instinct.

I should observe that, among many things which I brought out of the ship were pens, ink, and paper ; but of these I was extremely sparing, resolving to write my life, and not knowing to what extent the materials might extend. I also found in the bottom of an old chest a prayer-book, that, strange to say, had nothing perfect but the Marriage Service. This, I confess it, was an omen that at first a little revived me. And then, let me add, I was not without a companion. No, there was the cat—the very cat that had seemed to glare and mew perpetual celibacy at me—that cat had smuggled herself among the things upon my raft, and was the tenant of my hut.

After a time, considering my situation, I began to put down my thoughts in writing ; making a sort of debtor and creditor account of my position. Thus :—

## EVIL.

I am thrown upon a desolate island, without a blessed soul to speak to.

I am singled out to be a single woman, when I might have been a wife and a parent.

## GOOD.

Then I have this consolation—There's nobody to scandalise me.

I might have been married early to a brute, and been a grandmother at eight - and - thirty !

And so summing up this short account, I thought, as my dear mother used to say when she buttered her crumpets, that much might be said on both sides.

## CHAPTER X

HAVING now brought myself to look upon solitude and a single life as my future doom, I determined to make the misfortunes, as far as I could, endurable. Looking upon my hut as my home for the natural course of my life, I resolved to furnish it with all the necessaries in my power. The surgical instrument case, of which I have before spoken, was of the highest service to me. It enabled me to cut down a large supply of osiers, which grew in great abundance, as I afterwards discovered, at what I take it was the north-north-eastern by west part of the island. As a child I always displayed great precocity and taste in the manufacture of rush baskets. Indeed I could make rushes into anything. This faculty was, at my need, of the greatest service to me ; and thus in progress of time, I had completely furnished my hut with chairs and tables and stools, and, at length, a bedstead—for I grew tired of the hammock—of wicker-work. Of course, this was the result of a long period ; but, then, time was of all things the cheapest and most plentiful commodity with me. My furniture, when completed, had a very light and pleasing effect ; and, I assure you, made me often think with a sigh of pity upon the vanities of mahogany and satin-wood. As I continued to make improvements in my hut, I found I required a ladder : this I managed to make of rope and wicker, by which means I was enabled to climb into an upper chamber, drawing up my ladder after me. I had seen no signs of a human animal ; nevertheless, I thought it was only a proper precaution to be provided against the worst.

The rainy season having set in, I began to write my journal, to which—as it is at this moment in the hands of

a distinguished publisher, and will, in the season, appear under the title of *Nights with the Cannibals*—I shall not further allude. (It will be sufficient for me if the withering satire contained in that aquafortis volume shall be the means of awakening the savages to a proper sense of Almack's and the Italian Opera.)

During the time employed upon my wicker-work, I continued to make daily rambles about the island, to see what I could catch. I discovered, to my great delight, that the place abounded with ring-doves. I managed to obtain some of the young, which I brought to my hut. These beautiful creatures—emblems of household and conjugal affection—increased exceedingly, and thus, in process of time, I never wanted a ring-dove for my supper. It went to my heart, of course, to kill them, at first ; but custom and hunger soon reconciled me to the inconvenience. After a time, rummaging about, I found whole hives of wild honey and wax. The latter was of especial service to me, as, my candles getting every night shorter and shorter, I know not what I should have done for a light ; for to have slept without a candle—and in an uninhabited island—would have been insupportable. The wax, however, with cotton that I ravelled out from some articles of dress, made me very endurable tapers. I had, in my time, burnt better wax ; but for home-made lights they were not the worst.

About this time I was fortunate enough to be visited by an earthquake. I say fortunate ; for though, while it lasted, I was very much terrified—and very much wished for one of the earthquake gowns that Horace Walpole, I think it was, says was very much in the fashion in his time, when earthquakes used regularly to visit London—nevertheless, as the island and the sea, being well shaken, caused the wreck of the ship that lay at the bottom of the ocean to be thrown high and dry ashore, I was enabled to come at a great many articles that, in my hurry and confusion, I had been unable to carry away upon my raft.

It was on one of my visits to the wreck that, going down upon the beach, I discovered what, at first, I took to be a strange sea-monster, lying upon the shore. At

length, after much examination, I concluded that the creature was a turtle. I remembered that I had once seen such a thing at the door of a London tavern, when a child with my father; and how my honoured parent, to my surprise, suddenly paused before the fish, contemplating it with an emotion that, at that time, I was far too young to understand.

With considerable difficulty I carried the turtle to my hut, resolving to dress it. Whereupon I immediately consulted that precious volume, the *Cookery Book*, fortunately discovered in the clergyman's cabin. I knew that I had not the proper means of dressing the turtle, and therefore felt (by anticipation, of course) what the inimitable and immortal Soyer has since delivered to the world. 'Is it not bad enough to have sacrificed the lives of these *animaux bienfaisans* to satisfy our indefatigable appetites, without pulling and tearing to atoms the remains of our benefactors? It is high time, for the credit of humanity, and the comfort of quiet families, to put an end to the massacre of these innocents.' With these thoughts, I addressed myself to the *Cookery Book*. I knew very well before I opened it that I had not a single ingredient proper for the dressing; nevertheless, I took a strange, a wayward delight in reading the directions—they afforded me such pleasures of the imagination. It was something in that dreadful solitude even to read of 'a quantity of very rich broth of veal,'—'green onions, and all sorts of seasoning herbs,'—'cayenne and the juice of lemons'; with, as a crowning delight, 'two bottles of Madeira!' Thinking of these things, and looking at my turtle—and knowing, at the same time, that it must be eaten plain; not honoured by any dressing—so to speak—soever, I could not help comparing its fate with my own. Here it was, a beautiful turtle—a turtle that, in London, would have fetched I know not how many pounds—a turtle that would have gathered about it the choicest company of the land, cooked with exceeding care, and praised with exceeding praises; yet nevertheless doomed to be eaten in a desolate island, without a drop of veal broth, a pinch of cayenne, a squeeze of lemon, or a single glass of Madeira.

Thinking thus of the turtle, and pondering upon my own condition, the reflective and sympathetic reader will not, cannot be surprised to learn that—I wept.

Let me, however, conclude this chapter in good spirits ; the turtle's eggs I found delicious.



## CHAPTER XI

It was about a fortnight after the discovery of the turtle, that I fell ill. Whether my illness arose from anxiety of mind—for celibacy every day appeared more and more threatening—or whether from the turtle itself, I never could determine. But ill I was—really ill. And when confined to my hut by fever and ague—for I am sure I had both—I had a terrible opportunity for lamenting the many times that I thought I had had the vapours, and had acted accordingly : that is, was sulky, feverish ; and would shut myself up in my room, and feed myself on chicken broth, hartshorn, and romances. But now, I was really ill ; and felt the full sense of my former wickedness. In this strait, my Emden groats were the best medicine for me ; and by force of gruel—which, I am sure of it, is the noblest physic in the world, especially for the female habit—I got better of my malady ; but was left in dreadful weakness. It was at this time that, falling asleep, I recollect I had a strange and curious dream, that much perplexed me.

I thought that I was sitting in a beautiful garden, in which there were trees so high I could scarcely see their tops. And these trees, I thought, inclined towards one another, making a sort of green aisle, like the aisle of a church. And then suddenly I thought I saw a long chain, made of wedding-rings, let down from the roof ; and a young man with a beautiful red face, black hair and whiskers, that were a fortune in themselves, came down the chain, hand over hand, and toe over toe ; and when he was alighted on the ground, he came—with his right hand spread over his bosom, and his figure gently inclined—timidly towards me. Then he dropt upon his knee,

and, plucking a ring from the chain, presented it to me ; and then he took another—and another—and another ; but I refused every one that was offered ; and the rest of the chain fell with a crash to the ground, and the young man vanished ; and the whole place was changed ; and I found myself in a stone cell of about six feet square, drest in white muslin, with a skull in my hand, that my dreadful destiny made me continually kiss and kiss, although the cold bone made my heart colder and colder with every smack. And, at last, I thought the skull—though without eyes—gave a sort of knowing, triumphant wink, and I screamed at the impertinence—and screaming, awoke.

When I came a little to myself, I recollected with bitterness the words of my dear father. Again and again he had assured me that he would find me out a husband, 'a steady, respectable young man,' and I could not divest my mind of the fancy that the skull in my hand was the property of that much-wronged individual. Whoever he had been, he was, I thought, dead, and was very properly sent to me in my dream to torment me. This vision continued for some days to distract me ; but at length I became tranquillised, thanks to my native strength of mind, and the medicinal cordial I had brought from the wreck.

It was about this time, that, casting my eyes about my hut, I saw the fragment of a book that, among other things, I had brought from the ship. There were only a few leaves complete and legible, the rats and the salt-water having mutilated and stained them. And these few leaves—strangely enough—contained the entire of the 'Marriage Service.' They were a great consolation to me. A thousand and a thousand times did I read ; and—it may appear inconceivable—found the matter impart to me a melancholy, but mysterious delight. 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' I imagined this melodious question most melodiously delivered ; and then—having nothing else to do—I would imagine many specimens of husbands, in many kinds of wedding-suits, with many different sorts of smiling looks, standing one by one before me. And in this way, in the very idleness

of my heart, I would people my hut with a hundred masculine shadows, waiting for me to pronounce the thrilling—‘I will.’ There was hardly a gentleman of my former acquaintance—of course I speak of the single and the widowed—that imagination would not drag thousands of miles across the sea, and marry me too in that hut. ‘Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?’ How often have I sunk to rest, with these words—mysteriously uttered—breathing in my ears, and my lips mechanically moving with ‘I will!’

‘Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?’ Here was another interrogation, thrilling the filial heart. How could I do otherwise than behold my venerable father—with a dewdrop glistening in either eye, and slightly coughing, to keep down emotion—how could I fail to behold him—happy, yet flustered; proud, but a little overcome—stepping forth at the question, with the look of a man resolved upon bestowing a priceless treasure upon a fellow-creature? ‘Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?’

Somehow these words continued to haunt me. I continually uttered them, almost ignorant that I did so. When seemingly absorbed in domestic occupations, my lips would breathe them. ‘Who giveth this woman?’ And more; after a time I set them to a sort of involuntary chant, and, whether waking or idle, would monotonously sing, ‘Who giveth this woman?’ In this way does a master—if I ought not rather to observe, a mistress—passion haunt us in solitude.

Of the effect of this I had a curious, and, for the time, a very startling instance. When I got about again, I took a wider circuit of the island than I had done before. First, however, I ought to state that I had made myself a complete suit of rabbit-skins. It went to my heart to make them up with the fur inside—it was so much beauty lost. But, as I had to protect myself against the briars and brambles that, on every side, beset me in my walks, I had no remedy. And then I had this saving consolation in my affliction—a consolation so often sought for—nobody would know it; nobody could see me. But to

return to my story. In the course of my rambles, I discovered that a very beautiful sort of grape grew in the island. I at once resolved to endeavour to make some real port and sherry. My mother's currant wine was always sought far and wide ; and though I had never condescended to assist at the making of it, I nevertheless was not altogether ignorant of the process. Besides, I could dry the grapes ; and if it was my destiny to pass Christmas in solitude, at least I should not be without the consolation of something like a plum-pudding.

Well, having made the discovery, I returned, carrying as many bunches of grapes as I could bear ; and sat myself down, very much fatigued, taking little notice of anything. Suddenly I heard the words, delivered in a sharp clear voice,—‘ Who giveth this woman ? ’ I trembled from head to foot ; for I forgot that I possessed a parrot—parrots abounded in the island, and I had domesticated a very young one. The bird, instructed by my frequent lessons, unconsciously given, had learnt the words ; and from that time, a day did not pass over that the creature did not cry out,—

‘ Who giveth this woman ? ’

## CHAPTER XII

THE reader will remember the cat of the ship that came ashore with me on the raft. Though, being an unmarried woman of a certain age, I at first disliked cats upon principle, the animal, in my solitary state, was a comfort to me—a comfort known only to advanced spinsters. One morning I was surprised as I left the hut to find puss at the door—I had given her up for lost—with a kitten about a month old in her mouth. She gave evident signs of satisfaction as I caressed the little thing, and, leaving it in my hands, departed, and returned from time to time, bringing each time a kitten—in all six. At length, kittens became so numerous, that I was compelled to put a restraint upon my feelings and drown them. However, the reader will acknowledge that I was blest with a tolerable circle, when I count my rabbits, my parrots, and my cats. Having discovered that there were birds of Paradise in the island, I sought day after day to find their nests, that I might domesticate their young. This, however, I found to be impossible; and I am now of opinion that, as the bird of Paradise never alights on the ground, or alighting, is never able to get up again, that the creatures built high up in the clouds. How they manage it, it is not for me to explain: I leave that, as a privilege, to the reader. Despairing to obtain the bird alive, my next thought was to shoot one for my bonnet. True, there was nobody to see it; but it would have been a sweet satisfaction to myself to know that it *was* in my bonnet.

Speaking of nobody seeing me: it was (as may be conceived) a most perplexing circumstance that I was not able even to see myself. The reader, I hope, remembers



the loss of my mirror. This loss I considered irreparable, when one day I recollected my father once read to me an account of some barbarian Grecians, or Egyptians, or something of that sort, who made mirrors of polished steel. It struck me that I might make myself a looking-glass of this sort. And for this purpose, an old frying-pan that I had brought from the wreck afforded me the best means. The time taken to polish that piece of old iron would, I knew, be long and tedious; but then, I had more time on my hands than I knew what to do with; and then the thought that I was producing—however slowly—a looking-glass would sweeten the labour past expression.

To work I went; and sifting some sea-sand through a lace-veil, and sticking the particles with wax to some brown paper, I scoured and scoured, until, after incredible labour, brightness began to appear. I cannot trust myself to explain my feelings when I saw the tip of my nose first dawn in the frying-pan. I seemed for the first time, for many a weary day, to feel the blessings of civilisation. And, by degrees, all my nose was reflected, and—I pass over the labour of many months—then my chin and cheeks, and finally my whole face. The mirror at the best was not, to be sure, equal to a handsome quicksilver looking-glass; but there it was—a great improvement on the streams and ponds that, until that time, I had been compelled to resort to. I was a little shocked that the sun had turned me so very brown, and sent such a shower of freckles about my eyes and nose. And then, again, I had this comfort—for the thought in such moments *was* a comfort—that nobody could see me. With that belief at our hearts, what free agents we may very often become!

In good time, however—as it afterwards turned out—had I accomplished my mirror; for, one morning as I went towards the shore, I saw upon the sand the print of a naked foot. My heart beat so, I thought I should have dropt; but there it was—plainly the mark of a foot; and I knew it well, by its preposterous size, it could not by any possibility be my own foot. You may judge the

twitter I was in. I sat down upon the sand. I looked closely into the foot. Was it a man's foot or a woman's? It was too small, I thought, for a man, and, as I believed, too large for a woman's; and then I recollected what large feet many of even my dearest acquaintances had. It was plainly a foot; I counted all the five toes.

And then, it appeared very strange to me that there should be the mark of only one foot. Was the owner of the foot one-legged? Was the other leg of wood? I searched, cautiously, but saw no other marks. It was plain that the island, or at least the adjacent islands, were inhabited; and my thoughts flew to my trunks, and to an involuntary inventory of all my dresses, my bonnets, and my loves of shawls—the late property of the late female passengers.

I went immediately to the highest parts of the island, and, with my double opera-glass, spied all about me. Not a soul was to be seen. And then I said to myself: 'It may be the footmark of neither man nor woman, but of some love of a spirit that has seen and adores me.'

## CHAPTER XIII

My thoughts full of the footmark, it may be supposed that I slept but little that night. Indeed, for many nights afterwards, my rest was disturbed by dreams of cannibals ; and again and again I deplored my roving habits and the inconstancy of my disposition. And then the thought returned, that the mark was not of a human foot, but that of a spirit enamoured of me. And then I would argue with myself—if a spirit, why should it leave its mark where it was only by the merest accident I saw it ? Why not have come at once to my hut, and put the question ? Again I would comfort myself that it was the mark of my own foot, grossly exaggerated, of course, by the wind or some other natural but mysterious cause. And then I again visited the footprint, and, taking measure of its dimensions, felt that, under no circumstances, could it be mine.

Months passed on, and I was alternately agitated by these thoughts. Time, however, brought back my old composure ; and I was once more enabled to stir abroad without the fear of being eaten. However, I took the precaution of never quitting home without my pistol, which I never fired. In the first place, I was afraid that the noise might be heard by the savages, if any were on the island ; and in the next, I had always a very natural and very ladylike fear of firearms. Besides my pistol, I slung a sword—a cutlass, I believe they call it—over my shoulder ; and thus equipped, my appearance very much reminded me of a lady that, in happier days, I had seen at Astley's.

I ought not to omit to state that, for better security of myself and property, I searched all over the island,

and happily discovered a deep dark cave, hollowed by art or nature (it matters not which) in a rock. To this place, with much trouble, I removed some of my very best dresses, my metal looking-glass, and other treasures that I valued most. In this cave I resolved, at the worst, to take shelter, should the savages threaten me.

One morning, when it was scarcely daylight—for I will say this for myself, I was always an early riser—I was astonished with seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, about two miles distant. I was convinced it was the fire of the savages, and ran back to my hut, to keep close for the day. Curiosity, however, forbade this, and I resolved to go forth and reconnoitre. Slinging my sword-belt, and looking to the priming of my pistol, whilst I trembled excessively, I sallied forth, and climbed a high hill to take a better survey. Laying myself flat upon the ground, and arranging the sight of my double opera-glass, that I had taken on purpose, I saw about thirty savages—Amazons, all of them—dancing round a fire, and two victims ready to be roasted. One of these I saw fall, and the next moment the other bounded forward like an Italian greyhound, running to the part of the island where my habitation was.

You may be sure of it, at this I was in a pretty twitter. However I lay close, and saw the frightened wretch come on, pursued by two of the Amazons, who, however, continued to lose ground with almost every step. Coming to a deep stream, the fugitive plunged in, one of the pursuers boldly following, but swimming heavily after the victim. The other paused at the brink of the stream, and—as the reader may have done in a bathing-machine—just felt the water with a single foot, withdrawing it, and shivering at the cold. Thus, I plucked up heart, for I found that I had but one enemy to contend with.

At this moment, it came into my thoughts that I should obtain what, all the time I had been upon the island, I had so much yearned for, namely, a lady's-maid, with no permanent followers. With this view, cocking my pistol and drawing my sword, I rushed down the hill, and so placed myself between the runaway and the

pursuer. Both parties, you may believe, were somewhat astonished to behold me ; but, recovering from the surprise, the pursuing Amazon was quietly fixing an arrow—against which my rabbit-skin would have been but a poor defence—when, turning aside my head, and leaving my shot to luck, I snapped the trigger, and killed my woman.

Now, the sound of the pistol brought the savage who had fled to a dead standstill. Whereupon I made all sorts of encouraging motions to her to approach ; using the same pantomime that, under the like circumstances, I had seen at the Opera. At length, the poor wench took heart, and came gracefully—as to slow music—to me. Then she sunk upon her knees ; then taking my foot—she was, I thought, evidently astonished at its smallness—she put it upon her head, as much as to say, she had a proper notion of the duty of a servant, and that I might, if I liked, duly trample upon her.

In a little time the wench seemed to feel quite at her ease, and, scratching up the sand, intimated that she would bury the dead Amazon ; and this she did, apparently with the greatest pleasure in life, in about a quarter-of-an-hour.

After this, I took the girl to my hut, and gave her some raisins and biscuit, and, what seemed at once to win her heart, a few drops of *eau-de-Cologne* on lump-sugar, at which her eyes began to sparkle, and to remind me of my boarding-school days at Blackheath.

The girl was, for a negress, a very good-looking girl. I have seen much flatter noses and much bigger lips owned by white Christians. Her figure, too, was, for a savage, very genteel. Her feet, to be sure, were a little clumsy ; but then, when we come seriously to think of it, how very few people have small feet !

It was extraordinary how soon the wench began to talk and understand me ; whereupon, I let her know that her name was Friday, as she began service with me on that day. And I was very grateful when I looked upon her. For I thought to myself, 'Now I no longer need make my own fire, and can henceforth have my breakfast in bed.'



## CHAPTER XIV

It will naturally be supposed that, looking upon the new maid that fortune had so beneficently sent me, my first anxiety was about her clothes. Animated by the most pleasing feelings, I rummaged all my boxes, and soon selected a very complete wardrobe. Many things were, of course, too fine for a servant—it having been instilled into me as a great principle, by my mother, that servants could not, in her own emphatic words, be kept ‘too much under,’ and therefore could not be too plainly drest. If that good woman hated anything, it was finery in any sort of a maid. She set her face against anything beyond a penny riband, and would not permit ear-rings, even when they presented themselves in the modest guise of gold wires, to ‘dangle from a servant.’ However, in my present condition, nothing remained for me to choose but from my own wardrobe and the clothes of my fellow-passengers. Of course I took the shabbiest and the most vulgar. When, however, I had made the selection, a greater difficulty remained to be overcome. It was to induce Friday to submit to be thoroughly drest. She showed an almost unconquerable repugnance to stockings, putting them on the hind part before, and gartering at the ankle. As to ever getting her into shoes, I gave up the idea as hopeless; for this, however, I cared but little; as her huge bare feet the better kept up the due distinction between mistress and maid. Nobody—I was well aware of the fact—could witness it; nevertheless, the circumstance was not without its comfort.

My greatest difficulty, however, was with the stays. When she first saw them, and began to feel them all over, and observed that they contained steel and whalebone—

and when further she saw that I threatened her with them—the poor ignorant creature fell at my feet, and cried, and, in *her* way, begged that I would give up so cruel a notion, as it evidently terrified her worse than death. For some time I was greatly amused by the distress of Friday ; but at last, becoming irritated, I insisted that she should submit to wear the stays ; whilst, at the same time, I indicated that they were expressly made, and stiffened with steel and bone, to preserve the beauty of the female figure. Upon this, Friday, like a poor ignorant savage as she was, shook her head, and placed her two hands to her waist, as much (like her impudence !) as to say, ' Look at me, I never wore stays, and I am straighter than you.' Now, insolence like this would be unbearable from anybody ; but, coming from a servant, it was much more than a mistress could put up with. Wherewith, I pointed to the pistol, with which I had killed the Amazon ; and, in a moment, Friday was at my feet.

Poor benighted creature ! How cold she turned, and how she trembled—for all the world like some poor wretch about to be crushed by torture—when I compelled her to put on the stays. She evidently thought that they contained some evil spirits, that would continually squeeze and punish her—and by degrees consume her blood—and finally waste her. She could not, poor wretch ! so express herself ; but I could see by the workings of her mind in her countenance that she looked upon the stays as, in former days, sufferers have looked upon the steel-boot.

At length, however, the stays were on, and I prepared myself to lace them. I knew that by doing this I was teaching the first lesson in civilisation, and felt myself strengthened for the task accordingly. But shall I ever forget the screams of Friday, as I laced hole after hole ? It was plain she felt as nuns have felt—bricked up, as pleasant histories tell us, for peccadilloes, in convent walls. It was plain the poor wretch thought she was being laced up for life ; and this notion, I must confess it, so troubled me that the more Friday screamed, the tighter I laced, till, in the end, her figure was so unlike vulgar nature, it almost approached perfection.

When the stays were well laced and fastened, it was droll to see the perplexity of the poor creature. She would not venture to walk without laying hold of some support, as if the tightness of the stays had destroyed the strength and motion of her limbs. When she looked round, too, she turned her whole body, as if made too stiff to venture to move her neck. It was clear from the melancholy that possessed her that she looked upon herself—poor savage!—as a prisoner for life in walls of whalebone and steel. And will it be believed? those stays had been made for a colonel's lady, and had cost three guineas, if they'd cost a shilling!

After the poor thing had become a little accustomed to her captivity, and could the better understand me, I inquired about the savages from whom I had delivered her. She told me they were all Amazons. That they had originally come from the moon, that they worshipped as a single lady. They made war upon the women of all married nations, as creatures who—forgetful of their true dignity in the world, which was to do entirely as they like—had basely betrayed the independence of their sex, by allowing themselves to 'love, honour, and obey' brutes, their husbands. And then I asked Friday, what was the age of the oldest of these Amazons? when she informed me that none of them was ever able to count above five-and-twenty. Lamentable ignorance!



## OUR HONEYMOON

[FROM *PUNCH*, VOLS. XXIV., XXV.]





## OUR HONEYMOON

### AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

AGAIN I have read them ; and again I feel almost convinced—indeed, I may say, pretty well satisfied—that Charlotte—I mean the dear girl's spirit—for somehow these papers make her a girl again—yes, show her to me thirty years ago, and that very day she was twenty—and these papers pressed and traced with her young bride's hand place her just as she was before me ; young, and beautiful, and happy—as everybody somehow is at such a time—on her wedding-day——

And he is gone, too—both gone—both at rest together and for ever.

Had it not been so, I would certainly not have given to the world dear Charlotte's Honeymoon. No : had he survived, they should have been buried with me. Here it is. Precious leaves ! Just one-and-thirty ! So delicately writ, and so neat—and so like the dear girl herself. *Our Honeymoon*, marked in blue silk with gold thread—and the silk is still as blue as were the bride's eyes—and the gold as bright as the ring only an hour upon her finger.

Well, it was a day ! Such crying and such laughing ! And how all the little girls threw flowers ; and how the bells seemed to rain showers of silver sound about us ! And how happy and merry we were ! And how dear, good Mr. Winesop—he had christened Charlotte, and, indeed, all the family, that is the children—how Mr. Winesop in his merry, kind way, scolded Charlotte's mother into good spirits again when she would take on, when the post-chaise drove from the door, and she said—dear

soul!—that she somehow felt as if Lotty had gone away for ever. Yes, how that dear, good, droll Mr. Winesop, with his grave face, told Lotty's mother to sit upon the hearth—in that beautiful gown, I remember—all as she was, and—without a thought of her cap—to sprinkle ashes upon it! Well, to be sure we *did* laugh, and so did Lotty's mother.

Ah me! And how Mr. Winesop told me it would be my turn next, when a certain person came from sea with gold dust, and elephants' teeth, and unicorns' horns, and apes, and peacocks—and—and my turn has never come—never could come—for the sea——

And so the old maid reads and reads again dear Charlotte's—lively, loving Lotty—dear Lotty's Honey-moon. Yes, there are just thirty-one sheets of paper—a honey month of one-and-thirty days. Wrapped in blue silk—and marked, as I may say all her happy life was marked, in letters of gold.

Dried flowers! What a story began in them—what memories survived in them! A flower almost in every leaf. And all—almost all—wild flowers. Plucked in honeymoon walks. Pretty to mark such days with such flowers—dead and withered all, but with the sweetness of memory in them.

And now—will it be right to print them? Well, when I think into what hands they may fall—where they may go—I begin to determine with myself that I will not print them.

'My dear Mary,' here is her letter; I have read it twenty times to assure myself that I am not doing wrong—'My dear Mary,—you will find a certain little packet of papers. *Two words* will tell you what they are. They may sometimes bring to your memory your old and early friend; my schoolfellow and my bridesmaid. They are —many of them, I am sure—very silly; but for that reason they are very true.

'You see, dear Mary, this is how it happened. The day before I left home—that is the day before the wedding—my dear father, you remember his methodical

manner, always going, I may say, about his business and doing everything with the regularity of a watch—well, my poor dear father, giving me a long farewell lecture, above all things advised me to keep a diary. “A diary, Lotty,” he said, holding my hand between his and looking at me in his own way over his spectacles; “a diary, Lotty, is a check and a monitor; and besides, may be of any value in business. How could I have ever proved my case in that cause—that great cause of myself *versus* Cutandry, but for my diary? Certain events had to be proved; almost impossible to prove without the leading clue of a Journal. How, for instance, could I have known so far back that, on the very night of the ninth of September at ten o’clock, being then about to put my coat on at the Flower Pot, because I had promised your mother that on that night I would be home at”—and here I stopped him, knowing all about it—for just then Fred rode up to the door—and I promised briefly, but very resolutely promised my father that from the day I left his roof—and it was to be the next day, you know—I *would* keep a diary.

‘And I began it. Yes, on the first of May, in the year—but you remember the year, Mary—on the first of May, or, rather, on the second, for the first was my wedding-day—I began my diary. And so every day had its page for one-and-thirty days. Well, somehow, I couldn’t get any further. And when I came to read over my diary, as I thought it, it didn’t seem to me a diary at all; but an odd jumble of thoughts, and feelings, and whims, and—and—and I know not what. So—what put it in my head I can’t tell—but I resolved (despite of my wish to do otherwise, as I had promised poor father), I resolved not to mix the precious leaves with what *Hamlet* calls baser matter; but to set them apart: to treasure in them the flowers that we plucked in our walks—oh, such pretty little histories in some of those flowers, Mary! And so, I took me up a piece of blue silk—you will at once see it—and with my very best needle, in the very best and purest gold thread, I marked—**Our Honeymoon.**

'When it passes into your hands, I shall have joined *him*. Do what you will with it : laugh at it—frown at it—sometimes sigh over it, for such as it is, it was the written heart of your affectionate Lotty.'

Do what you will with it ! Now, does this mean that the world may see it ? Why not ? For it is a written heart, as Lotty says : and such a heart, so fond, so whimsical. The written heart ! Well, then, I am resolved ; and will straightway send to the printer a faithful copy of Lotty's manuscript.

THE OLD MAID MARY.

### Our Honeymoon

Friday, May 2, 18—.

Frederick never looked so handsome. That I am sure of—never—never !

And what a lovely morning ! Although Josephine—I wish I hadn't brought her with me—that is, with *us*—but when I was overpersuaded, and dear mother said it would *look so* to come without a maid—although *that* Josephine, when I declared the weather to be so beautiful, pinched her elbows to her sides, and gave herself a twist, and said for her part she thought it a *little cold* for May.

Yes : a beautiful May morning ! Such a morning as that in which the poets always make May. Well, I must confess it—I never thought I *could* think poetry to be so true ! I own it to myself : I was an unbeliever in poetry—but I am converted. I blush, and am penitent.

The sky never *was* so blue, and so arched, and so lofty ! And there are a few—just a few little threads and flecks of white, for all the world like down and feathers, dropt from angels' wings, and waving, waving down the *bright blue* heavens ! I NEVER saw 'em look so before. Asked Josephine—just to try the creature—what she thought of 'em. She said, she thought they threatened snow, and shivered again. Was *very wrong* to bring her with us.

What a perfect bower is this place ! Unconsciously



called the place a *bower* to Josephine, when the odious thing replied—it wasn't a bower at all, but the White Hart. Am convinced Josephine has no feeling. Not a girl at all, but, as one might say, a *mere* vegetable.

A perfect bower! Nestled and protected between two cliffs, how confidently—how serenely—it looks forth upon the ocean. Like a bride, on the arm of her husband, contemplating—but with *hope* and *calmness*—the unfathomable future!

I never felt so reconciled—indeed so much in love with the sea. I am sure it raises one's feelings, and enlarges one's sympathies. A new mind, I might almost say, seems to *well up* to me from its depths!

And the sea is spotted with boats. They look in the distance—some of them are such white specks—they look like water-lilies, tost by the tide. Yes; water-lilies, some like fairy boats—bearing fairy folks to blessed islands—some, like cradles, rocking fairy babes to rest.

Was plaintively busied with the thought, and, floating as it were, had given up the reins of my imagination to the tide, when that dreadful Josephine ran in with a telescope in her hand, and told me that all those boats—the lilies that I thought 'em!—were full of preventive men a-chasing a smuggler—the *Sarcy Kilderkin*, I think she called it. She said they'd been watched in the dreadful act of sinking their supercargo, and, as she further heard, of tying a boy to him. Was in no humour to be saddened by the sorrows and the crimes of this life—wherever they may exist—so desired the intruder to be gone.

A dark blue cloud—almost black—hurries up from the sea, and there *is* a sudden chill for May. But, how beautiful the contrast! What a moral does it teach! That we are never—at least not always—to bask in the sunshine of security; but to have a wary thought for the tempest. And now the black cloud breaks like a *rent pall* asunder, and the sunshine falls in *showers* through it. Another moral—let me treasure it! (I feel that I write this as at the very minute, but I can't help doing so. Somehow, the pen—as I think I once heard dear Frederick

observe—the pen *makes the present*. Yesterday becomes to-day.)

And now how beautiful is this bower! For now, May—unclouded May—is again in the heavens—and now the ocean heaving, like a cathedral organ——

And at this moment, that dreadful Josephine brings in the landlady—somehow I don't like the glittering eyes, I mean the sort of bold look that that woman has, though I must say it, very attentive, very civil. The landlady who wants to know what we should like for dinner? As if I should ever again think of dinner! She asks, 'Is the gentleman fond of mackerel?' What a question! How can I tell? Where *is* Frederick? She will go on to say that they have some wonderful early peas, and would I like a duck? I say yes—to be sure—anything to get rid of her; to be left, for awhile, to the sweet solitude of my own thoughts.

And the ocean *is* heaving and bursting with a torrent of sound——

When again comes in the landlady, sweeping the floor with curtseys, and begs to beg my pardon. 'About the duck? Of course the good gentleman and myself would like to have it stuffed?' A stuffed duck! And this question to me! A bride of one day old! I tell the teasing creature to wait until Frederick returns—(he is, by the way, a little long)—and so get rid of her.

I wish we had gone at once to France; though, indeed, this is very—*very* beautiful—so like a bower! And as dear Frederick says, 'one ought always to see every bit of one's own country before we go abroad.' Dear papa, I remember, called that a noble—a patriotic sentiment: and Frederick, I now remember, always liked to utter *thorough English* sentiments before papa. Still, I *do* wonder, if Frederick remains such a patriot, I *do* wonder when we shall ever go to Paris. Not but what I could live and die here—I feel *that*.

For I am so happy, and, being so full of happiness, I ought to take myself to task to find out how, in any way, I can give happiness to others. What shall I send to Mary ——? What shall I buy for Margaret ——?

Yes, I really think I will do it : I never thought I could—and now I think, indeed I am almost sure, I can. Mary—I know she loves the dear dog—Mary has often begged, though in fun—although I know she loves her—begged of me to give her darling Venus. What a dog that is ! But I ought not to be selfish : no, so happy myself, I ought to make a sacrifice—and certainly such a little sacrifice—when it would so please another.

I think I really *will* give Venus to Mary. And yet when I think of her ears, and her eyes, and her beautiful black nose ! For all that, I ought to make a sacrifice—and Mary *shall* have her. Yes : poor Venus will be better with Mary. For I *ought*, as dear mother says—and I *will*, when I once get home (our own home !)—to give all my heart to my husband and my house. With new, and as papa has sometimes said, solemn duties upon my hands, I shall not have much time for Venus. It is decided then ; dear Mary shall have her. I'll write—the first minute I have to spare—I'll write, *without a tear*, and say so.

I didn't think I could make that sacrifice—but then *some one else* so fills my thoughts—and think so little of it. However, resolved upon my duties, resolved upon not keeping even the smallest corner of my heart away from *him*, I will complete the sacrifice. Venus gone, the Rajah shall go too. Yes ; the parrot shall follow the spaniel. Are not these offerings ?—though let me not boast—but are they *not* offerings, let me ask myself, to conjugal duty ? There never was bird that talked like the Rajah—never had cockatoo such a crest, with an eye, too, that, when he turns his head on one side, seems to go through you—yet, for all that, the Rajah is Margaret's. She has more time to talk to the dear thing than I shall have ; for, of course, all my conversation is now the right, *the inalienable right*, of Frederick.

Let me see. Is there anything else I have to give ? No—not that I remember.

And I think dear Frederick does not love dear Venus as he ought—considering *whose* she was—since the day she bit him. And I remember—when once the Rajah was

in full talk—that Frederick asked Captain Mango, in his *odd* way, if they didn't put parrots in pies in India? And when the Captain said they did, I *do* remember that Frederick—what a strange quiver of his mouth (I may say a quiver, indeed!)—said he should very much like to eat a parrot pie.

Well, the sacrifice is complete. And I will write to Margaret, and she shall have the Rajah.

How calm, yet how enlarged one's feelings, when—after a struggle or two—one knows one has surrendered what one ought!

My first sacrifices to my home! My first offerings, of the kind, upon the altar of my hearthstone.

Mary has time and plenty to comb and pet Venus. And dear Margaret—whom can she better amuse—who can be more delighted with her prattle than the Rajah? And then, when I like, I can always see them.

I don't know that I quite like the name of our house. The Flitch! I can't say I like it. What dear mamma said is quite true. It's open to a joke. 'And my dear Lotty,' said dear mamma, 'in your journey through life; in your pilgrimage through the vale, always avoid what is open to a joke.' And then papa, in his odd way, rubbed his spectacles and laughed.

At the same time, what a paradise our Flitch—if Flitch it is to be—shall be made! Quite an Eden! I shall collect all sorts of wild flower roots to take home and set in the garden—all beautiful recollections, to grow and grow for many years to come, of this time.

But at this moment I hear his foot on the stairs.

I *must* write it again. Frederick never looked so handsome!

Saturday, May 3, 18—.

A more lovely morning than yesterday! And yet, when I told Josephine that we were going out, she hoped, she said, I would wrap up well, for she was sure, if she knew anything of the weather, that it would snow. The gardener of the hotel had told her, it *would* snow. That girl *is* a creature of ice.

Frederick having gone on the beach just to look at the weather, as he said, I am left alone to thank goodness for *such a husband!*

And that thought—as if it ever left me!—brings me again to Venus and dear Mary, and the Rajah and sweet Margaret. Both dog and cockatoo—much as I *did* and *do* love 'em—*shall* go. Our higher duties are—as good Mr. Winesop, the dear good creature that *made us one*—our higher duties, as that good man beautifully said, when he proposed *our* health and happiness on Thursday—our higher duties should ever be our *first thought*.

And now, Josephine comes in with a nosegay of wallflowers, and says they're from the landlady, with her compliments; that the season is so backward, she can't do any better.

Josephine *will* hang about and want to know if I'm *determined* to go out? *She* doesn't think her master means to go out. Ask her how *she* presumes to know what *her master* means? She'll allow me to *mean for him*—and *that* I told her; and it was the first thought of ill-temper that I have had since I don't know when—which made me the more angry that it was so.

The sky *is* overcast; and Josephine, with a real look of interest in her face, says she's so sorry I didn't bring my furs with me. But then—as the girl discreetly enough remarked—*who* was to expect to want fur in May? The poor thing has, I believe, a *real* regard for me.

The sky *is* darker, and the wind *is* rising. Josephine, with a shudder, declares it's *terrific, horrid* weather—and is bound for it that it's ten times warmer at home. I desire her, as a young woman and particularly in her situation, not to make use of strong words—language that does not become her. (Indeed, what is a waiting-maid to know of *terrific* and *horrid*?)

Josephine—she *is* a droll girl,—makes me laugh! Josephine begs my pardon; says she was only thinking if May's been like this in London, what a shocking season the chimney-sweepers must have had!

After all—I can't but say to myself—what *is* weather?



And what poor, unhappy things we must be, when we cannot make *our own weather*! Yes—when we cannot glow in the *sunshine of the heart*? I am sure *we* always shall. And then, how *summer* may always *reign at the hearth*! *Always*, whatever rages *without*.

Josephine says that the gardener tells her there'll never have been—since he was an inhabitant—such a year for fruit. All the things cut to *the hearts*. And not a peach—no, not so much as a cherry for love or money. And what, ma'am—asks that *odd* girl—what ma'am, are we to do *then*? She says we can't *make* cherries. At which I laugh to myself. (*Love*—when money *can't*—may make even cherries.)

The sky gets really black, and the wind rises, and how the waves tumble. (Josephine says they're beginning to rear up on their hind legs like *white horses*! What a strange creature!)

Well, it *is* weather for May! Where can Frederick be? Josephine, the cruel girl, says—looking *so odd*—she trusts master's not gone to bathe? Hopes she's not offending me, but begs to know if, in case of anything, master can swim?

I know it's foolish, but feel such a cold twitch of the heart, and a faintness that—that makes me call her a silly girl. And then I bid her bring me the telescope (it sweeps the beach, as dear Frederick says), that I may just look out—just a peep.

She goes away, and it's an age until she comes back. And then she comes, and tells us that the old gentleman above insists upon keeping the glass, as he's watching a lugger—I think she says—in the offing, and with his compliments the lady shall have the telescope as soon as she goes entirely to pieces.

With all the wife in my bosom, I am about to rush for my bonnet—when the landlady runs in with the glass. Says she has all but snatched it from the old gentleman, as she knows what a young wife's feelings must be. The woman is really a kind creature—and looking so motherly. How foolish, very often, are first impressions!

I look out, above and below, and there is no Frederick.

Perhaps, says the cruel Josephine—perhaps he's swimming, and begs me to take comfort and look again. He is *not* swimming ; the mere idea is, of course, ridiculous ; but, as far as the telescope can sweep, he is *not* swimming !

The telescope begins to tremble in my hand—but it's very ridiculous. I can't see the least signs of a human being. Yes—there's something turns the corner of the cliff. Something ; and Josephine asks if it's something alive ? I look and look—it is but a speck, and yet it *is*—my heart tells me so—it *is* my own Frederick !

The speck increases ; and now—I can see the very curls of his hair. He see me and waves his hand—and now he runs, and how beautifully, how gracefully he does run !

I put down the telescope, and just look in the glass. And now, the sky clears up again—for a bit of blue, like a blue eye, looks out and——

Frederick runs into the room. He never *did* look so beautiful ! With such a glow—such a sparkling look—such a—but it's no use ; words seem *to faint away* at some things.

And now the landlady comes and says the luncheon's ready if we're ready. Dear Frederick cries, *Let's have it*—and then says to me, he's *so hungry*, he could eat a *live Cupid*. And then I call him—and he laughs—quite a *cannibal*.

I never did see him eat, and—indeed, *my* appetite is improved with the sea air—but I never did see him devour so. Quite *shocking*.

The weather clears up, and as we had such a very little walk yesterday—just down to the beach and no more—Frederick says if I'll *brave the elements*, we'll walk and look at the church. (The spire looks so pretty from the bedroom window, that I'm sure it's quite a *little dove* of a church, nestled among the trees.)

Well, we go out. Dear fellow ! he will put on my upper shoes himself, looking, as I *couldn't* help observing, looking a little anxious at the *thinness of the soles*, which he says he *shall reform*—putting on my overshoes, and tightening my shawl so about me, that I ask him if he

thinks he's *rolling up a mummy*—and he says *no* ; *quite the reverse* ; and so, with a deal of—no, I won't call it nonsense, though I want a word—we find ourselves in the garden, and through the *other* gate into the meadow that leads—the landlady told me—the prettiest *lover's walk* in the world, to the church.

And it *is* beautiful ! (I find that I'm writing all this—and it seems *more real*—all as if at the very minute, and I had my *pen and ink and paper in one hand* and my other in Frederick's arm, though—to be sure—I don't know how that could be !) But it *is* beautiful ; for the sky is quite blue again, and the clouds have rolled themselves off, and heaped themselves into *mountains of snow*, and all is as blue between—as Frederick says—as *somebody's eyes*.

How green the grass is ! And how beautiful the sheep are ! I never *did* see such sheep. So elegant of shape, so meek of face, so white in wool, quite like sheep in Arcadia ! And so I remark to Frederick, and he says I am quite right. The real Southdowns all come from Arcadia. And then *the sheep-bell* ! I am sure I shall think of *that sheep-bell*, think of it, when I've as much *silver in my hair*—if it ever comes to that—as there *is sweet silver* in its sound. What beautiful music ! And I must have heard it a thousand times, and never heard it sound so before. What dull ears I must have had ! For now, with these green meadows so quiet all around us ; with the dear graceful sheep, and the sound of the sheep-bell, it seems to me music for the hedge flower-buds to *open their little mouths to*, and drink up the music in the silver drops that run down to their dear—dear little hearts. Now, what nonsense I *can't* help writing !

With what a gush comes the perfume of the May that, bad as they say the season is, loads the hedges ! What lumps of blossom ! I bid Frederick pluck a piece—one piece—for my flower diary of this month, this *happy, happy, happy* month ! (Yesterday—I forgot to put that down—yesterday I marked with a wild heartsease.)

Was there ever anything so pretty ? anything so charming ? Whilst Frederick is plucking the hawthorn,

a wedding, a country wedding, comes through the gate. They are coming back from church ! The bride—such a sweet *little wild-rose* of a thing—and the bridegroom so *brown* and *handsome* ! I can't tell how it is, but when I look in the happy bride's innocent happy face, the tears come to my eyes, and I feel for the moment towards her *like a sister*. I kiss my hand to her, and she stops and makes the prettiest curtsy ; and Frederick—well, I never was so proud of him—as though he felt even through his arm what was passing in my mind—Frederick, in his frank way, goes up to the bridegroom and shakes his hand, and wishes him all happiness.

And so we both go our way ; we towards the church, and the *young married folks* home to their wedding dinner. *God bless them ! I must write that.*

How beautiful are the meadows ! So swelling—so rich. And we walk, but still the church is a little further than Frederick thought. And now the clouds gather thick and black again, and the wind rises, and—without thinking of it—I *do* shiver. It is as far to go back as to go on. The wind howls—and, as if discharged from *twenty thousand guns*, as Frederick says—and without any warning, showers of hail.

Frederick lifts me up—for all the world *like a baby*, I laughing all the time—and runs with me under a large tree. He *will* take off his overcoat, and wrap about me. And still the hail comes down, cutting even through the leaves, and *bounding and jumping* about us. Frederick looks just as sorry as if—dear fellow!—he could help it.

I'm smothered with hailstones, but I laugh and call 'em sugar-plums. To humour me, he says they *are* sugar-plums. Wonders *how they'll taste* ! And then, with his *very lips*, takes one, or perhaps two or three of them from between my throat and my collar.

We hear a cart—yes, a covered cart—in the road. And we get home—that is to the White Hart—red, and rumpled, and happy.

Sunday, May 4, 18—.

Weather beautiful ! I may say, quite Sabbath weather. Somehow, afraid to be a little late at church ; and so, really, as I told Frederick, don't half dress myself, going out *quite a figure*. Wonder what the people will think ? In his grave, sly way Fred tells me to *calm my anguish* ; and that, as we're going to church, he has the liveliest hope that the congregation will charitably construe my bonnet, and undergo my gown with Christian resignation. He assures me that people *don't* think ; that people don't trouble their heads with people ; and that even were I to go to church the *greatest fright* that could be, people would know nothing of the matter ; would eat their dinners ; and at bedtime positively go to sleep as if *nothing had happened*. And all this long speech he made—looking in my eyes in his sly way—all this long speech, because I merely wondered—when I was putting on my bonnet at the glass, *what* people would think ? What an odd *love of a creature he is* !

How lovely the walk to church ! The grass and hedges all so fresh, all as if they'd drunk their fill of the rain, that still glitters in *millions of diamond drops* ! Such a freshness from the earth, as though it took and breathed a *hearty breath* ! And the church-bell rings so cheerfully, as if it called all people to come and hear blessed tidings—as, indeed, it does. And on we walk, and the sheep—those dear sheep—look at us with their meek faces, and there is one dear little lamb that Frederick vows has leapt out of the frame and trotted all the way from Rome—where he once saw it, when he travelled—out of the frame of one of Raphael's pictures—it has such a sweet speaking little face. I tell Frederick that I should like so much to take it Home with us—(*that word Home* ! if it doesn't seem to get *sweeter and sweeter* every time I speak it !)—it would be so pretty always to have a dear pet lamb. But Frederick answers that lambs have a habit of becoming sheep ; and he is afraid that sheep, pet them as we may, do awaken in the contemplative mind emotions bordering on turnips. He is an odd creature !



It is beautiful to see the people. The young so fresh and rosy—country girls with such bright blood in their faces, and such brown and white complexions, and such big sloe-black eyes (Frederick prefers them blue; but that, I fear—no, I don't *fear* it—that is out of compliment to a *certain person*)—sloe-black and sky blue when bluest and brightest, and all looking so sweet and fresh as though they'd always been washed in *May morning dew*.

And young and old, we see them *dotting the fields* in all directions, moving towards the church. And it is the prettiest of churches. So old! Yet with such a pleasant aspect. A small grey church built of rugged stones—and with such a peaceful, cheerful look; like an old, old man that had lived through a long, long stormy life, and yet in his old age kept a cheerful, hopeful face, as though still looking, not onward, but upward.

We enter the church, and we are shown towards a pew. Of course, I am going in, when Frederick takes my arm in his hand, and with a gentle firmness sways me on one side, and passes me by him, seating me—and then seating himself—yes, seating me in the middle of the church, *on the open seats*, and in *no pew at all*. I was astonished. I am afraid I was *more* than astonished. I felt, yes, positively angry; and tried to *give him a look*; but I might just as well have looked at *one of the stone cherubim* on the wall—he *wouldn't see it*.

But I *had* cause to be angry! For just beside me—yes, positively *next to me*—there was an old dame, I *do* think nothing more than a *labourer's wife*, in a red cloak, and next to her her husband, *quite a peasant*,—and I did feel my face as red as that cloak, and was quite in a twitter. I *do* think I should have left the church if I could have gone out, but Frederick—the provoking creature—as if he had foreseen *that*, sat *like a rock* before me. Well, to mend the matter, and to put me *almost in a passion*, who should come in—in *such a shawl and bonnet*, yes, a bonnet, too, with staring cornflowers and poppies in it—as if anybody wore cornflowers and poppies in *May*—but who should come into the church, and like her impudence! sit herself down immediately behind me but

—Josephine ! I nudged Frederick—but as if he knew what I was going to say—he took no more notice of me than if I'd been *the strangest stranger*. I nudged him again, when—opening his prayer book—he gave it to me in a manner that seemed to say—Attend to *that*.

Well, the service began—or begins, for my pen will get back to the *present*. The service begins ; and by degrees I get calmer, though not so tranquil—I feel *that*—as I ought to be. And I do catch myself looking round at the pews, and positively *do* see in one of them the landlady of our house, of the White Hart ; who—and this *does* astonish me—doesn't seem surprised to see *me* where I am. Indeed, *not a single person* in any of the pews appears to think *the least of the matter* !

The service continues, and the clergyman—a mild, sweet-voiced old man!—at length begins the sermon. The text is—‘*And when the devil left Him, angels came and ministered unto Him.*’

Such a beautiful discourse ! The dear good man's words fall like soft, refreshing rain ! ‘And so it is, my brethren,’—he says,—‘so it is with us in the world ; with every one of us. We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose that there are among us many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures ; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will ; many who, after a long, and it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them—to answer in the sanctity of their own consciences—whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the Evil, compelling and driving it into utter darkness from them—I put it to them, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them ; whether they have not felt in their bosoms a seraphic influence. They have so felt ; it cannot be otherwise. And so it will ever be. Yes, my friends ; no sooner shall you have driven from you the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger—no sooner shall the devil have left you, than angels will come and minister unto you.’

The tears roll down my face ; and I feel so happy

and *so humbled*; and so ashamed that I had shrunk—and couldn't help it—shrunk from the very touch of the dear old soul's scarlet cloak as though there had been the scarlet fever in it. But now, I felt so happy—and the happier the more I wept; and I felt the pressure of Frederick's arm as though *his* heart was at that moment—hearing me sob—at that moment growing towards me. The service is over, and the people leave the church. Again in the churchyard, it is pretty—beautiful—to see knots of people in threes and fours—married children from distant villages greeting father and mother—grandchildren—here and there the tiniest baby—kissed and danced by granny and grandsire!

Without a word, but with the same consent, we wander about the churchyard, and—in a few minutes—we are alone in it. What a beautiful spot! What a place—as Frederick afterwards said—what a place for the inevitable sleep!

We wander about, and without saying a word, read the tombstones. 'This is very sad; worse than sad!' says Frederick. 'Here we are required to ponder the vanities of life, remembering that he who lies below—he, who in the fulness of health and hope, was snatched from life at twenty-three—is now a prey to the devouring worm. This is very foolish.'

'Foolish!' I cry, surprised.

'Foolish, my love,' said Frederick, 'very, very foolish, and very, very untrue. What has the worm to do with him, more than had the moth that may have eaten into his cast-off coat? What was put here, but his coat of flesh and bone—his garment of earth? No, no; let the cheerful hope that is the vitality of our faith write *my* epitaph. No worms for me.'

I can't say a word—not a word. So we pass from grave to grave, and I give a look homewards; and we are about to go thither, when we both together stop at a tombstone. It bears this word—these verses, and no more:—

## 'LUCY'

'Poor child of grief, by faithless vows betray'd,  
 At length from sin and sorrow thou art free ;  
 Thy debt to nature, it is truly paid,  
 And wounded pity pays her debt to thee.'

'The heart that is now a clod below us'—said Frederick, at the same time seating himself upon the grassy grave—'the poor heart, it is plain—bitterly plain—broke in the trial.'

I couldn't say a word. I sat down beside him. I thought of my vanity, my worldliness, my pride in the church. The grave I sat upon seemed to reproach, yet kindly teach me. I gathered a daisy—it was the only one—from Lucy's grave ; and in remembrance of the cheerfulness, the humility, the constancy it should teach me—for is not the daisy an emblem of all these ?—marked my first wedded Sabbath.

Monday, May 5, 18—.

More rain ; and Josephine—with quite a pert manner—wonders if there can be anything like such weather at home ! Says, it will be *very dull*—don't I think it will—with such weather, to remain *shut up here*, a month ? I make her no answer ; but—cannot disguise it from myself that the weather *is* unpropitious. Josephine—with real impertinence—hopes when *her* time comes, *she* shall have better honeymoon weather. Nothing to look upon but the wet sea, which is always the same. Poor thing ! But then, as Frederick says—we are not to expect to give people *sentiments* and *feelings*, because we give 'em *wages*. 'Servants, my dear,'—said Fred—'are not like *bride-cakes* ; do what one will, they are not to be made to order.' I am afraid he is right.

In spite of the rain, and—when I told him I was sure he would get cold,—Frederick *would* go out, walking the beach, and climbing the cliffs. I think he *might* have stayed at home, when *I* asked him. There *is* sense in what Josephine says—but, then, how does she know that we shall stay here all the month ? Why should we ? Didn't Frederick—in his odd way—tell Mamma that we

should take out a *roving commission*? Of course, we shall not *continue* here; I should feel really uncomfortable to think so.

I ought to write home, but somehow I cannot. It *was* hardly thoughtful of Fred to leave me all alone, and to go out in *such weather*, too, and only to pick up pebbles, and knock and chip at the rocks with that hammer which he always carries about with him, and which, as I almost told him this morning, he seems now and then to think more of than *his own wife*. I felt my tongue *very nearly* saying so—only, somehow, my heart wouldn't let me.

But to be out in *such weather*! How can he escape a cold? If the rain pouring down, and steaming up as it does—if it doesn't positively hide the sea! I begin to feel it to be quite impossible—at least *very uncomfortable*—to have to endure a month of *this*. And at this very minute he is in some hole of the rocks, some cavern, with that provoking hammer, for all the world like a smuggler or a buccaneer, when he might be so warm, and comfortable with *his own wife*, at *his own fireside*. I am determined, when he comes home, to show that *I think so*. And now, I have nothing to do, and I ought to write home, but I am so restless, and do so feel my temper rising—and yet, by the sudden darkness, I am sure it will thunder. And *he* knows how *fearful* I am—indeed, it is almost my only weakness—how *really frightened* I am at thunder, and he is not here to *protect me*. Yes; I am determined—I *will* be *very* angry.

And feeling this, I feel a certain sort of satisfaction that I shall be able to *show a spirit*. It is something to know this, and to do it.

And, at this minute, quite as I may say, *warm* with my temper, Josephine—a little abruptly, certainly, and I am about to scold her—Josephine brings in an old woman who, she says, has the privilege of the White Hart—an old woman with a basket full of nosegays. I am really in no humour to think of flowers, or to say a single word to old women.

Poor soul! if it isn't the very old woman whom I sat next to yesterday in the middle of the church! I can't



say, if I don't feel humbled to see her. But why should I—when the landlady herself *saw me*, and therefore knows *all about it*. And why can't I feel just as I felt in the *middle of the sermon* yesterday? Why should not Sunday feelings and Monday feelings towards *such people* be just the same? And yet they *are not*. No; I will not hide it from myself. I *don't* feel towards her, in her working-day darned and faded cloak, as I did yesterday, when both of us were *dressed for the Sabbath*. I'm afraid to confess it, but I *do* think Frederick's right: we are wont to dress our *hearts* for the Sunday, and undress them again when the *Sunday's over*. 'Sunday's heart in church,' said Frederick, 'is, somehow, *not* Monday's heart in business.' Why shouldn't it be?

And with this thought I turn to the poor old thing; and if her cloak isn't drenched through and through—and I have been sitting here in the midst of all sorts of comfort; and her basket—poor heart!—with just a few bunches of wallflowers and polyanthuses—such a few!—to buy bread, and clothes, and home. And yet the old soul seems so happy—and the flowers so *bright, so balmy*, through the raindrops that hang about them—that they make me feel remorseful, yes, and something more, smiling so cheerfully, so sweetly, *through their tears*.

And the poor old soul tells me that she is the grandmother of the pretty girl—the little bride—that Fred and I met coming from church: and she is so good, so industrious, so dutiful. I promise to go and see her—and so, the poor old woman goes her way, leaving me a nosegay, and wishing me *all sorts of things*, that I only hope I may be worth a *tithe of them*.

And—while I have been talking to the old woman—the sky has cleared up, and there has been no *thunder after all*. What a deal of anxiety I have wasted—what a needless flutter I have been in, and no *thunder after all*.

Here is Frederick, close below, and walking as leisurely as—well, I *do* feel just a little of the rebel and—no, I'll put the tempter down—I will.

He comes into the room with his glowing, open, happy face, as if no storm had threatened—as if, indeed,

nothing had occurred. And then, his coat's as dry, and he seems as comfortable and, if I may use the word, cosey, that—in *such* weather, where could he have been?

I do feel a little hot and a little cold, and I can't help it. So without saying a word—but with a smile, though it *cost* me something, and a real smile *never does*,—but with a smile, I leave the room—yes; I leave the room, *shutting the door* as I go out. Yes; I believe I *did shut the door*.

Half-an-hour, and I am again looking over Frederick, who sits with bits of rock and stones before him, which in his strange way, he calls the *great globe's register*, written in granite.

'I've been thinking'—said I, wanting to say something—'I've been thinking of that epitaph—the epitaph, my love, we read yesterday.'

'What, since you left the room? Well, my dear, your manner of leaving it made me think of another epitaph—indeed, quite another sort—written by a loving widower upon his gentle wife—for the epitaph said everything for her—though, as you may think, in an odd fashion.'

'What was it?' said I.

'Simply this,' said Fred, looking—he can't help it—a little mischievous. 'After her name, age, and time of decease, there ran these lines: "*She lived a wife for five-and-twenty years, and, in all that time, SHE NEVER BANGED THE DOOR!*"'

I said nothing, but I felt the reproof. I then remembered how, when I left him, *how* I had shut the door. I wouldn't let him see my face, but *behind his chair*, and with my arms about his neck, I asked as carelessly as I could, 'And where, dear Fred, did you see this?'

'Oh, in my travels, Lotty,' said he. 'Many strange things I've heard of, seen—you may hear of them some day. But, Lotty, love, there is a world of meaning in that epitaph. A whole history of a life of gentleness. "*She never banged the door!*" Almost pathetic,' said Fred slyly—'affecting, for its household simplicity.'

"*She never banged the door!*" It ought to be set to music for family voices.'

*Tuesday, May 6, 18—.*

The most lovely of mornings! Such a sky, and such a sea—*like a mirror*. I ask Fred if it isn't like a looking-glass; and, in his strange way, he says he's no judge of such matters. *I ought to know best.* But, if he must speak, he thinks the sea this morning very like a mirror—*not to be always trusted*. What does he mean? 'Why, Lotty, love, the sea shining before us *is* like a looking-glass: it reflects what seems tranquillity and happiness: but the little clouds that, even now, may be gathering, are not shewn there. The morning face may beam in the mirror; with never a coming shade of the noonday temper.' Frederick really gets quite like a schoolmaster—and so I almost tell him. 'It all looks bright enough just now,' he says, looking very wise, 'and yet I shouldn't wonder if before the afternoon we have dirty weather.'

'Impossible, my dear; quite impossible.' And Frederick makes no answer, but stares in my eyes, as though I had uttered something very ridiculous, or very dreadful. But I know what it all means; yes; it was settled that we should make a little voyage to-day if the weather was fine; and here it is the finest, yes, all to nothing the finest day we have had, and—I'm afraid, just to shew a silly authority; for at any time, and upon any occasion to go out of one's way to shew one's power, when it's *never disputed*, is foolish at least, if not more—and yet, I *must* suspect that just for the love of *power*, Frederick will insist that to-day isn't fine enough, and won't go after all. But I've *made up* my mind.

'And you think it impossible, my love,' says Fred, 'that—for this day at least—the sea can change?'

'Why, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!'

'See here, Lotty,'—and Fred turns me to the chimney mirror—'see, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!'

'Well?'

'Do you think 'twill last all the day?' says Frederick.

‘What!’—and I was about to say something angry, for I caught the little storm coming in my features; there it was, in the glass—and I would have no *bad* weather there, and so I laughed.

‘Hm!’ said Fred. ‘I’m afraid, my love’—and he looked very oddly from me to the sea, and from the sea to me again—‘I’m afraid there’ll be a little storm.’

‘With such a sky, and such a sea, impossible,’ I cried.

At this very minute in comes Josephine. ‘If you please, Sir, the sailor-men. In half-an-hour, Sir, they say the boat—the *Clipping Kitty* as they call her, ma’am; and wherever they get such names from nobody knows—the *Clipping Kitty*, that is, the boat——’

‘Tell the men we’ve changed our mind—we won’t go to-day,’ says Frederick.

‘Not go, Fred!’ and I can’t help it—I give him a look.

‘Oh, very well, be it so,’ says Fred. ‘In half-an-hour then; only, depend upon it, we shall have a storm.’

Josephine walks very slowly towards the door; stops, and then turns back. ‘If you please, ma’am, you’ll not want me? I’m very fond of the sea, ma’am, but if the weather gets up, I’ve nothing that will wash.’ And without waiting for an answer, she trips away.

‘I’m sure’—and I go towards the window—‘I’m sure, Fred, you only wish to frighten me—for the ocean never looked more calm—like a sleeping beauty.’ Frederick whistles. ‘That means’—I say to him—‘that means, I suppose, we’re not to go at all?’

‘Go! If your heart’s set upon it, you shall go, Lotty; yes, to the very bottom.’

I make a little bit of a start at Fred’s composure; but directly recover myself. ‘Then I’d better go and get ready?’

‘Go,’ says Fred.

I feel almost about to cry, but spirit—it’s a great comfort, and a sweet support—spirit comes to my help, and I leave the room with a sort of smile, and already hold the handle of the door, and am about to give it—before I know what I’m doing—such a pull to, when,

oddly enough, I shut it so softly, as though it was the door of a jewel cabinet. I could almost vow I heard Fred titter.

That cowardly creature Josephine comes about me, and begins to say she should be so glad to go, only that what she has won't wash—which I know is not quite true—and moreover she'd an ugly dream last night, how that a mermaid would comb her hair for her with *her* comb—and how she would make her look into *her* glass—and how when she saw herself there, she saw nothing but a death's-head, and not a morsel like herself, and how——

But I desire her to hold her tongue and take herself away, and it's wonderful how soon she obeys me. I look out at the window; and I am more convinced of the weather; it *couldn't* be more auspicious; and Frederick *shan't* frighten me.

'You'll wrap up more than that, Lotty,' says Fred, as I join him. 'Where's your cloak, and your dreading-bonnet?'—as if I had such a thing.

'I'm sure I shall do very well, such weather as *this*: and why should I make myself a figure?'

Fred is perfectly satisfied. Not another word does he utter. The landlady begs to know what time we shall be back? 'To dinner, of course,' I say.

'With luck,' adds Frederick, and not another word. My heart a little misgives me, but Fred offers his arm, and away we go to the beach, *that* girl Josephine following with a basket, for the landlady knows we shall want something—people always do at sea. The boat is a beautiful boat; and the men—three of them—such sailor-looking men, I'm sure we could go round the world with them. Frederick says something aside to the captain, and he casts his eye up, and says—'Perhaps, a capful, Sir!' What can he mean by a capful? However, we are in the boat. 'A pleasant sail, ma'am,' says somebody—I think Josephine; for in half-a-minute we seem almost in the middle of the sea, with the sail fluttering, and I never could have thought—looking as I did from the window, and indeed, I must say, from the beach—that the sea could be so rough!



I say nothing, but I cannot help observing that Fred speaks, in a low voice, something to the man who is steering. And the man, with the same cast of the eye at the clouds, again says—‘Well, it may be—just a capful.’

We seem to have been only a few minutes on the water, and already the land so far away! ‘Charming sail, isn’t it, Lotty?’ says Fred; and I say nothing, but I feel that I am, whether or no, smiling; for really I had no idea that, in so short a time, the sea could have been so very rough.

‘What sort of a wind is it?’ I ask, with all my best boldness, of the steersman.

‘A sojer’s wind, my lady,’ answers the man.

‘A soldier’s wind! Why, what do soldiers, who are always on shore, what do they——’

‘Sojer’s wind, my lady,’ replies the man, and Frederick’s laughing to himself, ‘sojer’s wind means this; you can sail either one way or ’tother with it; only you must look arter the tide.’

‘I apprehend,’ is my remark, and—the feeling is forced upon me—I could not have imagined it was *so rough*. ‘What’s that?’ and I seize hold of Frederick.

‘Nothing, my lady. Only shipped a bit o’ sea. Doesn’t do it in common; for *Clipping Kit* ’ll go over anything. Like me, my lady, never takes a drop of water.’ And at the creature’s words, a wave as big as a house bursts right upon us! I scream and dig my fingers in Frederick.

‘We’d better go about,’ says Fred, and I follow his eye as it glances above, and see the clouds black and threatening, and I creep still closer—closer to him.

‘Stand in for shore,’ says Fred, and the sailor shakes his head; and as if at the motion, the rain pours suddenly down upon us, and the wind howls, and the boat is all going over, and my cheek feels the heart of Fred beating, when the sail flutters all loose, and we’re tossed up and down—up and down—with the waves like huge monsters, every one of ’em threatening to burst in and devour us, boat and all.

I don’t say a word, but creep closer, closer to Fred:

because, for a moment, I *did* feel as if it were all my fault, and his life—his precious life—was on my head. And all the time he is so calm, so gentle—and his lips touch my face, and my heart is melted.

'Stand in for home,' cries Fred.

'Not to be done, Sir: all along of the tide. We must put in at Choughcliff,' says the steersman.

Frederick makes no answer; but I follow his eyes. 'I suppose it must be so. Lotty, love'—and he looks down on me—'Lotty, we shall be late for dinner; and we must dine, too, in new quarters.'

I say nothing—*can* say nothing—but creep closer, closer to him; for it is all my fault.

The wind still rises, and I watch the faces of the sailors, and I think they look serious, anxious. I try to appear confident. I try to smile and speak to one of the men.

'Have you any children?'—'Six,' says the man, without looking at me; and peals of thunder break all about us.

Again the wind—and again the boat——

A moment, and I see all—all. The church—our wedding—my mother, father, all—I hear the sound of the bells coming and going——

Three hours only, he tells me, by the clock—but by the heart how long!—and I am safe: I know I am safe. Strange faces are about me; but my hand is in his, his eyes on my eyes, and his breath upon my face.

Wednesday, May 7, 18—.

Did I ever think I should sleep in such a bedroom! And could I ever believe I should be so grateful—so full, so overflowing with thanksgiving for such a bed! Why, it isn't above half the size of a ship's cabin—and the bed itself—(but then, as Frederick says, *he* can always make himself small; can sleep upon a boot-jack! I'm sure there's not much more room for *two*)—the bed hardly wider than a bolster! But oh, what it might have been! Two or three times I woke, with the bed like a boat, and

the sea gurgling in my ears ; and then again I fell asleep, so thankful, so happy ! I was preserved—he was saved ; and with such tranquillity, such goodness in his sleeping face, how I blessed him—how I blamed myself—for it was my fault, all my fault. What an early lesson—and let me cherish, love it, as a most dear and valued one—but what an early lesson for a Honeymoon.

And now Frederick is gone out—and why did he leave me in such a hurry ?—let me look about me. Last night, I could scarcely see or know anything. All I remember was being dashed in the boat upon the beach, with twenty people shouting and crowding about me—and, wet to the skin, being carried up and up some rocks, and—after a time—finding myself at the fireside with Frederick, and two or three kind women—all such eager, anxious, yet gentle creatures about me ! But *he* was safe—he was preserved ; and with that big blessing at my heart I went to sleep, and woke—and was again and again thankful, and with the thought again and again blessed, and again slept !

And what a strange, odd, pretty little place ! The room as modest, as humble, but as sweet as a daisy. A brick floor—what would mamma say ? positively a brick floor—with surely a bit of sail-cloth by the bedside ! And everything so clean and neat ! And there is art, I declare, art upon the mantelpiece. Two plaster parrots, greener than ever yet were feathers ; and a demure white cat with round black spots, as if cut out of court-plaster, sitting with her tail curled round her forelegs, on the chest of drawers. And there are shells upon the mantelpiece ; and dried seaweed (a piece of it I shall beg to mark yesterday with ; a piece to look at, in future days, if ever peevish, discontented thoughts arise, to look at and learn from it patience and thankfulness) ; and the model of a little boat—perhaps the boat of the poor thing's husband.

And here, more dead than alive, they brought me last night. Here, making the bed as hot as an oven, they laid my storm-tossed limbs—here they would nurse and wait upon my little wayward self that *would* go upon the

sea, if only to *shew my spirit*, and to have almost my little life (and *his* life ; ah, that was the wrong—the wickedness) washed out of me. And *I* deserved it, *I* did : but *he* ? I could weep again to think of my stubbornness.

And the old woman of the house—the cabin, I mean—has been with me. And so thankful, so kind, and so full of excuses for the place that 'is not for the likes of me'—('the likes of me,' indeed ! when I might have been in some deep sea-cave, or flung like so much seaweed upon the beach ; a dead thing, that makes all *unlikes* so *very like*)—and so she tells me that the messenger can't be long before he comes back from the White Hart ; for though it's a good twelve miles from Choughcliff, he'd a good horse, and would ride his fastest, and they'd send back a post-chaise with a change of clothes, and I should only laugh some day at the bedroom with the brick floor ; though, after all, she must say—with such weather, and with such a coast ; she knew it well ; she had—God help her ! and here with her apron she wiped her eyes—she had good cause to know it—with such weather, we had been lucky as all had turned out. Poor soul ! Her husband, with one of her sons, had been drowned—drowned just off the shore—she might have heard 'em cry. But she wouldn't talk of that now : but it was a blessed Providence that with such a wind, and such a tide, we had ever made the land as we did. We'd driven at least fifteen miles by sea ; and oh ! the poor souls that had gone down just off the Point.

And at this time, I hear the cry of a baby. Yes ; that is her daughter's baby—that is the young woman who had married her son. Her son is a fisherman, and—and—would I like to see the baby ?

What a dear little rosebud ! Just two months old—well, I never did see such a beautiful baby ! And so strong, and so fresh ; as if it had been born and rocked at sea.

And the mother—a buxom, charming young woman—comes to hope that baby doesn't tease me. She has not been so much herself, she says, as she might have been—and the baby's hardly so tidy as she'd like. And

—I can't but see it—there's something strange and restless in the young woman's manner. She says, it was a dreadful night last night,—but then, people who get their living out of the sea must make their minds up to bad weather.—It's nothing, when Providence is above all. Still, they've had their trials in that house; but still they must hope for the best—it's their duty and—and shall she take baby from me,—for he's fallen asleep in my lap!

Oh, no! Let him be just a few minutes; only a few. For I can't help thinking how I should like Frederick to come just now and look at the dear little fellow fast asleep in *my lap*. And he looks so happy, too; so composed, and so much *at home*.

What a beautiful, solemn, mysterious thing is a baby's face! I don't know why I should think in this manner now! I never thought so before. Yes; such a pretty mystery! Such an unopened book!

Well, mamma *would* laugh to see me now. In this place; and *such a figure* as I am—but Josephine can't be long with my things, if the man rides fast—but mamma would laugh to see me with a baby on my knees. She would——

Heaven bless us! Frederick comes in, and he looks no, not angry, not vexed; but pale and—and though I smile at him, and then down at the baby, he takes no notice of the little sleeping cherub. What *is* the matter?

A wreck—at least, the fear, the all but horrid certainty of a wreck. 'My love,' says Frederick, 'we have solemn reason to be thankful.'

'I *am* thankful—ever, ever shall be. But look at baby—it's the child of the old woman's daughter——'

And Frederick looks at it: and all his dear, good heart breaks in a smile in his face, as he stoops, and pressing me, kisses the little darling in my lap. If I don't feel that I love the dear little angel all the more!

'Poor little thing,' says Fred, with such a mournful look.

'Dear heart! Isn't it beautiful? And I never looked on one so innocent.'



'Poor little soul,' says Fred again, and shakes his head : and I am sure something has happened—*must* have happened.

'There's bad news, Lotty, down on the beach.'

'Bad news?' and I press the baby.

'Very bad. Hush! I have been among the men; have sent out far and wide upon the shore—but can learn nothing. It is thought—it is believed—it is almost certain—that they have all gone down——'

'All? Who?'

'God help it!' says Fred, looking sadly at the infant—'God help the poor thing! For, I take it, God alone will be its father.'

'You never mean that—oh, that poor dear woman—the young wife—the mother!—Oh, Frederick, is there no hope?'

'Along the beach spars and boards, and kegs belonging to the poor fellows' vessel, have been flung ashore. The oldest, roughest sailors, shake their heads—no doubt of it—that's the general belief—that all have perished.'

'And the poor, dear, wretched woman——?'

'As yet, she knows nothing of her loss,' answers Frederick.

He has scarcely uttered the last word, than a fierce wild shriek as of a broken heart pierces me like a sword : a shriek, and then a fall as of some one falling dead.

The scream awakes the baby ; it suddenly cries, as though, poor thing, it answered to the misery it was, in some way, to share. It cries, and violently stirs ; when I raise it to my bosom, and with a sob or two, and putting its little hand upon my neck, it subsides again to sleep.

*Thursday, May 8, 18—.*

What a silent heavy grief seems to lie upon the house ! The poor old mother—long since widowed by the sea ; and then one son taken, and now made childless !—poor creature ; it is wonderful—a lesson for life—to see her patience, her resignation. She goes about the house, and without a word—the tears trickling down her pale quiet

face, when she is out of sight of her daughter—without a word *setting things to rights*, and now and then trying good-naturedly, affectionately, to scold the young wife for making *sure of the worst*. ‘If she loses a husband, doesn’t *she* lose a son?—a last, and only son, too, God help her! There has been worse weather than last night, and folks still alive and stout who was out in it.’ And then the old woman catches up the baby, and stifling her sobs, kisses it, and then away again, *making* household work that she may seem to keep her heart up.

Poor souls! Just as the news came of the loss of the boat—for all the things of the boat were washed ashore, and after that, a piece of the boat itself—though that’s not so certain, for some of the fishermen dispute it—just as the news came, and the poor young wife was struck down by her sorrow, like a dead thing—comes Josephine from the White Hart with my *things*.

Josephine—but I believe it is only her care for me—wants me to ‘come away directly from such a dismal place; enough to kill anybody to see such trouble, specially too, when they can’t help it; and besides they’re expecting us with such a dinner at the White Hart, and what’s the use of staying?’ And still the little baby nestles close, and still its little hand presses my neck, as though it heard and understood her. And all this while its poor mother lies like one dead—and I *can’t* and *won’t* put it from me.

Frederick says nothing; but—I can see it—looks at Josephine, and then at me, for my answer. Not a word does he utter: but his looks ask, ‘Well, Lotty, do you go or stay?’

‘There may yet be hope, Fred; and it would be so sad to leave the poor things in their trouble; especially, too, when they gave us, with such a hearty welcome, such homely kindness, the best they had. Two or three good hours, at least, we may stay; and it will be such a reward if good news should come, and after all, poor little baby here had still a father.’

‘Just so, Lotty; to be sure—quite right, love,’ says Fred, and with a look that tells me how rightly I have

determined ; and more than that, how *very much* he's pleased.

And now the little cottage fills with people ; and in the midst of the trouble, how, I may say, it chastens the grief, and gives a beauty to sorrow, to see the simple kindness—the real, earnest help, that—in the hour of trouble—the dear souls come to offer. I never knew, never could have thought, there had been such feeling with such poverty. I used to hear that poverty *deadened the heart*—that poverty was selfish—that misery taught the poor to think only of themselves. And here everybody seems to feel the loss of the poor young wife and mother, as though they had a large share of the calamity. 'Ha ! Miss,'—said an old man, not knowing me—'Ha ! Miss, 't isn't in fine weather that Christians learn to know one another.'

Fred goes to the beach, beckoned out by a neighbour. I waited and saw him, with two or three fishermen, below : it was plain, they were debating something about the lost boat.

In a few minutes Fred returns. 'Lotty, love, you can keep watch for an hour to-night?'

'Watch ! what—alone, Fred ? Alone? '—I couldn't help saying it.

'Alone ! Haven't you Josephine ? Look here, love,' and Fred dropt into a chair, and took my hand. 'See here, Lotty. I am told by the men that there is yet hope of the brave fellows. They may have been driven by the gale to a rock off the coast—a solitary rock that—as explained to me—may give them safety until the tide rises : but, if the boat shall have foundered, they must perish with the flood. The men are determined to make for this point and—and, Lotty, love, I have a favour to ask of you. Let me go?'

'Oh, yes !'

And at the words, Fred caught me in his arms. 'We may be late, a little late ; but there's no danger, now ; none ; the wind's gone down, and we shall be back by early morning——'

'Early morning, Fred !' and I know, I *looked*.

‘So make yourself easy, and only think what a happiness for both of us—for all of us—if we save the brave fellows, and leave the house to-morrow—the poor young wife—the baby that you’ve made so much of—and there, make yourself comfortable, and be a good girl, and—and——’

And much more of the same *comforting* kind, that I couldn’t and *wouldn’t* at the time make out. All I know is, that Fred—and with such a happy, glowing face too—tore himself away, and I—I couldn’t help it—sat down and just a little cried.

How long I might have *given way*, I don’t know, if Josephine hadn’t come in, and asked me—for she *couldn’t* and *wouldn’t* believe it—if Fred (not that *she* called him Fred) had really gone out *for the night*?

What was that to her?

‘It was quite the talk of the place. Everybody thought it so strange; and for her part she had never heard of such—no, it was not for her to call it neglect—still, she must say, and she hoped I’d excuse her, if she was in my place——’

‘But as you’re not in *my* place, Josephine, pray remember and keep your *own*.’ This I said as spitefully as I could: for I did feel hurt; and what right had she to interfere—yes, I *was* angry, hurt—to interfere between me and Frederick?

‘How did she know her master—yes, *her master*—would be out for the night?’

‘Why, the folks said so; said it was impossible with the tide that they could get back before early morning, if *then*. All the sailor-men said *that*!’

‘Was she certain?’ and I know I looked vexed, frightened, pale.

‘Quite certain; and though the sailor-men said it was very kind of master to go, for all that some of ’em asked what good he could do—his money was enough.’

And so it was: I felt Josephine was right. It was ridiculous, more than *that*, to leave me in a strange place, and all alone. I was wrong—very wrong not to go back

to the White Hart; and here I was left *all alone*. Josephine is a girl of sense.

'Of course, ma'am, you'll never think of sitting up?'

'Sitting up, Josephine?'

'Not but what if I was you, ma'am—though there's not a bit of use in it—still for all that, and taking things as they are, I wouldn't think of going to bed.'

'If it's idle to sit up, why not go to bed, Josephine?'

'Why, ma'am, because if you go to bed—not but what you might just as well, for *they'll* not be home till morning; no chances of it with *the tide*, ma'am—still, if you go in earnest to bed, and go to sleep——'

'But suppose I don't go to sleep?'

'It'll be all the same, ma'am; if you go to bed, you'll never persuade master you didn't go to sleep; whereas, if you sit up, and he finds you sitting up, never having taken a thread of your clothes off, and never having taken so much as a single wink, why then, ma'am, don't you see——'

'No, Josephine. What ought I to see?'

'Why, don't you see that then you'll have such a right to worrit and complain, which you couldn't have had if you'd gone, as I may say, between the sheets. Now a right—that is, a just right—to worrit and complain, is what no woman ought ever to think of giving up. For when we do, ain't we put upon directly?'

I knew it was wrong to listen to Josephine, but I couldn't help it: more than that, I'm afraid to say I felt a sort of satisfaction in listening to her. I *ought* not to have been left *alone*, it was *absurd*, and *more*, it was *very neglectful* of Frederick, and——

And so I sat, my blood getting warmer and warmer with my injuries, and I was fairly getting into a passion, when I heard the baby cry, and heard the mother sobbing, and trying to hush it.

I felt humiliated, ashamed of my temper. I immediately sent Josephine to bed, wherever she could find it, and sought the poor old woman, and the wretched mother.

'Baby's fractious, ma'am,' said the old woman, 'and poor heart—it's no wonder.'



I staid awhile with them ; and was schooled—I felt it, solemnly schooled—by the sweet patience, the resignation, with which they seemed resolved to await the morning.

‘We’re in God’s hands, my lady,’ said the old woman.

And the young pale mother kissed her child, and her lips moved—‘In God’s hands.’

I returned to my room humbled, and rebuked. I sat, looking out upon the sea ; so calm—so beautiful ; with a pathway of moonlight fading far, far away.

It struck twelve. Again I thought of my husband’s kind, good, generous heart ; and again upon my knees I prayed for him ; for all ; and most for those who—if it should seem good in His sight—might not be of the widowed and the fatherless.

And so ended the eighth day of Our Honeymoon.

*Friday, May 9, 18—.*

I was sure I should not sleep ; so took a book, and making myself comfortable for the night, I resolved to read away the time, for morning *would* come, though never so slowly.

Yes ; I knew I should not sleep a wink, and then—how far I read I have no recollection—and then fell into a deep slumber, and dreamt of Frederick. Such a terrible dream ! He was struggling, drowning, and—I awoke with the terror, when it was broad daylight. How gloriously the sun rose from the sea ! What tranquillity was on the waters ! I opened the window, and the sweet breath of the morning brought a sudden comfort to my heart.

It was impossible—I tried to think—that any evil could have befallen him. Impossible, with such beauty in the sky and on the sea—such sweetness, breathing of happiness from all around. Everything seemed full of hope. The soft, musical splash of the small waves said hope—and hope rose in a hymn from the lark, a fluttering speck in the blue heaven.

I felt soothed, comforted. There was silence throughout the house. Not a sound. Poor souls ! They doubtless slept : utter weariness had brought *that* comfort.

Wrapping myself up, I stole on tiptoe from my room, and left the house. How beautiful was the morning! What a pity, and what a reproach that bed should ever cheat us of such sights—such purifying, strengthening influences! I almost vowed that, for the rest of my life, I'd rise only a little after the sun. On second thoughts, remembered that hasty vows were very, very rash.

I took the path down the cliff to the beach. I turned the point of rock that gave me a wide, wide view. There was not an object on the sea. All was blank; and I felt, on the sudden, chilled and sad. But still the beauty of the morning deepened—still the waves gently murmured—still the birds louder and louder poured forth their songs—and with new hope, new strength, I walked on and on.

And now, in the far, far distance, a boat appears. It must be *that*: I am convinced—certain. And now, another and another, and each and all alike, and I am again disheartened, perplexed. After all, it was hazardous and foolish in Frederick to go himself. Josephine was right: his money would have been sufficient.

I felt my temper rising. I was beginning to be very angry; and then the thought rebuked me—the thought that some danger, some mischance might have happened——

No: I would not think so—I would control idle fancies; and I would wait patiently, hopefully. And so I went straying onward and onward; now picking up a shell, and now—with straining looks—gazing over the sea: and still other boats and vessels arose, and passed away—and with every one a new hope, another disappointment.

Then I sat down, and as the ships sailed onward, to cheat the time, I tried to fancy the history of some vessel. Where was she going? What were the hopes, the anxieties of those on board? What a world of feelings—a world of faith and love?

And so, in utter vacancy of heart, I tried to while away the time. And still the sun rose, and the morning was arrayed in the fulness of its beauty. I had gathered

a few shells. In idleness I had placed one to my ear, and was listening to its sounds. What—a little sea wizard—what did it prophesy? What did it say? I could make out the name of Frederick—that seemed with rising, falling sound, to whisper to me. Yes; my fancy put a tongue into that shell, gave it a voice, and made it sing, gently sing the word that was *my* music.

And so sitting, so listening, I heard myself loudly called, and there, having followed me, and crying and waving her hands, was Josephine. We flew to one another.

‘Oh, ma’am, all’s safe—all’s saved—so happy, so——’  
‘All?’

‘Yes, ma’am. All the men, and the poor wife and mother—oh, I never knew such weeping, and such thanksgiving—now with their arms about his neck, and now upon their knees. Quite touching, ma’am—but quite beautiful.’

‘And, I suppose, your master was too fatigued to seek me himself?’ and I knew I bit my lip.

‘Master, ma’am; we haven’t seen nothing of him as yet. I was only talking of the crew of the boat, and all of ’em safe and sound—though they’ve lost every stitch, and the boat besides.’

‘And your master! No news—no tidings of him——’

‘Can’t get back, they say, ma’am, with the wind as it is, till the afternoon; perhaps not till night; perhaps not then. I heard one of the men say, in his own words, there wasn’t such another bit of sea in the ’versal world. But only think how the poor things escaped; for it’s quite a miracle—quite a wonder.’

‘Indeed. Poor souls! How?’

‘Why, ma’am, they were what they call run down in the storm by a bigger boat—but they all got aboard, and was carried a long way on the other side of the coast—whilst their bits of things, as we already know, with a piece of the boat, was flung upon the beach, just, as one may say, at the poor souls’ doorstep to make us all miserable—and to take away master on a wild-geese chase; not but what, of course, it’s very kind of him—

nevertheless, to keep you out of your bed all night for nothing—when his money, as I said before, would have done quite as well or better than him : and in such a case, when money does as well, my maxim is to let well alone.'

Now, I knew, I felt it was wrong to let Josephine go upon such a rambling talk ; nevertheless, I could not but think that the girl had some reason in what she said. Frederick—he cannot, with any justice, deny it—Frederick need not have left me all alone ; sitting up all night—watching in the morning ; besides being terrified by so dreadful a dream. When money would have done, why not have spared my feelings ? I *would* be very angry. 'Surely,' said I, with a shiver I wouldn't repress, 'surely the morning's turned very cold.'

'To be sure it has, ma'am ; and if it hadn't, it couldn't be otherwise with folks who, without wrapping themselves up, will go wandering out on the wet beach, without any breakfast, picking up shells, and thinking nothing of their own health, when they *ought*, for there's not many like 'em in this world, *I'm* sure.'

And still I let her talk. 'We'll breakfast directly your master comes back,' I said, trying to smile.

'I'm afeard, ma'am, you'll be pretty hungry if you wait till then. I wouldn't frighten you for the world ; but it isn't so sure—the sailor-men all say so, and they must know—not so sure that he'll be home much afore bedtime.'

My heart seemed to shrink at the words. I hurried on. Now and then, I turned to gaze across the sea : looking in silence, Josephine still interpreted my thoughts.

'No, ma'am, no ; there isn't a boat a bit like master's boat—not a bit ; and so, ma'am, as what's done can't be undone—that is, as master can't be here for breakfast, and breakfast *is* here for you——'

'Hold your tongue, Josephine ; I shall wait for your master. But here we are at the house.' And before we could half-way ascend the cliff, the wife and old mother, with the husband and son snatched from the sea, all came to meet me. What thankful words ! What looks of happiness !

‘We’ve lost all—all,’ said the wife, with a beaming face; ‘but we’ve lost nothing—nothing; for haven’t we saved *him*,’ and she grasped her husband’s arm.

The man was full of thanks. Was sorry that the gentleman had been put to such trouble on his account. He was afraid I had taken on upon it; afraid I had got cold, sitting up: and he should be so glad when he could thank the gentleman face to face, if he might be so bold.

‘And when,’ I asked, ‘when might I expect the return of——’

‘Well, it might not be until the afternoon; indeed, not before—and perhaps——’

My heart was too full to hear more: to answer a syllable. I went to my room. Hour after hour passed. I walked on the cliff—and still the day went on. I returned to my room: again and again returned—again and again quitted it. The good people were frightened at my looks; and Josephine watched me—I saw that—with a strange anxiety.

The sun set: and as it sank beneath the sea, and the wind rose, I felt as though I stood alone—friendless, hopeless. All—all gone, sunk with the sun, and the wind moaning above the wreck.

Night came. Ten o’clock—eleven—and still the wind rose with every minute; still the sea roared and dashed beneath my window.

If that day passed—if that one hour elapsed—and he came not back, I felt I was alone for ever—for ever alone.

My watch lay before me. Each sound seemed, like a needle’s point, to enter my brain. Half-past eleven——

There is a shout from below, and in an instant Frederick holds me in his arms.

*Saturday, May 10, 18—.*

I think, the very finest morning since we left home. Perfect May is all about us: and what an air of happiness throughout the cabin of a house. The old mother, with her heart in her face, looks like a beautiful old picture: and the young wife, though she *can’t talk*—as



she says—beaming with thanks. Baby itself has caught the happiness, and stares and crows with all its might. Such a sweet little creature! Fred asks—in his odd way—if I shouldn't like to take it home? And Josephine ventured to wonder—if she may be so bold—how I can see so much in *that* baby? Never thought I cared for babies.

Dear Frederick; he takes—or rather he won't take, won't have them—all the thanks, and prayers, and praises of the poor folks, as if he had no right to them whatever; as if he had undergone no danger—risked nothing; when I'm told the passage was terrible, and with such a tide and wind, it was quite a miracle he got home till this morning: when he'd have found me dead, I'm sure—yes, to have lived out another night would have been impossible. I know myself, and it *couldn't* be.

And now we are to go back to the White Hart. I can't help thinking that we've had enough of the White Hart; indeed, I *do* feel a little tired, and shall be so glad when we've *settled* at home. That dear '*Flitch*'—for Fred says, '*Flitch*' it must remain; though again and again I've told him it's open to a joke, as mamma says, and people should never begin the world with a joke; it isn't what the world likes or thinks respectable—that dear '*Flitch*' shall be such a bower! as Fred says, such a Garden of Eden for the tea-tree.

Ten days! We've been married ten days, and that's only a third of the time we're to be away. Only a third! Well, after all, though one mustn't say so, I don't see why people should go away for a whole month; especially, too, with a home like ours empty and waiting for us. I said as much to Fred early this morning. '*To be sure,*' said he, 'very right, darling. We'll go back on Monday.' *Not for millions*, said I to myself. For, of course, I know what envious folks would say; we had become tired of one another, and wanted to get back for better company. I did hint as much as *that* to Fred: but he's such an odd dear creature. 'Ha, Lotty,' said he, 'what a beautiful world this would be, if there was no world!' What did he mean? but when I don't

understand, I always think he means the best : at least I try, like a good wife, to do so.

Well, the carriage is ready, and we say good-bye. How the good souls cried about us ! Where have the people come from ? Such a gathering of men, and women, and shouting children ! And our hostess will make me take a set of such lovely shells ; if I will only be so good as to put 'em somewhere on a shelf at home when I'm far away, that if she may be so bold as to hope so, I may sometimes think of 'em, *and baby*. The old mother has quite stript the garden, and lays such a nosegay on my lap. And now we're off, and the folks shout, and the women of the house wave their hands, and the fisherman holds up the baby high above his head—dear little soul!—to take a last look at us.

The weather itself is happiness ; and the country seems to feel it and enjoy it. The hedges are white with hawthorn, and there seems a blessing in the very air. A day, when one's heart opens and loves all the world. As the carriage rolls along, I could shut my eyes and almost dream we were travelling to Fairy-land.

How soon the miles are run over, and here again the White Hart. I don't know ; but it looks colder, duller since we've been away. Fred sees I think so. 'Very well, Lotty,' says he, 'we'll have a calm, quiet to-morrow, and then on Monday we'll strike our tent and go——'

'Where, Fred ?'

'We'll go—why, we'll go home. Yes, Lotty, we'll show how much we love one another by not caring for the world, and going direct to our fireside. We'll take our flight on Monday, and folding our wings, like pigeons, descend into the garden of the "*Flich*."'

'I should like it above all things, but what would *people* say, Fred ?'

'My love, when you took this man for your wedded husband,' says Fred, his hand towards himself, 'you certainly deceived me and violated that serious engagement, if at the same time you married anybody of the outside world. Wedding-rings, my love, are only made for one.' But he *is* such an odd creature. 'Yes ; on

Tuesday we'll take our supper with our toes at our own hearth.'

'I should be delighted, Fred ; and as for the world, love, I hope I'm now above it.'

'I know you are, Lotty ; and, therefore, we'll go home and——'

'But the paint, dear ! For as for what one's acquaintance would say, why happiness, as you have beautifully told me—happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens, and therefore, I'd go home with delight, love ; but consider the new paint——'

'That's something,' said Fred, looking in my eyes, and laughing. 'Yes : I'd forgotten the paint.'

(I own it : I was grateful for the paint, because, not that I should have minded it, but I know what people would have said, if we'd come home before the month. Tired of one another, of course ; no resources in our own hearts, and must fly to the world. Yes : I *was* thankful for the paint.)

'Well then, I tell you what, Lotty,' said Fred. 'We'll hold a bed of justice and——'

'A what ? Fred !'

'A bed of justice, love,' repeated Fred, very seriously, so I couldn't laugh, 'and determine where we shall go. Or, to make it shorter, there is a globe in the drawing-room, and we'll give it a turn or two, and with our eyes shut, so choose. Or, what is better still, we'll go straight over the way,' and Fred pointed to the coast of France that, in the clearness of the day, is quite distant and bright.

'That will be beautiful,' said I. 'France ! Well, that will be a surprise to Mamma and Mary and Margaret ; and I'll bring 'em all back a beautiful——'

'My love,' said Fred, 'my ever dear Lotty' ; and he placed his arm round my waist and drew me close to him rumpling all my curls about his shoulder, 'my rose, my pigeon, and my pearl'—(what *was* he going to say ?)—'in taking you from your native British Isle to introduce you to our natural enemies—as philosophers speak of rats and cats—to our natural enemies, you must not forget your duties and your rights as an English matron.'

‘Well, Fred,’ said I, ‘I hope I know my duties ; but’—and I did laugh—‘what are my rights?’

‘Bone of my bone,’ replied Fred, very gravely, ‘don’t be impatient. Learn and practise your duties ; and as for your rights, why, leave them to come as best they may. Right, my love, is a plant of slow growth. You can’t tell how long justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before justice could run alone. As for women’s rights, my forlorn one, they were sent into the world somewhere, but certain philosophers believe—and I confess myself one of them—believe that women’s rights have been frozen in the North-West Passage. Who knows? They may drift back again at the great thaw.’

I didn’t understand a word ; and so I nodded. ‘But then,’ said I ; ‘about France and——’

‘And that brings me back to my exhortation. Sweetest daughter of Eve——’

‘Don’t be foolish, Fred,’ said I.

‘Bud of Eden and chosen floweret for my button-hole——’

It was of no use to interrupt—so I let him go on.

‘Before we quit our beloved Albion, it is necessary—it is most essential, my darling, to our future peace, and the perennial growth of our fireside flowers—(and without thorn the rose)—that we should come to a serious understanding ; should ratify a solemn compact between us.’

‘What !—another !’ said I, and I know I laughed.

‘Another. Being man and wife——’

‘I should think that sufficient,’ was my very courageous answer.

‘Being man and wife, we should have nothing hidden from each other——’

‘I hope not ; indeed, Frederick, I am *sure* not. One soul !’ was my exclamation.

‘Very true : one soul in two dwellings. Because where there is secrecy in married life, especially when visiting France——’

‘But why, visiting France above all places?’ I asked.

‘Or rather, when leaving France,’ continued Fred, looking at me very earnestly ; ‘the result *may* to the

feelings of a husband be most distressing. Imagine, my beloved Lotty, what would be my emotions as your husband if—if the wife of my bosom were found out.'

'Found out! my dear'; and I *was* mystified.

'Found out, my love: for I know too well—it is impossible it should be otherwise—the guilty thought that possessed you. I saw it tinging your cheek, lightening in your eye——'

'Guilty thought!' and I was fast becoming serious—angry.

'Put it from you—crush it—annihilate it——'

'Now, Frederick,' said I, and I drew myself with a sudden twitch from him, 'I'll have no more of this: I won't listen to another word, until you tell me what you mean. Found out! Guilty thought! I ask what you mean?' and I threw myself back in a chair, and was ready to cry, but wouldn't.

'I mean this, my dear. You allow with me that there should be nothing secret between man and wife.'

'Most certainly.'

'That there should be nothing hidden?'

'No—to be sure not: of course not.'

'Very well, love; on that understanding I will take you to France.'

'But why on *that* understanding.'

'Because, when we leave it—strong in your principles—you will scorn smuggling.'

Now, I don't think 'twould ever have entered my head, if he hadn't named it.

*Sunday, May 11, 18—.*

A delightful walk through the meadows to that beautiful church. How familiar seemed to me many of the faces! How often, in future days, shall I think of that old church; how often will the scene dawn upon me; how often the sheep-bell tinkle in my memory. I am sure of it—my mind is so full, so stored with the sights and sounds of the place. How happy, what a blessed fortune will be mine if these days—days that still have had their hours of pain and trial, but hours that have



taught my heart the best of lessons—how happy if these days are but the earnest of a long, long future! It is almost daring, presumptuous to think it—and yet, all about me fills me with confidence and hope. ‘In some places,’—as dear Frederick says,—‘and in some hours, it is wicked not to hope; and hoping, foretaste the good.’ And then, he is always turning things—the most odd as well as the most common—to a lesson. Every day, I feel I learn so much—my heart so goes to school to him.

Last night only, I was about to make a little difficulty—and, as Fred says, difficulties are the worst things people *can* make, they so improve with practice—I was about to object something, when Fred suddenly desired me to watch and learn of *Prince*, the landlady’s dog that had come into the room. The evening sky had been overcast; the dog lay at my feet; suddenly the sun shone, and a little patch of sunlight brightened a corner of the carpet. Immediately, *Prince* got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place, and laid himself in it. ‘There’s philosophy,’ said Fred, ‘only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the wise, sagacious dog walks out of the shadow, and rolls himself round in the brightness. My dear Lotty’—said Fred—‘there’s a lesson for folks who love to make difficulties. Don’t be proud in your humanity—take no arrogance to yourself because of your woman’s wisdom—but be instructed even by a lap-dog. Let the teaching of *Prince*—my beloved one—be not cast away upon you, so that wherever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, there make it out, and with all your best enjoy it.’

The easiest of all trades is to make difficulties. I thought of these words of Fred’s when I put on my bonnet this morning; for—my taste did rebel a little—the bonnet has suffered a shower or two, and was *not exactly* the sort of bonnet to go to church in: I was about to do or say something foolish, when Fred’s words came into my head, and I tied my bonnet with a resolute hand, and—for it was spotted all over with the rain—felt quite a heroine!

Fred smiled so graciously when—upon entering the

church—I made for my old place, and took my seat next to the old soul in the red cloak. After the service, we again wandered through the churchyard. We both paused at a grave new dug. 'The tenant, I suppose,' said Fred, 'takes possession this afternoon. Well, Lotty, you did right—very right, love.'

'I'm glad of that, Fred : but *when* did I do right ?'

'When you seated yourself in the church. Very right. What are the finest sittings in church, when we must even strip, and lie down here ? How small it is, for what it has to hold ! Nothing packs so much, so closely, as a grave, Lotty. Nothing in the world so big, nothing so fine, that this won't swallow. All Job's camels and flocks, when Job flourished again—nay, all Solomon's Temple, in so far as Job and Solomon were touched—all went into a hole like this ; a hole that, always swallowing, is for ever empty. After all, it may do one good to look into such a place once a week—once a week to snuff the smell of fresh earth ; there's an odour in it that *might* kill certain working-day vanities.'

Well, we wandered across the meadows ; and making a round, came to a farmhouse. Tired with my walk, we asked for house-room and refreshment. We were heartily welcomed ; but the farm was full of guests and neighbours. It was plain something out of everyday life was afoot. And so it proved ; the farmer and his wife, with a troop of friends, were preparing to go to the church to have their last baby christened. I think I never saw so beautiful a girl ! But then Fred declares I see beauty in all babies ; whereas he vows they're all alike. But then, is it to be expected he should have *our* eyes ?

We have rested and refreshed ; and the people, setting out, we leisurely follow them. I am so taken, charmed with the baby, that—I declare—I *will* send it something. 'This determination I repeat again and again after our return to the White Hart.

'What will you send it ?' asked Fred ; as—the evening advanced—we were again seated until bedtime in our room at the White Hart. 'What shall it be, Lotty ?'

‘Well, I can’t say, but *something*——’

‘’Tis a great pity you weren’t its godmother,’ said Fred gravely.

‘I shouldn’t have minded that, Fred,’ and I laughed.

‘Then you would have a right, or rather a duty, to bestow a gift. Now what shall it be?’ said Fred, musing.

‘Oh, a cap, or a frock, or——’

‘No, no: vanity of vanities,’ replied Fred. ‘Nor cap, nor frock. I tell you what, Lotty; give it something that, when it grows up, shall be of the best service to it.’

‘To be sure,’ said I. ‘A nice little silver mug.’

‘Nor cap, nor frock, nor silver mug,’ said Fred half seriously. ‘But—a hat-peg.’

‘A hat-peg!’ I cried.

‘A hat-peg,’ answered Fred very solemnly. ‘A hat-peg.’

‘Go on,’ said I, for I could see by his looks he meant something.

‘You see, my love, that unformed, red little baby——’

‘Not unformed! I never saw a more regular baby.’

‘Is, it may be, in the innocence and longitude of its long clothes, the appointed wife for another baby.—Perhaps, the husband and future breadwinner is at this time in advance of his spouse, and has cut his teeth: perhaps, he has already made the manly effort, and succeeded in it, of running alone——’

‘Well?’

‘For when you read of the baby girls and boys sent yearly into the world—spangling the earth plentifully as daisies—it *is*, it must be a frequent and curious speculation to a woman of your contemplative mind——’

‘Now, Frederick——’

‘To think how one wife lies in the cradle, thoughtless of the tyrant who is destined to enslave her; and how the despot himself takes his morning pap, his white sheet-of-paper of a mind yet unwritten with the name of her who may have, in the far years, to sit up for him;

sitting and watching with the resolution to tell him what she thinks of him when, at unseasonable hour, he shall return zig-zag home.'

'Well; what has that to do with a hat-peg?'

'Much; everything. Listen, core of my heart, and be instructed. I will tell you a true story—never yet in print, a story of a hat-peg—a hat-peg made of marvellous wood—a hat-peg grown deep in fairy forests.'

'Oh, a fairy tale! I thought,' said I, 'twas a true story.'

'Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom,' said Fred. 'It is true as sunbeams; and though you cannot coin 'em into golden coin—and then count 'em and weigh 'em—they are true, true as light.'

'Very well,' said I, prepared to listen.

'Once upon a time,' began Fred, with a most sedate face, and with an instructive manner, as though he was telling a story to a very child, 'once upon a time, a girl was born to a couple who, with everything in the world to make them happy, still pulled at the wedding-chain; and every day would hear the rattling of the marriage links. The wife was a sour-tempered shrew; and the husband, at first an easy, good-natured man, became sullen and savage. For even in the early time of wedlock, he never sought his home that his home was not comfortless. The working world outside was ever better, brighter, than his own fireside. Whatever troubles he had upon his head, when he crossed his own threshold such cares seemed heavier upon him: a hard fate—a sad condition, Lotty, for the man who has to struggle outside for the shoulder of mutton to be provided within.'

'Very sad, and very wicked,' said I. 'And these folks had a child?'

'Yes; and there was great fuss made at the christening; although, even at that festival, the mother quarrelled with the father of the baby, and the father—for a moment, in his heart—wished his wife anywhere but where she was. Well, folks brought presents to the child: caps, frocks, spoons, mugs. All the gifts had

been made, when—according to the old story—an old, old woman brought *her* present. “I can bestow nothing fine,” said she; “but I give what is better—this bit of wood,”—and the angry mother was about to throw it into the fire or out of the window, when the husband took possession of it. “This bit of wood,” said the old woman, “will be worth all the other gifts.”

“And what, dame, shall be made of it?” asked the father.

“When the babe shall become a woman and a wife, then let the piece of wood—it is from a magical tree—the piece of wood be made into a hat-peg.”

“A hat-peg!” cried all.

“A hat-peg,” repeated the old woman. “A peg where the good man shall hang his hat when he comes home; a hat-peg of such wonderful wood that, no sooner shall the good man’s beaver be hung upon it than—no matter what his out-of-door care, his out-of-door toil—his whole house shall be to him as bright as a garden, and his fireside hum with pleasant music.” Now the tree where this wood was cut from still flourishes. And wise the wife who, from its magical boughs, shall resolve to make such a hat-peg.’

*Monday, May 12, 18—.*

A letter from home; the first since away. Josephine gave it me with a look as if she really knew what it contained. At least I thought so; and the thought so amazed me that——

But Frederick came in at the moment; and so with the brightest face I could be mistress of, I broke the seal.

‘From the “*Flitch*,”’ said Fred. ‘Why, what’s the matter?’ I felt myself getting angry.

‘Nothing,’ said I.

‘Hm! Never saw nothing look so red in the face. Quite a carnation nothing.’

‘Well, then, it’s a letter from——’

‘Out with it, Lotty. From the “*Flitch*.” What’s the news? Are the rose-buds making up their pink mouths to be kissed by June, and are——’



'Nonsense, Fred. It's something—something very serious. But I knew it—I had a forewarning of it—we should never have any good fortune while the house had *that name*——'

'Why not? A very sound, substantial, hospitable name. "*The Flitch!*" Why, how much better than "*Edens,*" and "*Bowers,*" and "*Elysiums.*" They all of 'em have the odour of stale, dead nosegays. Now the "*Flitch*" has a fine relish about it; a smack of bacon; delighting the mouth: the while the fancy sings with the music of frying eggs.'

'Don't be vulgar, Fred; especially at such a time,'—and I was *very* cross.

'Right, love,' said he, with provoking composure. 'Eggs are vulgar: even birds of Paradise come out of 'em.' And still he never asked about the letter.

'Why, you're never going out?'—and he *was* absolutely about to leave the room. 'And you don't care about the letter; or rather the two letters, for this is from Mamma, and this is from—well, she's a pretty creature!'

'Glad to hear that,' said he. 'Live furniture, at least, should be handsome. And when the mistress of the house is so beautiful, the maids ought somehow to match. Come, what's the matter?' said Fred in his droll, coaxing way, pulling me towards him.

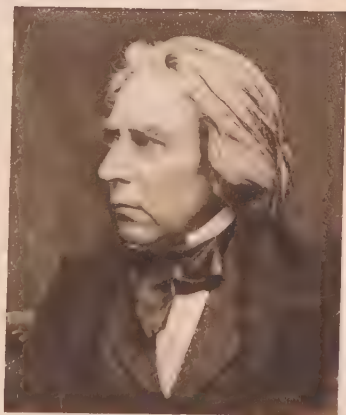
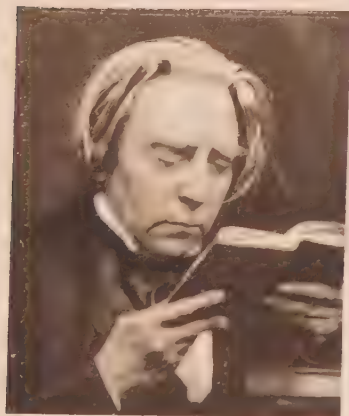
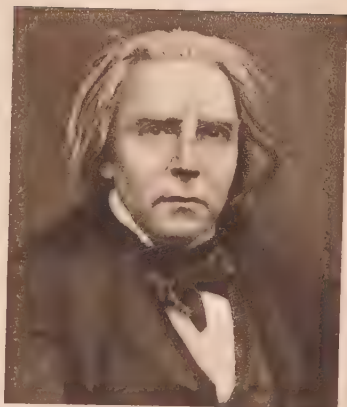
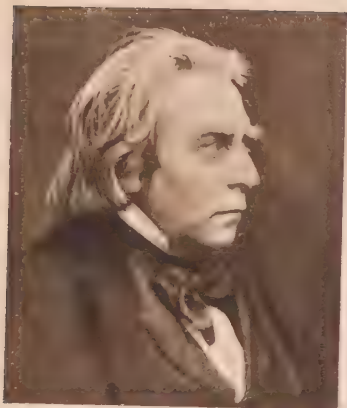
'Why, there, then,'—and I pushed the letter in his face.

'A bold broomstick hand,' and he began to read the precious epistle from that creature Susannah—

"HONOURED MADAM,—Am very sorry for your sake that circumstances of the holy state which are about to take place will not allow me to keep house after this week"—a good beginning for the holy state,' said Fred.

'Now do go on, Fred. You haven't yet come to half her insolence.'

'For as I've had an offer which is to my advantage, it wouldn't be for my future peace—(and she spelt peace *piece*, but I don't follow the creature's orthography)—



*Douglas Jerrold*

*from photographs taken by Dr H. W. Diamond in May 1857*



peace of mind to refuse it. The offer as I speak of comes in the shape of the milkman to whom I feel it has pleased providence to call me : the milkman that fortune has brought to this door with the milk since I have kept it until mistress should have well got over her honeymoon.”

Here Fred laughed outrageously ; though, as I said, I could see nothing to laugh at. So he went on.

“ Which must be my excuse for bettering myself on so short a notice : as I never should have thought of taking on me to keep the house (though there I must say the ‘ Flitch ’ is as clean and as sweet as a rose), if I’d had any thoughts of the young man—(he’s got two cows already, and hopes to have another by the time we marry)—who has offered for me. And I beg to say that, though I’ve been in keep of the house, and had it all to myself—I do beg to say that I’ve never once asked William (which is his name) over the threshold, but that all that has passed has been at the garden-gate in the open eyes of the world. I am happy to say that everything’s prospered under my hands at the ‘ Flitch,’ which mistress will find—and the stock is gone up which, as William says, shows there’s a blessing upon me—not that I’m silly enough to take all a doting sweetheart says as if it was writ in a book. Still, the fowls have laid wonderful, and there promises to be no end of pigeons. If William and me—as he says—is half as lucky with our pigs, we may—saving your presence in his own words—soon have a ‘ Flitch ’ of our own.”

‘ Like the creature’s insolence,’ said I, and I couldn’t help it.

‘ Very presumptuous, indeed,’ replied Fred, looking comically. ‘ Very. “ *Flitch*,” indeed ! such people should be satisfied with a “ *Rasher* ” ! But let’s finish the missive. ’Tis now soon over.’

“ I’m to be married on Monday next which is early ; but I do it on my own accord and by the best advice of my well-wishers : for I have heard that William has offered afore, and nothing has come of it. So shall make sure of Monday ; as, if I may say so, there’s many a slip

atween the husband and the lip. I'll keep the key, if it will accommodate to the last minute afore going to church ; and am yours humbly to command——

SUSANNAH BAGSTER.

“ *P.S.*—Mistress will be glad to hear that the cockatoo pines and takes on after her like any Christian. And further that Rajah the parrot makes the whole neighbourhood scream again now calling ‘Charlotte’ and now ‘Lotty.’ But some birds is more sensible than any of us two-legged creatures.”

‘Now, what do you think of that?’ said I. ‘Why, I’d have trusted the girl with—yes, with untold gold.’

‘To be sure, Lotty. That’s why you locked up the plate-chest. But untold gold is one matter—the untold love of a milkman another.’

‘Now, dear Fred, don’t be foolish. To leave the house at such a warning ! Well, I do think at least she might have waited until I had returned.’

‘*She* might,’ said Fred ; ‘but perhaps the milkman wouldn’t. Poor soul ! I don’t see why she should wait for your moon waning out——’

‘Waning out, Fred ! Well, that *is* an expression——’

‘Before her moon should begin to shine. Honey-moons may be as thick as stars. Any way, now the matter’s settled, I’m very glad——’ and Fred spoke with great earnestness for such a subject—‘very glad indeed of the milkman’s choice. I shall patronise him for his humanity. Of course, she never before had an offer——’

‘Why, there was a talk, Sir,’ said Josephine, who had come in, and I’d allowed to remain—‘there was a talk of a private soldier.’

‘Soldier,’ cried Fred drily. ‘How ! Food for powder——’

‘No, Sir,’ said Josephine, whom I immediately ordered out of the room,—‘no, Sir, for it never come to nothing.’

Fred, with a loud laugh, declared that when it was all



over 'twould be quite a relief to his mind. I couldn't help wondering what the creature had to do with him.

'Creature,' echoed Fred, and then he went on. 'My dear, I have observed that on several occasions you have spoken of certain folk as creatures——'

'There's no harm in that,' I cried, a little twitted. 'What should I call 'em?'

'Very true : there *is* no harm in it, and what should you call 'em? It is quite right ; very estimable of you. Because, my love, when you speak of low and humble folk as creatures ; of course in your humility, your Christian lowliness, you think and speak of 'em as fellow-creatures. After such fashion even duchesses may talk of charwomen. But to return to Susannah——'

'I think we've had enough of her, and I shall answer Mamma and beg her at once to send the creat—the woman about her business.'

'Very good, Lotty ; and for the future, if you value the peace of mind of your inferior moiety, myself—take good heed that you never have a skeleton in the house.'

'I should think not,' said I.

'Don't be confident, my love, it's presumptuous,' said Fred. 'What says the saying : there's a skeleton in every house. But there will, there shall be none in ours—therefore do I rejoice in the going away of Susannah.'

'Why, what has she to do——'

Fred with uplifted finger and solemn face stopped me short. 'My dear, Susannah was ill-favoured ; plain ; nay—the milkman not hearing me—I will call Susannah ugly. Now, my dear, in your future engagements, try the other side of the question. Pay extra wages for extra beauty.'

'Indeed, Sir'—I called him Sir—'indeed, I shall do no such thing. Why should I?'

'Why? To display the liberality of your sex ; for, in a word, Lotty, I will have no skeleton, if I can help it, in my house.'

'I don't know what you call a skeleton,' I replied.

'Then listen, my love'—and he would take my hand between his—'listen and learn. Skeletons are of various sorts ; dwarf skeletons, giant skeletons. But, to my

mind, the worst skeleton in a house is—an ugly house-maid.'

*Tuesday, May 13, 18—.*

It is quite plain that *this* Honeymoon of ours is to be a time of trial, at least to one of us. Goodness knows what a pang it has cost me—but—no—yes—I *do* begin to doubt, no, not doubt, but just question the affection, the one absorbing, soul-possessing—(as I used to think and talk of it)—affection that Frederick has for me. I can't help beginning to think that my eyes are *not* the stars they used to be—and that when I speak, nightingales need *not* go about their business. It's very hard, after all that's happened, to feel so humiliated. But I'm afraid I've been in a dream, and am now beginning to rub my eyes to the cold, wide world about me.

Shall I ever forget when I awoke this morning? I had been restless all night—for I never could sleep with a gnat in the room—never. I had been *very* restless, for if there was one gnat, there were at least twenty—oh, I've known 'em so well from a *very* child—and could hear all their little trumpets blowing about my pillow. Twenty gnats at least. Well, when I woke very drowsily, after being tired out with those dreadful creatures, Frederick stared, and laughed in the most unfeeling manner. A coarse laugh so different from *that* every morning smile—and then my eyes began to open.

'I see nothing to laugh at,' said I, though I'd a dreadful feeling of the cause of his ungenerous mirth; and yes, I *did* swing myself round.

'I'm glad of that, Lotty,' said Fred, for all the world as if he was a stone. 'And I'll tell you what, love, I'll make a bargain with you——'

'I want none of your bargains,' said I, for my face was smarting, and my temper rising.

'Come, it's a bargain you'll gain by,' and he spoke more kindly.

'I'm not so sure of that,' said I, 'still, Fred, what is it?'

'Merely this. That you won't, for a day or two—or

for the whole day at least—you won't stare in the looking-glass.' (I *did* feel indignant—but I held my tongue : so he went on.) 'Darling Lotty——'

'Don't darling me !'

'The gnats——'

'There now, I don't want to hear anything of the gnats. I've heard enough of 'em all night. Nobody else would have brought me to a place infested with gnats.'

'My dear, you must have brought them yourself. You know the saying : where the sugar is, there will be the fly. Now, you're the sugar.'

'Now, Frederick, I want none of your compliments. I think we've now been quite long enough married to be in earnest !'

'Earnest ! Why, my darling, did you think I married in joke ? I said you were sugar ; and it must be confessed, my love, that the flies—or gnats, rather—have taken their bellyfull.'

'I don't know at all what you mean ; and I do wish you'd let me go to sleep. I haven't slept all night,' said I very crossly.

'And so you shall sleep, Lotty. And not to disturb you I'll get up and take a stroll, and see that all's ready for our starting.'

'I won't move a morsel,' said I to myself, with my head under the sheets, 'not a bit, if it's what I suspect, to-day.'

'We'll start at twelve, love, and that will give you time. So, go to sleep, there's a good girl' ; and Frederick rose in the coolest manner, leaving me quite alone. I thought he'd gone, when he looked in at the door, and said, 'Lotty, I know you're a woman of gigantic mind ; and therefore you will not look in the glass.'

I listened until I heard him in his dressing-room, then bounded from bed, rushed to the glass, and I thought I should have fainted. There never was such an object. The words—the unfeeling, satirical words of Frederick—fell upon me like a thunderbolt ; the gnats had, indeed, had their stomachsfull. I crept back to bed again like a criminal ; but it was no use—the looking-glass followed

me ; and I couldn't get rid of my face—my horrid face. Gnats!—they must have been wasps! My nose, upon which I was sometimes vain enough to pride myself, my nose was, I believe, like nothing in this world or the next! Would it ever become itself again? My cheeks, my very eyelids—though how they got at *them*, I could *not* tell, for I hardly once closed them—my eyelids were dreadful. Indeed, all my face—I may say it—was poisoned.

I lay, melting in grief and vexation; full of my trouble, my humiliation. Josephine—I didn't hear her—must have opened the door and crept into the room like a cat: for she stood by my bedside, and with that small, sharp voice of hers that snips like scissors, said—'Did you ring, Ma'am?'

I screamed, and covered my face with the quilt. But the creature had seen me; for I heard her drop on her knees at the bedside. 'What's the matter, Ma'am?' she cried. I wouldn't say a word. 'What's disfigured you in that shocking manner? Do tell me, Ma'am—do. Does master know it, Ma'am? La, if you hadn't been in this bed, I shouldn't have known you from the biggest stranger. What's the matter?'

'It's nothing,' said I; and with an effort I put aside the quilt. Again *that* Josephine clasped her hands, and exclaimed—and every word went to my heart.

'But what *can* it be, Ma'am?' said she. 'Impossible, it's fleas?'

'Merely gnats,' said I, with the most heroic effort at a smile.

'Well, I ought to be thankful,' said the aggravating thing, 'they never touch me.'

I smiled bitterly; and she saw it, so continued. 'But it's dreadful how soft some people's skins are; and shocking to think it should have come upon you in your honeymoon. Ha! that's it!' and she clasped her hands, and jumped to her feet, and looked as though she had made a discovery. 'That's it!'

'What's it?' I asked, quite in a rage.

'Why, honey, Ma'am; nothing for a cure for all stings like honey. I'll get some directly—directly.' She

took a step or two ; then paused, and with a look of vulgar compassion, that was like a dagger to me, she went away.

How it happened I know not ; but I suppose it was from the worry of my mind—as Frederick called it the mental tension—I fell asleep. ‘People have slept upon the rack,’ said Fred, ‘and I was only another horrible example.’ However, sleep I did ; and it was full noon, when Frederick stood at the bedside.

‘Now, Lotty, all’s ready, and after you’ve breakfasted, we’ll start——’

‘Start, Frederick ? Where ?’ I inquired with my best freezing manner.

‘Why, where we proposed. Start on our way to France——’

‘And in my present state ! What would people say ?’

‘Pooh, pooh,’ cried Frederick.

All the woman was roused within me : my feelings stung worse than my face. I exclaimed, grasping the counterpane with one hand, and raising the other—  
‘Frederick, have you a heart ?’

‘No, my dear,’ said he ; ‘you have it all yourself. But if you are bitten here and there——’

‘Here and there, indeed !’

‘What then ? What have “people,” as you call ’em, to do with it ? It’s my face, you know, not theirs ; and if it was bitten into a thousand little pieces, and I loved it all the better, wherefore should you care ? I’m content, my darling.’

‘Oh, yes, you look very content : so content that you’d move me in my present situation. But I’ll not stir. No ; you can go—go alone : but you carry me bed and all, if I go.’

‘Why, now, Lotty, haven’t you a veil ? If the bites are so bad, can’t you hide ’em ? For my part, darling, I love you all the better for the little misfortune. So, get up, and dress yourself, and come and——’

‘I shan’t,’ said I, in a downright passion. ‘You can go alone.’



'To be sure I can,' answered Fred, and immediately left me.

In a few minutes up comes the landlady ; and didn't I soundly abuse her for harbouring gnats in her house ! She made a thousand apologies : said the house *was* sometimes troubled ; but the gnats were very early this season—never in common came before July. And then the impudent woman had the face to ask me—'If I was quite sure we hadn't brought 'em in our trunks with us ?'

At this minute, Josephine entered. 'Where's your master ?' I asked, heart-broken.

'Gone, Ma'am.'

'Gone !' and I sprang up in the bed.

'Yes, Ma'am,' said the landlady, getting to the door, 'gone fishing' ; and she left the room. Again I sank upon my miserable pillow, and burst into tears.

'And this, Josephine,' I said sobbing, 'this—face—this in my honeymoon !'

'Yes, Ma'am,' said the girl, 'but take this comfort, it might have been worse.'

'Worse !'

'Yes, Ma'am, it might have happened the day *afore* your honeymoon. You might have been called up to church with that face, and master might have refused you ; now you can lie as long as you like in bed, and master can't help himself.'

*Wednesday, May 14, 18—.*

'Well, Lotty, love, shall we start to-day ?'

'Now, Fred, dear, how can you ask such a question ? What would the world think ? What would people say ? That is, how can you be so cruel as to ask me to show myself ?'

'Why not ? Why, the cure's miraculous,' and Fred stared soberly in my face. 'Take away your nose, and there's scarcely a bite about you. Well, you won't go ?'

'No : I won't !' and I spoke with such spirit that Fred made no answer ; but beginning a low whistle, he immediately prepared to get up—for this talk was before we had risen. 'You're never going to get up ?' said I : when he made no answer, but straightway left the room.

‘Where *can* he be going so early?’ was a thought that went through my brain like a needle. I had intended to go to sleep, but from that moment sleep was impossible. It seemed to me as if something dreadful was going to happen.

Well, I lay for an hour and more listening for Fred, when, at last, I heard him leave his room, and he ran downstairs—without ever looking in—whistling and singing as happy as a bird. And I sick, and mortified, and abed! A shadow seemed to fill the room; and I was determined to get up. With sudden energy I rose and—and faced the looking-glass! It was too much for me; weakened, humbled, I crawled back, and again hid myself. There never was such a nose. I felt, I may say, shut out of the pale of society. And Frederick could sing and whistle!

Josephine brought me my breakfast. ‘Well, Ma’am,’ said the creature, ‘I declare, if you’re not almost getting yourself again. Nothing like honey, Ma’am, for gnat-bites; all of ’em, with three or four not worth thinking of, all of ’em gone down.’

‘It’s of no consequence,’ said I, as coolly as I could. ‘Not the least. Where’s your master?’

‘Master, Ma’am? Oh, swallowed his breakfast, and went off a-fishing.’

‘Fishing!’ I cried. ‘Why, he went fishing yesterday!’

‘That’s what I thought, Ma’am; but I suppose he liked it so well, that’s the reason he’s gone again. Besides, he said you were so fond of trout. Then to be sure you had trout yesterday. Still, two days running to go a-fishing, and leave you in bed—when you could have gone with him there; as *there* you’d be seen by nobody.’

‘That’s true, Josephine; very true: with my veil, I might have gone there: and he leaves me in bed—all alone in bed.’

‘And such a sweet day for fishing. Master said, with a laugh, the trouts would bite like gnats.’

I said nothing; but I held my breath and bit my lips. To have my affliction made sport of to my servant!

Oh, all my happiness seemed melting away like any sunset. I resolved to get up. Yes ; I would wrestle with my sorrows out of bed. I rose ; and after all, my face was not so *very* bad. I might with a good thick veil confront the world. Already I had taken resolution ; and—when in anything like a passion I can dress in a minute at most—and in a minute I *was* dressed.

The landlady followed me into our sitting-room. Was so delighted to see me look so well ; and made such apologies for the gnats which had come on purpose, she believed, to ruin her house, that I couldn't in my heart abuse her. 'What would I like for dinner ? The gentleman had ordered nothing. He only said, he might be late, but he should bring home some trout. I had trout yesterday ; would I have trout again ?'

'Certainly not,' I cried, very angry. 'And he said he shouldn't be home till late ?'

'Well, ma'am, you know he can't if the gentleman walks all the way ; for its eight miles at the shortest over the fields to Diamondstream ; and eight miles back, and that would make——'

I'll go myself ; yes, the thought comes like inspiration, and I'll see this trout-fishing. To fish two days together ; and to go off singing and whistling, with never so much as looking into my room. And a little more than a fortnight married ! No ; if I'm put upon in this manner, and do nothing, the worm will never be allowed to turn. Now all these went, like sparks from a wheel, through my brain, whilst I just looked at the landlady. 'I can have a carriage ?' said I.

'Why, no, Ma'am ; I'm afraid not. To be sure there's the pony chaise——'

'That will do. Josephine, put on your things. We'll drive to Diamondstream ; we'll see this trout-fishing,' and I felt my spirit rising with the determination.

'It's a long way round the road,' said the landlady.

'No matter, 'twill do me good. Make haste. Get the chaise ready, directly.'

'To be sure, Ma'am ; and it *will* hold three ; one at the back so that you may bring the gentleman with you ;

whilst your maid rides behind. Ready in a minute, Ma'am,' and the landlady trotted off.

I can't say what it was possessed me ; but I felt as if something dreadful was about to happen ; and it all depended upon me to stop it. My blood was getting into a fever ; and my face burned and burned ; and if the chaise hadn't been ready as it was, I felt as if I must have gone off on foot.

At length I and Josephine were seated—I was always a good whip when a very, *very* little girl—and the landlady gave directions. 'The first to the right, then to the left, then go on to the Barleymow, turn to the right of that, then to the Plough, and then ask again, and I couldn't miss it.'

How my spirits bounded, and my heart leapt, as the pony—a fiery little thing !—started. 'This is beautiful,' said I to Josephine ; and somehow I felt an air of liberty that was strangely pleasant. 'Beautiful— isn't it ?'

'Lovely, Ma'am,' said Josephine, quite in a glow. 'La ! how I should like to go round the world in this manner ; and it might be done, Ma'am, with money and spirit, mightn't it ? For myself, in daylight I'm afraid of nothing. Two women, and spirit, and a pony like this, with a bigger place in the chay for the bonnets, and what life they might see ! It *is* lovely !' and Josephine looked about her quite animated, as we tore along. After some minutes, Josephine said—'How master will be surprised to see you ! Yes, when he looks in your face, he—oh, Ma'am !' and the girl clasped her hands in sudden fright—'Oh, Ma'am !'

'What's the matter ?'

'Matter, Ma'am,' she repeated, at the same time placing her finger to her own nose in a manner I couldn't misunderstand—'matter, Ma'am ! Why, if you haven't gone and forgot the veil !'

It was quite true : in the hurry, the agitation of the moment, I *had* forgotten it, and there I was in the king's highway, in broad daylight, and nobody could say who might pass—there I was, and such a figure ! 'We must return immediately.'

'Yes, Ma'am ; though, Ma'am, we've come a good way, and master will have fished and been gone afore we get there ; and the road seems very quiet—met nobody but a tinker, and two haymakers have passed, and who'd think of such creatures as them ! Besides it isn't so very bad ; and after all, the veil would only draw and heat it, and make it even bigger and redder than it is, and——'

'That will do ; we *will* go on,' and my conscience immediately smote me for what I dealt upon the poor pony—but the girl was so aggravating, how *could* I help it ?

Well, we drove for an hour, and—inquiring here and there—still followed the road. At length we approached Diamondstream. We inquired of a boy the direct road to the water. It was three fields off. Had he seen a gentleman there ?

'Yes.'

'What sort of a gentleman ?' I asked ; and it was wonderful with what accuracy the boy—a child of nature—described Frederick.

'A good-looking gentleman, green coat, blue handkerchief, and a lady a-fishing down stream, with him !'

Could I believe my ears ? Was it possible ? It couldn't be ; nevertheless, I jumped from the chaise, and desired Josephine to stay where she was. I ran across two fields, saw the water winding like a snake—(like a snake ! I remember the resemblance strangely, oddly affected me !)—like a snake in the distance. I crossed the third field, and saw nothing of Frederick. I turned a corner of the hedge, and—I thought I should have dropped !

There was Frederick, and there was a young lady. In an instant, I confronted them ; Frederick, shewing no surprise, observed—'My love, I'm glad to see you : who'd have thought it ! You see, this young lady and myself, fishing near one another, somehow the lines have become tangled' ; and then, in the coolest manner, he went on trying with his teeth and fingers to separate those horrid lines, knotted as they were together.

Then I thought I *must* have dropped.



Thursday, May 15, 18—.

I say, I thought I should have dropped. (To-day is a blank day ; I'm all alone ; nobody with me but the fears and anxieties of a wife ; so I continue the story from the dreadful yesterday.) When I saw the *young lady*—not that her looks or her manners appeared to me to be *too* much of the lady—standing coolly by Frederick, and smiling—yes, boldly smiling, as with his dear white teeth he now and then tried to bite out the tangle of the filthy knots of those stupid fishing-lines—I *did* feel all the spirit of a wife boil in my heart, and burn up in my face. My face ! With the very flush, came the dreadful consciousness, the terrible recollection of those odious gnat-bites ; and I could clearly see the *young lady's* eyes—(eyes of treacherous, mischievous black ; a colour I never could abide)—see her eyes wander up and down my face ; and then, with a simper of insolence, make a dead settlement on my nose ; on the very place where *the gnats* had been. I could have—well, at the moment, I wouldn't have answered for what I could have done. If I'd only brought my veil ! But there I stood, as I felt, an injured, gnat-bitten, lawful wife, and looked down upon by that *young lady*. And then the coolness of Fred ! Did I ever think he could be such a savage ?

'You see, my dear, as I've told you,'—and he kept trying the knots with his teeth—'as I've said, fishing near one another—by the way, you should see what an admirable angler the lady is. How beautifully she——'

And at this moment, with Fred still biting, she had—yes, before my very face—she had the impudence to hope he wouldn't hurt his teeth ! What right had she to hope anything of the sort ? Such familiarity, and as I say, *I*—his wife—present ! But I knew there was something : I felt it all the way coming along, I was certain that he wouldn't go out two days together fishing ; and for trout, too. Yes : very pretty trout. Never saw trout in a *straw bonnet* before. All this I couldn't help thinking as I stood and saw their lines knotted and twisted. I am not superstitious ; certainly not ; but can't be blind and deaf to omens so loud and so plain.

'Lotty, my love'—said Fred with aggravating coolness—'one would think this knot the marriage knot : it seems impossible to undo it. Don't you think'—and he laughed in his old provoking way—'don't you think it is the marriage knot?'

'No, Sir, I don't : I think it'—and I darted a look like a flash of lightning at her—'I think it *quite the reverse*.'

'It's a beautiful sport angling,' said the young lady, *mincing* her words. The kitten!

'Yes ; very likely,' said I ; 'especially to people without that inconvenience, a heart.'

'Oh,' said the bold thing, 'you mean the cruelty? But I always fish with an artificial fly.'

'I should think it very likely,' said I, and I made her a curtsy, that if she'd had even the feeling of a dormouse, *ought* to have withered her.

'And very beautifully—in fact much finer than Nature—the lady makes them. Yes, Lotty, much finer than Nature—quite outdoes the real thing,' said Fred.

'Oh, I have not the least doubt *you* think so,' and I could have cried, but I *wouldn't*.

'Look, love'—and he would show me a lot of rubbish ; I don't like to use a vulgar expression, but it *was* rubbish,—'look, love : what do you think of the young lady's Green-drake?' and I did stare ; for it was as much like a Green drake, as the *young lady* herself was like a Blue Duck ; and more, I had it on the tip of my tongue to say as much.

And then the young lady herself would put in *her* talk. 'We anglers'—and she looked at Fred in a bold, strange way—'we anglers call it the Green-drake fly.'

'Oh, it's meant for a fly, is it?' said I ; 'well, I shouldn't have thought it. I should rather have taken it for a frog, or a grasshopper.'

'Ha, the fish are the best judges ; you should see, Lotty, how they rise to it,' said he.

'I can understand *that*, dear Frederick : fishes, like *other* people, are so often taken by what is *false*, and artificial' ; and my temper began to get up.

'But they may be made so natural,' said the *young lady*; 'and then they may be used *so* humanely. You see, to make a Green-drake——'

'Or a green goose,' I murmured with a look—yes, muttered quite loud enough for Fred to hear me. More: I repeated it between my teeth—'a *green goose*.'

'To make the fly according to authority,' and the *meek* and *timid* creature went on, 'you must take camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the down that is combed from a hog's bristles——'

'Well, I'm sure,' said I, with the loudest laugh I could manage, 'camels, bears, and hogs! What strange company for a young lady! And yet for all that, you seem quite at home with them. Ha! ha! quite at home.'

'Quite so,' she answered, never touched; 'with green silk, with long hairs of sables, and feathers of a mallard—but I see you don't care for the gentle art, so I won't weary you. But when you have perfectly made your fly'—and she looked, I couldn't mistake my eyes, at Fred—'when you have really beaten Nature, making a finer fly than Nature herself, you are sure of your trout. I've caught twenty——'

'At one ball?' I asked, and I gave *her* a look in return.

'In one hour, in one stream,' and then *she* curtsied. 'Oh, you don't know what may come of a Green-drake!'

It was wonderful the thrill that, with her words, went through me! I was carried back to the day after my marriage. There I was, at the White Hart; and there stood the landlady, asking 'if we'd like *ducks* for dinner?' Now I'm not—I'm persuaded—superstitious; but those ducks had, it was plain—oh! it all came upon me—plain, some meaning with the *Green-drake*. I felt that I was doomed to be unhappy. I could not help contrasting my feelings *that* morning, when the landlady talked of ducks, and the present desolate hour when that *young lady* minched about *drakes*. Frederick never looked so ill—positively ugly; it was, of course, only my fancy—but remembering my fairy-tale days, he seemed to have almost the face of a *trout*.

And then the thought flashed upon me ! I had eaten *trout* for dinner yesterday. Now *who* caught that trout ? I *would* know. Looking at the *young lady* from top to toe, I asked her if *she*—that is, if *they*—had had good sport yesterday ?

'Yesterday ? She didn't fish yesterday. She had only come home last night.'

'Indeed ! Didn't fish yesterday ?' as if I believed her !

And all this time, there stood Fred—sometimes laughing, sometimes picking the tangled lines with his fingers, sometimes using his teeth. At last—I could see it by the twitter she was in—*her* fingers began to move as though she'd use them, too. What next ? thought I, and my blood began fairly to boil.

I said nothing. I motioned Josephine to my side. She had followed me—for all I said—as hard as she could, leaving the pony in charge of a boy, and had—I could see that by the good creature's face—had been a feeling witness of the injuries I was suffering. How the poor thing raised her eyes, and lifted her hands, and wondered at the manners of that *young lady*.

'I never did, in all my days,' said Fred, 'fall into such a tangle.' As if I was deceived by that ! As if I didn't see that he was making the tangle greater and the knots tighter, only that he might torture me, and keep me standing there before—looking at him with all her *black eyes*—that *young lady* !

'Seems quite united for ever,' I observed to the *fisherwoman*, at the same time sidling nearer to *my* husband. 'What's to be done, Fred ?'

'Can't say, I'm sure. Most extraordinary tangle : tremendous knots !'

'As you observed, Fred, every knot like the knot of matrimony. Now, what *is* to be done, when you can't untie a knot ?'

'Well, there is only one alternative, my love——'

'Just so,' said I, 'only don't *love* me. Just so ; when you can't untie it, you must cut it.'

And at the word, I drew forth Josephine's scissors—

(she always carried scissors)—and with a *tremendous snip*, I cut the lines *in two* !

How the *young lady* stared, and didn't I give her a look ! Frederick turned red and frowned ; and I—just to spite him—I *kissed* the scissors.

Friday, May 16, 18—.

As I have said, I kissed the scissors. The *young lady*, after colouring a bit, had the impertinence—can I call it otherwise?—to burst into a fit of laughter : not that it was *real laughter*—I could see that ; but that was not the worst. Frederick, after a minute, began to laugh also ; and then *both of 'em*—as if it had been quite a concerted thing ; yes, as if it had been a planned *duet of laughter* between them, laughed as who should laugh the loudest ! I cast a look at Josephine and—I shall like her better for the rest of my life—I saw she felt for her mistress ; for her face never moved a muscle. No : the good creature stood and looked *like a stone* at the *young lady* ; who, to make the insult the deeper, after a time tried to recover herself, and then—with her giggling still spirting out at the corners of her bold mouth—and then, she dropt a curtsey,—a *bitter* curtsey, I could see that—and begged my pardon for laughing ; and hoped I was not displeased.

'Certainly not,' said I ; 'quite *the reverse*.' Though I may confess here to myself I felt very unhappy : I may say I felt just a *little* small—there was such an *easy boldness* in that young lady ; which, I suppose, she meant for *innocence*. Like her *impudence* !

At this minute, who should come bustling up but an old gentleman in a suit of nankeens ! A very nice-looking old man he would have been at any other time—a man looking over sixty, and all his years *comfortable and rosy* in his face ; and his hair like thistledown. Well, the young lady—directly she saw him—ran into his arms, and kissed him very tenderly, very dearly.

(Now, I don't know why that should have relieved me ; why, for the moment, I should have felt more comfortable ; but I did : but why, I can't say. Still I felt a load taken off me.)



'Why, Meg, my darling!' said the old gentleman; and then they kissed one another again. And then, after a time, it came out that he was the young lady's father; that he had been away from home when she returned last night—for *that*, it appeared, was all *true*; that he had just come back, and *changed himself*, and had then bustled down to Diamondstream to find Meg, 'she was such a little *puss*,' he said, 'for fishing.'

Frederick, in his own easy way; it is wonderful how, when he likes, he can glide—like a *snake* I was going to write, but I *won't*—like a snake into the confidence and good graces of people; Frederick congratulated the old gentleman at so soon finding his daughter—as if, having any eyes at all, he could have missed her!—told him, with a laugh, how their lines had got tangled; at which the old gentleman laughed like a whole playhouse, and said that in this world such things would happen. And then the old gentleman—as if *at last* he'd found *me out*—with twinkling eyes, and taking off his straw hat, made a bow that *ought* to have gone like a dagger to the conscience of Fred; but it didn't—not a bit.

'Oh!' said Fred, as if he'd just remembered a parcel, or a portmanteau: 'my wife, Sir.'

Upon this, Meg—since that was her name—Meg made me another curtsey; and I—*bowed*. I can't explain why it should have been; but the easiness, the cordiality of Fred—and Miss Meg's face lighting up at his every word, like—like a tulip bed in the sun—all this seemed to call up *such a spirit* in me, that I found myself—without knowing it—clenching my hands, and *just* grinding my teeth, whilst I'd have given anything in the world to have been calm and cold and civil. At this minute a peal of bells, of church bells, rung across the fields; and smothering my feelings that seemed suddenly to rise *all up in arms*, I turned pale—and was nearly fainting.

'Lotty, my love,' said Fred, in a moment with me, 'you're not well?'

'Quite well,' said I, with a struggle, 'it's merely'—and I looked at her—'a little too warm.'

'It *is* warm,' said the old gentleman; 'and so, Sir,

without ceremony will you and your good lady come up to Beanblossoms—my house ; my name's Bliss, known in the county as Squire Bliss,—it's only a quarter of a mile away.'

'Well,' thought I to myself, 'that's very kind ; and we *will* go.'

'Not a quarter of a mile,' said Meg.

'We *won't* go,' was my next determination. 'Not a step,' I was inwardly resolved.

'And if you and your good lady can stop and spend the rest of the day with us ; and then return in the cool of the evening—we're all alone ; spend the day with us and——'

'You're very kind, indeed,' said Fred ; and no doubt he thought so : for positively he bowed and looked as if, at once, without consulting my feelings, he accepted the invitation.

'You know, Frederick, that we have to get ready for our journey *to-morrow*' ;—I said to-morrow, as if I'd liked to have talked pins and needles—'you know that.'

'Ready, my dear !' answered Fred : 'why, I thought all your things were packed ?'

'Now, how should you know ?' and I laughed. 'But that's so like you.'

'Well, if you can't stay, and I wish you could,' said Mr. Bliss with his good-natured face a little serious—'at least you'll come and rest yourselves, and take a——'

'I thank you,' said I, with a sudden firmness, and a *will of my own*—'but I'd *rather not*.' The old gentleman, I could see it, pulled himself up ; and Meg looked grave.

'You had really rather not ? you have quite made up your mind to the matter ?' said Fred, with calm, settled looks, and speaking slowly every word ; and I'd have given the world to unsay what I'd said, but I *couldn't*.

'Quite made up—I'd much rather not.' Whereupon Mr. Bliss made a formal bow to Fred, who—with his face all flushed—returned it ; Meg curtsied, and I stooped a little ; and—in a minute, and hardly that—Meg and her father, who *would* carry her fishing-tackle and basket, had turned from us ; and Josephine—as I'd mentioned to her before—was crossing the fields back to the chaise.

Fred and I were alone. Somehow I tried to look every way but towards his face. 'Shall I help you to put up your tackle, love?' said I, with a chirruping voice.

'No,' said Fred, flinging the word at me, that I'd rather the word had been a snowball.

'I didn't know, Fred,' said I, 'that you really made your own flies. Do you?'

'Sometimes,' answered Fred, putting up his fishing things.

'And of duck's feathers?' No answer. 'Didn't the young lady say of duck's feathers?'

'What young lady?' asked Fred; and I could see his aggravating eye.

'Why, the young lady that was here; the young lady there'—and I nodded in the direction.

'I am sorry, Charlotte—sorry for you as for myself, that you seem only to have discovered that she is a young lady when her back is turned.'

'What do you mean?' said I. 'You wouldn't have had me run up and embrace her, would you, when I found you both in a tangle? Very odd—I must say that—very odd, that your lines should have caught. Very odd, when I was left at home——'

'Now, Charlotte'; and he spoke as I didn't think he could speak—'didn't I wish you to get up, and——'

'Get up! Yes; the figure that I was! With my face in such a state, but——'

'Charlotte,' said Fred, 'when I married you——'

'Well, you needn't put such a solemn face upon the matter,' said I. 'I suppose I may say when I married *you*.'

'I thought your face, as far as its fair looks went, belonged to me; and to nobody else soever. I thought your face was face of my face; nose of my nose; mouth of my mouth'; and he broke into his old way again.

'And when I married you'—said I—'it was my belief that if you went fishing with anybody, it should have been with me, and me only. But I see I am mistaken. It's a little early, to be sure; but my eyes are opened.' Fred

had sat himself down upon the grass. He made no answer. 'Yes,' I repeated, 'at last my eyes are opened,' and then I sat down upon the grass beside him. He said nothing; but in my own mind I could feel he was in a bad humour.

'How lucky'—at last he said, for all the world as drily as a rusty hinge—'how very lucky, Charlotte, that you had those scissors.'

'You think so?' said I: 'you really think so? Well, it was lucky.'

'Charlotte,' said Fred, a little languidly, 'are you superstitious? I mean, do you on eventful occasions believe in accidents that—I mean do you believe in omens?'

'I don't know what you mean,' said I.

'I mean do you believe in the scissors?'

'Believe in the scissors!' I cried.

'Why not? You kissed them.'

'Did I?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Fred, 'kissed them with great fervour: had they been a lover's present from old Vulcan to Venus in her days of maidenhood, she couldn't have kissed the gift with greater warmth.'

'Now, don't be foolish, Fred,' said I, for I felt I'd been wrong; and I sidled towards him, for I wanted to get him into a good humour again. 'Don't be foolish, there's a dear.'

'I never was more serious, Charlotte: for, I am sure of it, there is an omen: a fatal omen to our happiness—to mine at least—in those scissors.'

'What can you mean?' and I was becoming really afraid.

'Marriage, my dear Charlotte, should be a union of hearts.'

'Of course. Should be? Why it *is*!'

'An interknitting of the chords of sympathy; of the very strings of the heart. How many begin marriage, thinking marriage this!'

'To be sure: or why marry at all?' said I.

'And then, after a time, they find their mistake,'

—and he spoke the word *mistake* like the tolling of a bell.

‘Mistake!’ said I.

‘But then, when they discover that the whole scheme goes wrong with them—that the union between them is not a union, but a tangle of temper, a tangle of feelings, a tangle of interests—they discover what is worse, more bitter still: they find, too late, that however they may desire them, there’s *no* scissors to cut the tie.’

‘I don’t see what you mean,’ said I, with a cold shudder.

‘I mean, Charlotte, that your scissors of to-day, exercised with your temper of to-day, *may* make us wish that *law* had scissors for marriage lines, even as ready as your scissors for lines to fish with.’

‘Frederick!’

‘Charlotte, you have marked some of these days with flowers. Mark mine to-day with *this*,’ and turning, he plucked and held before my face a nettle.

*Saturday, May 18, 18—.*

To-day, a blank; and so to end my *sad, sad* story of yesterday. When Frederick offered me the *nettle* to mark the day with—*his* day, he said, I put on my glove as coolly as I could—just to *show my spirit*, and took it from him smiling, as if it had been a rose. I *would* let him see that I *would not* be *stung* by his cruelty. A nettle, indeed! And in a honeymoon!

Well, we had scarcely risen to go home when Josephine came flying back across the fields. I knew something dreadful had happened. ‘That limb of a pony had broken from the stupid boy, and had torn back like mad.’ I expected to see Frederick in a rage; but no, he only laughed—laughed as if he mightily enjoyed it.

‘No matter,’ said he, ‘’t isn’t above eight or nine miles back over the fields——’

‘And in this weather,’ said I, ‘with the sun over one’s head and in one’s face; and I *think* I’ve suffered enough.’



‘If we step along,’ said Frederick, with all the carelessness in the world, ‘we shall be at home before the gnats are out. Gnats, you know, only make up evening parties.’

‘Oh, certainly’—said I—‘if you desire it : of course you know my strength better than myself : you *ought*, of course ; man is such a *superior* creature : you *ought* to know.’

‘Well, Lotty,’ said he, and my heart began to melt at the softness of his voice : and I did *not* feel the gnat blotches on my face, he looked so tenderly into it—‘Well, poor Lotty, I tell you—as you’re tired—I tell you, dear, what we’ll do.’

‘Yes, love,’ I answered, very happily.

‘We’ll cast ourselves upon the hospitality of Squire Bliss—he can hardly have got home—and, amending our resolution, put up for an hour or two at Beanblossoms.’

‘Just as you please,’ said I, with such a sudden tightness of the heart, I’d never felt the like. ‘*Just—as—you—please.* But for myself, I can walk.’

‘What ! alone ?’

‘Yes ; why not ? Quite alone ; that is, Josephine and I can walk together. You, if so *very tired*, can rest yourself with Mr. and Miss Bliss ; and *perhaps*—if we don’t walk very fast—*perhaps*, long before we get home, you’ll overtake us.’

Frederick made no answer ; but I thought I heard him sigh : and then, for a moment, he passed his hand across his forehead.

‘Have you got the headache, dear ?’ said I.

‘No ; not the *head* ;’ and he walked on, merely adding, as he pointed the way, ‘This is the shortest cut ; this will bring us the nearest way to the comforts and delights of our own fireside’ ; and then he broke into a low whistle.

For a time we walked on in silence. For myself, I never believed that we should walk all the way. I made certain we should find a house where we might put up, and get another chaise home. And so we went on, the sun burning fiercer and fiercer, and Josephine—quite red

hot — casting such pitiful looks about her. And so we crossed field after field, and found nothing.

'When shall we come to a house, Fred?' I at last ventured to inquire.

'Well, the house—the only house—this way across the fields—the only house from the inn——'

'Yes, dear?'

'Is the house we've turned our backs upon. Bean-blossoms, my love, is the only house I know; and as you're very tired—I can see you are; and with this heat, you'll be brown as any mulatto.'

'Oh, no matter for that. I'm sure I needn't care anything for complexion, now. That's all over now—since *nobody else* cares about it.'

'Your philosophy, Charlotte, is delightful. After all, what *is* complexion, especially when a woman's married? If the sun burns her face to a cinder—what then? The husband has taken the face for life; white or pink, black or brown. So why need she care? The great first business of a woman is to get a husband: when he's *got*, her anxiety may be said to be over: she's so convinced that the *law must hold him*, she may make herself quite easy and independent of the matter.'

I knew he didn't mean a word he said; but I made no answer, for I knew he was in one of his aggravating humours, so I was resolved—suffer what I might—to say nothing. And still the sun burned hotter and hotter, and I'd had nothing to eat since breakfast—and as I kept walking on I felt every step fainter and fainter, and I thought, with every step, I should drop. And so went on broiling and broiling—and for all the weather, Frederick was as cool as a frog—but this was to aggravate me.

'We must have come seven miles at least,' said I.

'Not three,' said Fred.

'And is there no inn, no habitation, no roof between this and——'

'Not a door, not a thatch,' answered Fred; stepping out at the words, as if he'd got on a pair of three-leagued boots.

'Well, then,' said I, 'if only for five minutes, I must

sit down somewhere. I wonder if there's a stream! I'd give the world for a cup of water.'

'And couldn't you eat something, ma'am,' said Josephine, rather provokingly,—'if it was only a bit of the hardest bread-and-cheese?'

'I'm sure *I* could,' answered Fred. 'A tankard of fine, amber ale, now; with a delicate, creamy froth; milk for giants. I could see the bottom of the silver, were it any depth,' and then he smacked his lips. 'Couldn't you take a cup, Lotty?'

'Well, I confess I could, Frederick,' I answered; and my lips seemed hot coals with thirst.

'And then a nice slice of ham, with the true odour about it? Or even a few wings of cold chickens; with some cream cheese and—eh, Lotty?'

'Yes,' I gasped.

'And there they all are,' said Fred.

'Where?' I exclaimed.

'No doubt there'; and Fred pointed back: 'there, in the full cellar and crammed larder of Beanblossoms.'

'And *there*,' said I, 'let them be'; and with *new spirit* I immediately rose from the grass, and began to walk on, as if I hadn't walked a step before. And so for another half-hour; and—for it became hotter and hotter—and then I thought I should have dropped.

And all of a sudden, all about one it became stifling as an oven; and the clouds gathered as black as night.

'Talking about ale'—said Fred, carelessly enough—'there'll be plenty of thunder, in a few minutes, to trouble it.' And just as he spoke, there shot down such a flash of lightning, that it seemed to fall right at his feet, and I screamed, and ran into his arms. And then there burst such a roar of thunder, the very earth trembled, and seemed to me to heave under us.

In that minute I felt myself so wicked! What would I have given to be seated at—yes, at Beanblossoms, with anybody and anything, so that Fred were there, too! I cried—I couldn't help it; fairly sobbed, as he held me in his arms. 'Oh, if we get safely home again,' thought I, 'how different all in future *shall* be.' Again and

again the thunder, and Josephine ran screaming, and huddled herself right into a hedge.

Then came down heavy raindrops, and then a torrent. 'Courage,' said Fred, pressing me, 'and let us push on.' And I had new strength with the words; and we seemed to fly, the rain pouring for some minutes about us; and then, as suddenly as the storm began, it ceased. The black clouds rolled away, and all the sky burst out blue again; and the birds poured out their songs; and only that we were wet to the skins, we might have thought it even beautiful.

Well, we crossed a stile that brought us into a green lane; and there—shall I ever forget it, for it seemed at the time like a fairy hut to me?—there was a gypsy's tent snugly sheltered in a nook; and there was a gypsy family; and there was a fire that seemed to blaze and sparkle as though in gay defiance of the storm. Just as we'd crossed the stile, Josephine—picking herself somehow out of the hedge—followed us.

As soon as the gypsies saw us, one tall handsome fellow—with one of those faces that we sometimes see in pictures—came up to us; and with a glance at our clothes, all soaking, asked us if we wouldn't come and dry ourselves under the tent. And had the man been owner of a mansion, he couldn't have made the offer more politely or with better grace. He'd hardly done speaking, when his wife—with a young baby in her arms, but a brown, plump *little dear*—also came up to back her husband's offer.

Fred, just glancing at me, at once accepted the invitation: that is, if there were not too many for the tent to hold. 'Not a bit,' said the gypsy; 'we gypsies lie close like young rabbits in the flick.'

In less than a minute we are under the tent; and the fire is fed and heaped with sticks, and although it *is* a little smoky, it's *very warm*; and wet as we are, *that's* much.

Almost before we could place ourselves, the kettle hanging over the fire was emptied; and how delicious was the smell! It was very odd; and I saw Fred's lips

curve, and his eyes twinkle,—it *was* odd, but the young gypsy wife offered me a share of their dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be. I *was* hungry and wet ; and—at once I took the offered meal and—I could hardly help laughing—I found myself eating in a gypsy tent—and eating with such an appetite—beans and bacon !

‘I wonder what Squire Bliss has for dinner to-day ?’ whispered Fred ; but I made no answer. I was hungry, and a little humbled, and so—saying nothing—I went on with my beans and bacon.

*Sunday, May 19, 18—.*

Very late this morning ; so worn out and tired by the storm of yesterday. However, very happy indeed, and very thankful, and *no temper*—that I felt assured of—*no temper* to perplex me. All things seemed to return to me with their first happiness upon them. I was so happy ! I sat waiting for Frederick, all ready for church, that dear little church ! And the sound of the bell—sweeter and sweeter still—came over the fields, and my heart seemed to open to the music.

At this minute Josephine, with staring eyes and pale face, glided into the room. Something was the matter. I saw it : something, and all my happy feelings were but to mock me.

‘Don’t be frightened, Ma’am,’ said Josephine, ‘for it may be nothing after all.’

‘What’s the matter ? some of your idle apprehensions,’ and I tried to be indifferent.

‘But to be sure,’ said she, ‘it was nothing less than tempting fate to eat a morsel with such cattle,—I mean the gypsies, Ma’am.’

‘You didn’t think so with your spoon in the dish, Josephine.’

‘Why, Ma’am, cold and hungry can’t be over nice. Still, we may all of us pay pretty dear for that beans and bacon. Eating of stolen goods ! What *could* come of it ? As I say, it was tempting fate.’

‘What *is* the matter ? Speak at once, or go about your business.’



'Well, Ma'am, it's this. That gypsey tent, Ma'am—don't be alarmed; but you recollect that baby?'

'Of course I do. What of the baby?'

'Well, they've all been down with the small-pox, and the baby worse than any of 'em.'

Suddenly I felt cold at the heart. 'Ridiculous,' I said, and shivered.

'Bless you, Ma'am, you should have seen how the landlady jumped when I told her.'

'And what right have you to tittle-tattle with the landlady?'

'Why, Ma'am, it was only nat'ral; for though I said nothing about eating beans and bacon with the creatures, still I *did* say how we'd taken shelter with the gypsies, and warmed ourselves over their fire; and how you nursed the baby, and how the baby's mother wanted to tell your fortune and—and all that time the landlady, who'd started from me as if I'd been any snake, stood and stared, holding the toasting-fork atween her and me, as if I was pison. "Been with the gypsies!"—says she—"then you'll sicken and have it! Why, Mr. Simmons—our parish doctor—has been in such a pucker with the creatures. Never, he tells me, in all his practice saw such small-pox in his life." Oh, Ma'am! I don't care for myself *much*—and I don't think you do. But, Ma'am, has master ever been vaccinated?'

'That's a very tender question, Josephine,' said Frederick, coming into the room at the time. 'Are you particularly interested in the subject?'

'Missus is, Sir,' said Josephine, stealing a look at me. 'For my part, I wonder why in a decent Christian land they suffer gypsies at all. I'd have 'em all burnt.'

'If that's your Christianity, Josephine,' said Fred, 'I think you'd better make the shortest way to church, and change it.'

'Not that I bear malice to anybody'—cried the girl—'only supposing, now, that you or Missus, or both of you—for I don't care much for myself, beauty's only skin-deep—both of you was to be pitted!'

Frederick stared, and then I told him the bad news. He laughed, but I could see he was vexed, anxious.

'Wasn't it a pity, Ma'am,' said Josephine, and I could have *killed* her—no, that's wrong, but the word's down, so let it stand—'wasn't it after all a pity you didn't go to Squire Bliss's house—to Beanblossoms, and then you wouldn't have had beans and bacon, with perhaps the small-pox in the bargain, in a gypsey's tent?'

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I fairly trembled with passion. 'Come,' said Fred, 'a brisk walk over the fields—we shall not be too early—and we'll pray for ourselves and the gypsies.'

'La, Sir!' cried Josephine, with a look of wonder at the monstrous notion.

'It may do us good, and can't do them any harm,' said Fred, and away we went; and somehow my heart was lightened by his manner; and although, now and then, a gloomy thought would steal upon me, I was—considering the circumstances—very cheerful. At times I felt a little faint, and then I couldn't help asking myself—and how my heart did *knock*—'if this should be a symptom!' We'd gone on for some time in silence, and still my mind brooded: still I caught up again and again the looks of the gypsies, and again and again dismissed the thought with a smile at its folly. It was plain that Frederick knew all that perplexed me.

'I'm certain, Lotty,' said he, 'it wouldn't make the least difference.'

'What?' I asked—for I couldn't do less than ask.

'Not the least difference, love. In fact, after a time—a reasonable time—there's no beauty between man and wife.'

'That's as may be,' said I, a little drily.

'None whatever. In six months, and I don't think I shall know whether you've a nose on your face.'

'Well, I'm sure!' said I.

'It is even so, Lotty,' continued Fred. 'Even so, my love. And I much doubt whether—in less time it may be than that—whether you'll remember it as a daily matter, if I have two eyes or only one.'

'Indeed, Fred,' said I, 'you are very much mistaken. *Quite the reverse.* However you may overlook my nose, I trust I shall never be blind to your eyes.'

'That's a pity, my dear,' said Fred, 'a very great pity.'

'I don't see it. *Quite*—I mean, quite otherwise.'

'For this reason,' and Fred laid his hand over mine. 'Man and wife make—or should make—to one another faces that are not faces of the flesh. The mind, Lotty, and the affections gradually make the noblest and the brightest looks of no more account than so much stuff in garments. And thus, as I say, I shall forget whether you have or have not a nose—not but what it's a nose of the nicest self-assertion—and you'll equally forget——'

'I can't,' said I, 'whatever *you* may.'

'And thus, my love,' continued Frederick, quite as if I hadn't spoken, 'thus, at the very worst, and with your very darkest apprehensions realised, I shall love you quite as well minced by the small-pox——'

'Frederick!'

'*Minced* by the small-pox,' he repeated, in the coolest manner,—'as now, with your face as smooth, as white and pink as face of shepherdess in Dresden china. And for this reason, as I say; you will have made for me such a beautiful face in your daily mind—such a sweet and lovely presence by your affections—that the mere visible outside——'

'Don't tell me,' said I, 'a husband is just as proud, or ought to be, of his wife's beauty as ever; and if not, it's only proof of the insincerity of the sex. *I* quite agree with you that——'

'What's the matter, Lotty?' asked Fred, as I thought, very seriously.

'Matter! What do you mean?'

'Aren't you well? You look a little pale.'

'Ridiculous, Fred; never better,' though I thought I should drop. 'Depend upon it, although the face of the mind, as you call it, may make people forget their other faces, I shall take care of *mine* to the last.'

'Very right, my dear; very proper. Only if accident

or sickness—such evils *do* happen—should spoil it, 'tis as well to have something ready—that neither age nor disease can change or tarnish—something ready behind it. I feel rather odd symptoms myself—I hardly knew whether he was in jest or earnest—‘but what of that? I know you’d love me all the better, the uglier I looked to the rest of all the world.’

‘To be sure,’ said I.

‘And here we are at the church door, where we ought to take off, and set aside all the pride and vanities of the flesh, even as one takes off one’s hat.’

And as Fred spoke, who should come up but Squire Bliss and his daughter, and with her—and her arm in his—a gentleman, evidently *no relation*. I don’t know how it was, but all my temper seemed to die within me, and I felt quite happy seeing them so *comfortable*. Fred bowed; and I made my *best* curtsy to Miss Bliss, and then into the church.

We had a beautiful sermon; but the text startled me a little—from Job: ‘*I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*’ And as the dear good man went on in his homily upon the dust and ashes of flesh, and upon the vanity of blooming looks and perishable beauty, I did—once or twice—seem to be in the gypsy tent; and do what I *could*, could not help smelling the beans and bacon.

On leaving the church, we again met the Blisses in the porch; and the Squire shook Frederick by the hand, and Miss Bliss offered me hers. I grasped it very kindly; and then a pang went through my heart; for I could not but think, if it should all be true about the gypsies!

Monday, May 20, 18—.

Eleven days longer, and then—home!

I never thought to count them, but a letter from the Cottage—after all, I can’t abide to call it the *Flitch*, and so I told Fred at breakfast, when in his *own odd way* he advised me to change it for *Beans-and-Bacon Lodge*, which I certainly shall *not* do—a letter *does* make me anxious. Susannah’s gone—married herself off at a day’s notice—

and dear Mamma advises me, if possible, to bring up a nice, innocent, country servant with us.

'A delightful idea,' said Fred, when I'd foolishly read as much to him. 'Blushing, budding innocence; fresh as a Covent Garden bough-pot. If you like, my love,'—he said, with all the ease imaginable, 'I'll beat up the farm-houses.'

'You're very good, Fred,' said I, a little nettled. 'Very good. Perhaps Miss Bliss might be able to——'

'How lucky! How *very* lucky,' and he clapped his hands so delighted, that it actually brought the blood into my face. 'If you hadn't named her I should have quite forgotten——'

'Forgotten what?'

'Why, the lines. Can't get any lines here. So I've sent to London, and if they've not come down, why—the fact is, as you will allow, my dear Lotty, we can't quit our quarters to-day.'

'And why not?' I asked with my best astonishment. 'And what, I should like to know, have fishing-lines to do with the matter?'

'Everything, my darling. You remember that you cut Miss Bliss's line?'

'It mayn't be very much to speak of,' said I, getting a little warm, 'but I should think I did'; and I felt as if I could have cut it twenty times over.

'Very well. Having destroyed the young lady's property, it is nothing more than the merest honesty to make it good again. I have written to town, and if it's sent, we'll step over to Beanblossoms, and you—my love—as the offender——'

'What do you mean by offender, SIR?'

'My dear!' cried Frederick, jumping from his chair and seizing hold of my hand. His looks quite alarmed me.

'What's the matter, Frederick?'

He never answered; but with a serious, sad eye looked closely in my face—then drew his head a little back, taking another long look. Then he put his fingers on my pulse, and taking out his watch, shook his head, and sighed. I felt quite terrified.



‘Dearest Fred—I do feel ill—but no—it can’t be—it isn’t—you know what I mean—it isn’t the gypsies?’ (I couldn’t say small-pox; it would have choked me.)

‘Charlotte, my own wedded Charlotte,’ said Frederick, and so solemnly that the words froze me—‘Charlotte, my beloved, show me your tongue!’

‘Frederick!’

‘The crisis may be very serious’—he said, with the same dark face—‘very serious. Still, nerve yourself for the occasion, and—show me your tongue.’

I knew he always knew something of medicine—in-deed, what is there that he doesn’t know something of?—and so, with an odd feeling of unwillingness and I—I don’t know what—I *did* show him my tongue.

‘Well, I’m very much relieved,’ said he. ‘I thought, from the fatal symptoms that your tongue—and it looks in perfect health, my dear’—what a load flew from my heart!—‘that your tongue had suddenly become as black as a parrot’s.’

‘Black!’ said I.

‘Black,’ said Fred. ‘The symptoms, my dear; the symptoms,’ and he shook his head.

‘What symptoms, Fred? *Do* tell me, there’s a love; what were they?’

‘Symptoms of ague. Didn’t you shiver—from your heart up to your mouth?’

‘When?’ I cried.

‘Just now; a minute since. The heart-ague? And the very first symptom, the cold shiver that from your heart to your lips, and so out, shivered icily upon the husband of your bosom the cold, cold word, *Sir!*’

I did feel ashamed; and just to hide my confusion I threw my arms about his neck and hid my face. And then—and then—he declared that, although the symptoms had seemed suspicious, I had no ague at all: *not a bit*.

At this minute—and that girl is always running to and fro when she’s not wanted—Josephine brings in a little parcel. It is the fishing-lines. Finding this, I send her away directly.

‘Well, then,’ said I, managing to get the words out,

'I'll stay and pack two or three matters, while you ride over to Miss Bliss with the—the lines.'

'There's a good girl!' said Fred; and I felt quite faint with his praise. 'But on second thoughts, I'll send them. And I tell you what—I shall be busy for a few minutes, and 'twill come better from you—write a little note to Miss Bliss, to accompany the present.'

'With pleasure, Fred!' said I; and in a minute I was seated alone at my task. After biting and biting my pen, and spoiling two or three sheets of paper, I wrote this letter:

Mrs. — presents her very best compliments to Miss Bliss, and entreats to be allowed to beg her acceptance of the accompanying lines as some small, though ineffectual, reparation for the damage unwittingly committed by Mrs. — on the lines of Miss Bliss. Mrs. — further entreats to be allowed to hope that the future destiny of Miss Bliss may be intertwined where neither she, nor any *other* may wish to sever it.

I was looking at it, considering if I could at all improve it, when Fred came back. Twitching the note from me, he ran his eye over it.

'Yes; that will do—very good. Quite a bee of a billet, honey and sting.' The packet was made up, given into the charge of the landlady to be despatched, our luggage was all prepared, and at last we were to go.

At this moment comes in one of the men with a long face. The axle-tree of the phaeton had been found broken, and we could not leave until it was repaired.

'My dear'—said I in a whisper to Fred—'depend upon it, this is all a scheme to make us stop and spend our money here.'

'How about the gig?' said Fred with a determined look.

'Gig all right, Sir,' said the man, as I believe taken by surprise.

'Put to the gig, then,' said Fred. 'Josephine and the luggage must go on by the coach. They'll be at Brighton before us, then'; and then in a low voice to me, 'We shall be all the cosier, Lotty, in the gig by ourselves. Shan't we?' And I pinched the nicest little *yes* in his arm in answer.

Josephine seemed rather to enjoy the arrangement ; and I felt so happy that we were about to move at last. All that was wanted was the bill. The bill was brought, and Fred, taking the money from that big leather foreign-looking pouch that he *would* bring—as if he were going to spend the Bank of England as poor dear Mamma said—settled the account.

‘And now, Fred’—said I—‘for the rest of the trip, I insist upon being treasurer. Why, what a lot of money you’ve squandered ; and when so many things are still wanted at home. Now, my dear Frederick, you must not refuse me. I say, I must be money-keeper till we get safe home again.’

‘As you like, love,’ said Fred, in his dear good-natured way ; ‘but ’twill only trouble you. The cares of housekeeping,’ and he was going to preach, but I put my hand to his mouth ; and in another minute, up comes the waiter, and the gig is ready.

Josephine has her directions, and snug in the gig—with that spirit of a pony that ran away before, not that I was a bit afraid with Fred with me—we *do* at last drive off, and looking back, I see through the dust the landlady still curtsying, and now we turn the corner, and I feel *so* happy.

‘We’ve stayed a long while at that White Hart, Fred !’ said I.

‘How long ? Six weeks ?’

‘Now, Fred ! I mean we might have seen more variety, not but what I’ve been as happy as——’

‘As the gnats would let you. And after all, Lotty, I’ve discovered that we fell among the wrong gypsies. Altogether made a mistake.’

‘A mistake !’

‘Yes, they’d never got beyond measles ; now the other tribe——’

‘Don’t be foolish, Fred,’ and although he declared I should throw him and myself out of the gig, I wouldn’t let him speak—at least, not about the gypsies. Still I did thank goodness for our escape ! What a calamity to have gone home with !

Well, we enjoyed the weather and the ride ; and the

time flew, and the evening approached, and we drew near to our destination. It was a day all to ourselves, without a single circumstance to cloud it. We arrived at our journey's end as the dusk was setting in. And I felt it had been the most economic day we had yet passed, for Frederick is extravagant—in fact, I'm afraid it's true what I've often heard dear Mamma say, that *all* men are extravagant—the most economic day ; we had only stopped twice, dining upon next to nothing, and promising ourselves—that is, I promised for both—to make it up at supper.

We were shown to our apartments at the inn. 'All the luggage, Sir,' said the man, bringing the things from the gig.

'Frederick,' said I, 'the pouch—the——'

'A leather bag, Ma'am,' said another servant, bringing it at the same moment into the room. I took the bag, and—I could have fainted. There was not a farthing in it. I felt myself turn very pale, and couldn't speak. Frederick took the bag from my hand ; and at the bottom was worn a large ragged hole.

'Why, Lotty, where did you stow this in the gig ?' and he almost laughed.

'Why—I—I hung it as I thought at the side of the gig, and—and——'

'Yes, I see ; just where the wheel has caught it, and going round and round has worked a hole clean through and—to conclude, we've marked our way with guineas !'

*Tuesday, May 21, 18—.*

I never closed my eyes all night ; or if I did—as I afterwards told Fred—I had better been awake, for I didn't feel refreshed but stunned. And to think that I should be so unfortunate ; that I should have placed that odious bag—but I had a feeling that some evil would come of it—placed it where the wheel should wear a hole in it, and I don't know how many guineas—for I can't get the number of Fred—lost in the highway. I couldn't get my thoughts off those guineas all night, the very night-light seemed to burn round like a guinea,

as I lay awake, and almost in a fever, thinking what I should do, and watching it.

Well, men are the strangest creatures! There *is* no knowing 'em! There was I, ready to tear myself to bits with anxiety, quite, I may say, in a fever, and Fred asleep all the night as sound as any new-born baby! The truth never struck me so strongly, so forcibly, I may say, before; but—men *are* strange creatures. So much money out of pocket, and to go fast asleep!

And then, I thought—for I liked to consider the brightest side of things—I thought, perhaps, Fred went to sleep out of compliment to me; purely to spare my feelings. Yes—dear fellow! He wanted to convince me that he thought nothing of my carelessness—I mean of my misfortune—and so slept out of the purest kindness. I wished to think so; but then I know he is constitutionally careless, as Mamma says—thinking of money only as dirt, when, as Mamma also says, it's what people—that is, people who are anything at all—are made of.

I lay and saw the first bit of daylight, heard the first bird's chirrup; and then the thought flashed like an inspiration upon me. Yes—I would immediately get up. Fred would make no stir about the matter so late last night—was so determined upon that, that I could say nothing—but now, thought I, I'll be my own mistress.

Whereupon, I withdrew myself in the gentlest way from bed—not, indeed—and I *did* feel a pang at the thought—not that I need have taken so much trouble, Fred seeming almost perversely to sleep the sounder for my rising—still I *did* get up, and, walking on tip-toes, went into Josephine's room.

How *she* could sleep I couldn't understand; but there she was, I may say dead and buried in sleep, with no more thought of the lost money than of the last month's moon. But *that* is so like servants. I thought I should never wake her; and when I did, she jumped up, and, opening her eyes and mouth, was going to scream—as she afterwards told me—to scream 'thieves and murder,' as she was at that very minute, as in duty bound, dreaming of the lost property.



'If I didn't think, ma'am,' said the girl, rubbing her eyes, 'that you and I was in a field together, and guineas were growing for all the world like buttercups, and we was picking 'em by lapsfulls,'—and then she bustled out of bed.

In three words I told her what it was my intention to do ; to go back some of the way at least—and search for the dropt money. Coming in so late and going out so early, there might be a chance ; and I felt—though I said nothing—that the girl's dream of the growing guineas—(not that I'm superstitious, certainly *not*)—was very promising.

'But where's Master, Ma'am?' asked Josephine, in a solemn whisper.

'He's asleep,' said I, with my finger at my lips.

'La!' said Josephine, 'but you'll never go out without him?' I nodded yes. 'Well, why not?' said the teasing creature—'why not? Ten to one, Ma'am, that he never wakes, and you may find the money and come back and slip into bed again, and him never the wiser.'

It was not a time to rebuke her—so I let her talk, the more so, as the more she talked the more she hurried to dress herself. So I slipped back into my room and I listened—I crept back again to the bedside—I looked between the bed-curtains—and positively, there was Frederick just as I left him—*fast asleep*. I really do think I never dressed myself so fast in all my days. It was not the work of five minutes and—*still* he *slept*. I wrapped myself well up, and I was stealing out of the room when I heard him wake. I paused—I crept back again to the bed and—no, he had never moved ; he was still fast asleep. Suddenly wrapping my shawl tight about me—not that I felt hurt *much*—though I couldn't help thinking that I shouldn't have slept so under the circumstances. Nevertheless, men—but, I thought, it's no matter.

I met Josephine in the passage. 'La, Ma'am,' said she, 'if nobody should be up! And upon my word, I do think, they keep a big dog in the passage. If he should bite us—that is, if he should bark and wake master!'

‘Silly creature ! *I* saw no dog,’ said I ; though I wasn’t quite sure, and quite easy on the matter.

Fortunately, the cook or housemaid, or somebody of the sort, met us in the passage. ‘We’re No. 10’—said Josephine with more presence of mind than I thought in her—‘going to take an early walk.’ The woman stared at us as if we were ghosts, and without saying a word opened the door.

There was not a soul stirring. ‘You turned this way, Ma’am, I think?’ said Josephine leading on, and I following rather wishing myself in bed again—for it blew chilly.

‘You don’t think it will rain, Josephine?’ and I paused.

‘Quite the contrary,’ said she, bustling on. ‘But if you please, Ma’am, we’d better make the best of our time and begin to look directly, for fear anybody should be afore us.’

Although I knew it was absurd to expect to find anything so near the inn, still we went on, with our eyes searching every piece of ground, and so we went for more than half an hour, or an hour quite.

‘When do you think the hole in the bag was worked by the wheel, Ma’am?’ asked the stupid girl.

‘How can I tell?’ I cried almost out of patience.

‘Because you know, Ma’am, if the hole was soon made—and the way the wheel turned round and round, rubbing the bag, the hole *must* have come soon—why we ought to be at the other end of the journey for any luck, because the money must have been lost close to the White Hart. As you come along, Ma’am, you didn’t hear anything drop?’

‘You stupid creature’—for I began to be very vexed ; began to think it a little silly leaving my warm bed.

‘Very well, Ma’am ; any way this is the road back, and now we’re quite in the open country ; and here, to be sure, in the fields are the buttercups ; but I’m blessed if I see ever a guinea. The hole must have been made very early, Ma’am.’

‘I’m afraid so,’ I answered ; for—it *was* chilly, and I thought of my warm bed.

'How many guineas did you lose, Ma'am?' asked Josephine.

'What's that to you?' for I was quite in a passion. 'When you've picked up all that's lost I'll tell you, and then you can go back again to bed.'

'Yes, Ma'am. Talking of bed, Ma'am, how would you have liked to have been born a skylark : up and out, and in the clouds there, singing away, with hardly a soul to listen to you. Here's a guinea, Ma'am!' she cried with a scream, and I ran forward. 'No, it isn't, Ma'am, only a bit of yellow chaney.'

And so we went on and on, and with every step I felt the folly of going further. At last I sat down on a felled tree by the road side. 'Josephine, I'm tired and a little hungry.'

'That's just like me, Ma'am'—said Josephine. 'I tell you what, Ma'am—should you—there's the smoke of a farmhouse—should you like some rum-and-milk?'

'I'll return immediately,' I cried, and with determination; and a little ashamed of my goose-cap adventure, I turned back again. Josephine kept her path, running as hard as she could. After a little time, she came back, overtaking me.

'There's no rum-and-milk, Ma'am'—said the girl,—'but I've picked such sweet water-cresses, and I'd brought some biscuits!'

I declare, I sat down and *did* enjoy those water-cresses and biscuits.

We got back to our inn about seven. If, now, I thought—if I can only get back, and Fred know nothing of it, what a tale to have against him!

Well, we went upstairs—I stole into my room, and—would anybody believe it?—*there*, just as I left him, was Fred *fast asleep*. It was plain enough anybody might have run away with me for what he'd have cared. Fast asleep. I looked at him for a minute, and really thought I should have cried. I *didn't*.

'There'—thought I to myself—'there, and *you* to know nothing about it.'

'Lotty, my love'—said Fred—'where, in the name of holy state—where have you been?'

Well, I did feel glad he'd missed me. 'Been!' cried I.

'Been,'—said he—'why, I've been a widower these four hours.'

'Well, then, I've been—like a good wife, I hope, anxious for her husband's property—I've been to try to pick up some of those guineas.'

'What!' cried Fred.

'Some of those guineas we last night lost——'

'Guineas!' and Fred shouted so with laughter that the bed shook again—'Guineas, my darling! Halfpence! Halfpence!'

*Wednesday, May, 22, 18—.*

It was mountains' weight off my mind, that there were no guineas lost after all! I felt, I can't say, *how* I felt comforted! And then the thought *would* rise—though I tried with a *strong hand* to put it down—would rise of Fred's cruelty in keeping me all night in suspense! Of course, *he* could go to sleep; and could leave me to wear myself to death with anxiety. I'm sure if the bed had been turned to a bed of stinging nettles, I couldn't have been more restless; and there was Fred at my elbow, for all the world as fast and as calm as the Monument. I thought it all his strength of mind; and two or three times shut my eyes tight, determined to have a strong mind, and go to sleep too; and then the guineas *would* come, like any flame, under my eyelids; and I'd wake with such a start that—and still lay Fred like any church. I could have cried.

And to think how I wore myself! How I tried to make out how much money was lost; and then how many things we might have bought with it! Bits of plate, and a hundred matters we *must* have to be decent with. For I find it's wonderful, after a house is furnished, what a house *wants*! And worried to death with the loss of the guineas—as I thought—how those bits of plate did seem to dance about me; and once, when I just dozed to sleep, if I didn't for five minutes suffer such a nightmare in the shape of a silver warming-pan—*such* a

mountain! I thought more red-hot coals were being put into it, when I waked with a shriek—but there lay Fred. I might have been burned to death, and he'd never have stirred a finger.

Well, I said nothing all yesterday—nothing; but I couldn't help my eyesight. I couldn't help seeing my face; and if it didn't seem marked as if with the very edges of those guineas; and almost as yellow. Whilst for Fred—he looked as brown and as red as any apple. Mamma was right. *All* men are extravagant—not that I ever saw it in Fred before I was married—and want common sense with property. It's my belief, if the money had been really gone, Fred would have slept like a dormouse. I might have kept awake for both of us, and what would *he* have cared! Well, it's enough for *one* to be wasteful in a family, and as I've said—nobody knows the *many calls* we *may* have for money—*nobody*.

'Why, Lotty, my love, when are you going to eat like yourself again?' said Fred at breakfast, and to see how *he* eats! 'What is it, love—cares of property?'

'I think somebody should care, Fred. I'm sure the thought of those guineas——'

'Hang the guineas!' cried he, swallowing his coffee. 'They're all safe; I took care of that. Bless you, my love; you don't know my thrift—can't tell how I'm changed. Since I put a ring about your finger, I seem to have worn one about my own heart. It's hooped with the very thoughts of gold—'tis indeed.'

I said nothing; but I *did* shake my head.

'Lotty, my treasure,' said Fred, looking as beautiful as ever, 'do you know what the great Lord Bacon says of the sudden anxieties of a husband?'

'Something absurd, I've no doubt,' said I.

'Quite the reverse, my dear, as you wisely remark. Lord Bacon says, "A married man is seven years older in his thoughts the first day." A great truth; a solemn fact. I felt myself exactly seven years older the happy and momentous hour of that day when, plucking you from the household rose-bush, I carried you off, a bud in my button-hole.'



‘Now, don’t be silly!’ not but that *sometimes*, when he’s foolish, he’s delightful.

‘But with the bud, I had plucked an additional seven years. I felt it in the sudden sobriety of my brain, and the pleasurable anxiety of my heart. Well, that money-bag—’twas Tom Tiler’s present to me; he’d taken it all over Europe. And he’s steady enough and——’

‘He ought to be,’ said I, ‘he’s grey and old enough.’

‘By no means so old as he seems. As for his grey-ness, he caught it of his wife.’

‘Caught it of his wife!’ I cried. ‘Why how?’

‘Sudden fright, my love,’ said Fred, as grave as a judge—‘sudden fright. His wife would wear such ugly nightcaps.’

I was going to speak, when Fred caught me by the arm, and said very impressively, after his way—‘Be warned.’ Then he went on, ‘To return to the money-bag.’

‘I wish it had been in the sea,’ said I. ‘The anxiety, the trouble it’s cost me, with that hole in it.’

‘The hole in the money-bag! There’s a great moral in it—beautiful teaching,’ said Fred.

‘A lucky thing,’ said I, ‘that there was nothing but halfpence. But why’—and I then again felt that I *ought* to have known it—‘why didn’t I know as much?’

‘Why, Lotty, love, you seemed so suddenly inspired with a genius for property, that I didn’t know you wouldn’t achieve the greatest possible triumph of a wife.’

‘And what’s that?’

‘Why, my darling, make your husband’s coppers go quite as far as gold. That’s what I call cupboard alchemy, my dear.’

‘I dare say it’s to be done,’ said I.

‘You’ve done it,’ said Fred. ‘For with that hole in the bag, scattering the halfpence on the highway, you’ve made ’em go much further.’

‘But what had I to do with the hole?’ I asked.

‘Nothing,’ said Fred, ‘nothing whatever. It was to be—the finger of fate was in it. But what an eloquent mouth is that hole, and what a story it tells us!’

'I suppose it does,' said I ; and I thought and thought, but couldn't find it out.

'The Hole in the Money-Bag,' repeated Fred. 'Why, it's the tremendous, comprehensive title for half the world's history.'

'Of course it is, dear,' said I. 'And so, how was it that it held nothing but halfpence ; and what did you do with the gold ?'

'As for the gold, my dear'—said Fred—'that has gradually become so modest in its pretensions that my purse is quite sufficient for its accommodation. But as we had the bag, and as habit's everything, and the cares of property grew upon me, I used the bag to save the halfpence. Time was, when I was above the thoughts of copper ; but as Lord Bacon has said——'

'Now I don't want to hear any more of Lord Bacon, or anybody of the sort. Any way, I'm glad the gold is spent at least—that's some comfort.'

'A fig for the gold—the lesson's in the copper that's lost.'

'I'm sure if there's anything to be had for it, I should like to know what it is.'

'You took that bag of money ; and in the very idleness of our hearts, in the very carelessness of our delights, the money was lost.'

'I don't see that at all,' said I. 'As for carelessness, I hung it where I thought it was safe ; and where I continually had my hand upon it.'

'Nevertheless, a deep homily is preached by the adventure. I will venture, my darling, to call it *The Sermon of the Hole in the Money-Bag*. And thus it is. Dearly beloved Lotty, lay this to your heart,'—and then he kissed me.

'How foolish you are, Fred,' said I ; 'but go on.'

'Lay this to your heart and be instructed. Fair is the morn : happy the bride and groom. They depart rejoicingly upon their pilgrimage, one money-bag between them. How the sun laughs ; and how the very hedge-flowers smile and twinkle, as the pilgrims go onward, onward. The money-bag hangs over the wheel. Lovely

and lovelier shines the day, and the bride and bridegroom lapped in contentedness of heart, see and think of nothing but themselves. (Still turns the wheel!) They are all alone, alone with their happiness. (Still turns the wheel!) The flowers beneath them send an incense-offering to their blissful hearts. (Still turns the wheel!) The glorious skylark, ever above their heads, scatters music down upon them. (Still turns the wheel!) The day wears; the sinking sun glows with a solemn good-night; and the hearts of the lovers are touched and softened, yea, glorified by the hour. (Still, still turns the wheel!) The pilgrims reach their destined place. They see the sign, and are buried with the thoughts of supper; and final, blissful rest. (How softly, musically turns the wheel!) The resting-place is reached. (Stops the wheel!) The money-bag is light; the money-bag has a hole in it; for still and still, turning and turning, the Hole in the Money-Bag has been ground by the wheel. And thus, my beloved'—and the preacher kissed me again—'thus, thoughtless, careless of the future; insolent in our wealth, we may travel onward, the hole in the money-bag—while we sport and jest, and play the wanton—the Hole in the Money-Bag being worn by Fortune's wheel.'

'That's very true,' said I. 'And what's to be done then, Fred?'

'What! Why, never look behind; never travel back, hoping to pick up the pieces that are inevitably gone;—but better taught, go on and on, resolving for the future that—however gay and happy the season—you'll always keep your eye upon the wheel.'

'And this is your sermon?' said I.

'And thus I kiss the book,' said Fred; and so he *did*.

*Thursday, May 23, 18—.*

'It would be something to say, Fred, that we'd been to France.'

'To be sure,' replied Fred. 'And yet only to have something to say and nothing to show, is but parrot's vanity.'

'But that needn't be. We might learn a great deal.

And I *should* like to see Normandy ; if only a bit of it. One could fancy the rest, Fred. And then—I've seen 'em in pictures—the women wear such odd caps ! And then William the Conqueror—papa says *we* came in with him ; so that we were Norman once ; that is on papa's side—for mamma won't hear that *she* had anything to do with it—though papa has often threatened to get his arms. And now I think of it, Fred, what are *your* arms ?'

'Don't *you* know ?' asked Fred, puckering his mouth—well, like any bud. 'Don't you know ?'

'No, I don't' ; and I bit my lip and *would* be serious. 'What *are* they ?'

'It's very odd,' said he, 'very odd. And *you* are Normans ! To think that, Lotty, that I should have made you flesh of my flesh, without first learning where that flesh first came from. You must own, my love, it was very careless of me. A man doesn't even buy a horse without a pedigree.'

(I *did* look at him !)

'Nevertheless'—and he went on, as if he didn't see me—'nevertheless, my beloved, I must say it showed great elevation of mind on your part to trust your future to a man, without so much as even a hint about his arms. But it only shows the beautiful devotion of woman ! What have arms to do with the heart ? Wedlock defies all heraldry.'

'I thought'—said I—'that, for a lawful marriage, the wedding-ring must have the Hall mark ?'

'I don't think it indispensable. I take it, brass would be as binding. Indeed, my love, I think, according to the Council of Nice, or Trent, or Gretna Green—I forget which—a marriage has been solemnised with nothing more than a simple curtain-ring.'

'Nonsense,' said I ; 'such a marriage could never hold. Curtain-rings are very well in their way ; but give me the real gold.'

'True, my love, that's the purity of your woman's nature. In such a covenant we can't be too real. Any way'—and he took my wedding-finger between his—'any way, Lotty, yours seems strong enough to hold, ay, three husbands.'

‘One’s enough,’ said I, looking and laughing at him.

‘At a time’—said Fred; ‘but when we’re about buying a ring, it’s as well to have an article that will wear. Bless you,’ and he pressed his thumb upon my ring, ‘this will last *me* out and *another*.’

‘Frederick,’ I cried very angrily; and then—I couldn’t help it—I almost began to weep. Whereupon, in his kind, foolish manner, he—well, I *didn’t* cry.

‘Let us, my darling,’ said Fred, after a minute, ‘let us return to our arms. And you came in with the Normans?’

‘With William the Conqueror, papa says, so we *must* have arms.’

‘Now I remember’—said Fred, as grave as a judge—‘once, a little in his cups, your father told me all about it. I recollect. Very beautiful arms: a Normandy pippin with an uplifted battle-axe.’

‘I never heard that,’ said I, ‘but that seems handsome.’

‘Yes; your ancestor sold apples in the camp. A fact, I assure you. It all comes upon me now. Real Normandy pippins. They show a tree at Battle—that your father told me as a secret; but as man and wife are one, why it’s only one half talking to the other half—a tree at Battle grown from your ancestor’s apple-pips. Something like a family tree, that.’

‘I don’t believe a word of it,’ said I.

‘You must. Bless you’—said Fred—‘arms come by faith, or how many of the best people would be without ’em. There’s something innocent in the pippin: besides it would paint well. And with my arms—’

‘Yes,’ I cried; ‘and what are they, Fred?’

‘Well, it’s odd: we were—it’s plain—made for one another. I came from Normandy, too.’

‘You *did*?’ and I *was* pleased.

‘Yes,’ said he. ‘I wonder what terms our families were on a thousand years ago? To be sure, I came to England later than you; and I can’t exactly say who I came with: but then—for I’m sure I can trust my grandmother—my descent is very historical. I assure you that your family pippin will harmonise with my bearings beautifully.’



'We'll have the hall-chairs painted,' said I, and I felt quite pleased.

'And the gig, of course,' said Fred.

'Of course ; for what is life if one doesn't enjoy it ?' said I.

'Very true, love. And the stable-bucket,' continued Fred.

'Just as you please, dear,' said I, 'but certainly the hall-lamp.'

'Yes: and if we could only get—no, but that's too much to expect,' said Fred.

'What's too much?' I asked, for Fred's manner quite excited me.

'Why, I was thinking, if we could get your great aunt merely to die, we might turn out a very pretty hatchment.'

'Now, Frederick!' for this was going too far.

'I assure you, my love'—said Fred—'twould give us a great lift in the neighbourhood: and as you say, what's existence without enjoying it? What's life without paint?'

'Well, but'—for he hadn't told me—'but your descent, love? Is it so very historical?'

'Very. I come in a direct line—so direct, my darling, you might think it was drawn by a ruler—a direct line from Joan of Arc.'

'Is it true?' I cried.

'When we cross over to Dieppe, it isn't far to Rouen. You'd like to see Rouen?'

'Very much, indeed,' I answered. 'I always wanted to see Normandy, the home of my ancestors'; and I *did* feel a little elevated.

'It's very natural, Lotty,' said Fred. 'A reasonable, yes, a very reasonable ambition. Well, at Rouen, I have no doubt I can show you my family tree; at the same time, I shouldn't wonder if we could obtain some further authentic intelligence about your pippin.'

'Nothing more likely,' said I; for I *did* want to see France. 'Nothing more likely.'

'I'm afraid there's no regular packet across'—said Fred—'but we can hire a boat.'

'A boat? Why, my dear, a boat is——'

'Yes; in a nice trim sea-boat we can cross admirably; and, my love,' said Fred, moving close and placing his arm about me—'my love, the matter grows upon me. Let us consider it. Here we are about to begin the world. In fact, I think I may say, we have begun it.'

'Mamma always said marriage wasn't beginning, but settling.'

'Let us say the beginning of the settling. Well, we are at a very interesting point of our history, and who knows what may depend upon our voyage?'

'Still, you'll never go in a boat that'—but he put his hand over my mouth, and went on.

'I declare, beloved Lotty, when I took upon ourselves—two young creatures—going forth upon the waters to search for and authenticate our bearings—when I reflect, my darling, that not merely ourselves, but our unborn great grandchildren——'

'Don't be foolish, Fred,' said I; but he *would*.

'That our great grandchildren, at this moment in the dim regions of probability, and in the still dimmer limbo of possibility——'

'Now, what *are* you talking about?' I asked; but he was in one of his ways, and it was of no use.

'Are, without being awake to the fact, acutely interested in our discovery; why, our voyage becomes an adventure of the deepest, and the most delicate interest. Open your fancy's eye, my love, and looking into futurity, just glance at that magnificent young man, your grandson——'

'Now, I tell you what, Fred, don't be foolish; for I shall look at nothing of the sort,' and with the words, I shut my eyes as close as shells.

'Or that lovely budding bride, your granddaughter——'

'No,' said I, 'nor any granddaughter, either; there's *quite time* enough for *that*.'

'Any way, my love, those dearest beings are vitally interested in the matter of our voyage. Therefore, I'll at once go and charter a boat. Would you like it with a deck?'

'Why, my love, my dearest—as for a boat, I'—and I felt alarmed.

'Columbus found America almost in a punt,' said Fred; 'then surely we may seek our arms in——'

'But stop,' I cried; for he was really going. 'After all, love,' and I resolutely seated myself on his knee, and held him round the neck—'after all, you have not told me what *are* your arms? I mean your arms from Joan of Arc.'

'Why, you know, my love, Joan of Arc was a shepherdess?'

'I should hope I knew as much as that,' said I.

'Very good. Well, in order to perpetuate the beautiful humility of her first calling, Charles the Seventh magnificently permitted her and all her descendants to carry in her shield—a lamb's fry!'

'Now, Frederick!'

'Such are my bearings, inherited in a direct line—I say in a direct line—from the Maid of Orleans!'

'From the Maid of ——' and then I saw what a goose he had made of me; and didn't I box his ears, but not to hurt him; and didn't we afterwards agree that the hall-chairs should remain as they were, and that life might be beautiful and bright enough without a touch of herald's paint.

How we *did* laugh at the family pippin!

*Friday, May 24, 18—.*

I am not superstitious—certainly not: but when I woke this morning, I felt as if something would happen; though I said nothing to Fred. With the feeling that came upon me, I wouldn't have thought of going to France for worlds. I felt as if a war must break out, or something.

'I knew it; I was certain of it,' said I, when I'd half read the letter from home.

'In that case,' said Fred, in the most unconcerned way, which he *will* call philosophy, whereas I think it downright imprudence—but I fear dear Mamma's right; all men are imprudent—'In that case, we might have saved postage.'

‘Now, Fred, don’t be frivolous. But I see, there’ll be nothing right at home till we get fairly back. Everything will be sacrificed.’

‘Is that your serious belief, my love?’ said Fred, finishing his tea; and I nodded very decidedly. ‘Well, then, suppose we pack up our traps and return to-day. And talking of home, you can’t think, Lotty, what a present you’ve made me without knowing it.’

‘Have I, indeed? What present, love?’

‘It was in my sleep; but then, it was one of those dreams that always forerun the reality. Do you know I dreamt that we’d returned home; and somehow when I tried to sit down in my chair, up I jumped again; and so again and again. Whenever I tried to be quiet and stretch my legs out at my fireside, I seemed possessed with a legion of imps that would lift me from my seat and pull me towards the door.’

‘Hm! That’s a very ugly dream, Fred,’ said I; and I know I looked thoughtful.

‘Very: but it’s wonderful how, like a tranquillising spirit, you appeared upon the scene. I thought, my dear, you looked more beautiful than is possible.’

‘Frederick!’

‘Not but what I’m quite content as it is. You know, my love, it might have been worse.’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘Mamma needn’t have written to me that my honeymoon was nearly ended. It seems I’m not likely to forget *that*.’

‘And when it was impossible for me to remain in the chair—when I continued to get up and sit down, and run here and run there—then, as I say, you appeared like a benevolent fairy—bearing across one arm what seemed to me a rainbow turned to silk; and in the other hand carrying a pair of slippers.’

‘Well; and then?’

‘And then, with a thought, I had put on the morning-gown—for it was that you carried—and placed my feet in the slippers. There never were more beautiful presents; never richer gifts for a wife to make her husband. For would you think it, Lotty? No sooner

had I wrapped the dressing-gown about me, than I became settled in the sweetest repose in my chair; and the very walls of the room seemed to make the softest music. And then the slippers! Most wonderful! Would you believe it, Lotty—wherever the slippers touched, a flower sprang up; flowers and aromatic herbs! The very hearth seemed glowing and odorous with roses and thyme. But then, you know, it was only a dream, Lotty. There's no such dressing-gown—and in this world no such slippers'; and then—I could see it—he looked in his odd way at me.

'I suppose not, Fred,' said I; for I wouldn't seem to understand him. 'And then, if such slippers could be found, where's the husband's feet to fit 'em?' 'Twould be another story of the glass slipper.'

'Who knows when we get home? But what's happened?' and he pointed to the letter.

'Well, then, the pigeon-house has blown down; and Rajah's flown away; and a strange cat has killed the gold-fish; and, in fact, Fred—as dear Mamma writes to me; not, as she says, she'd have me worry myself about the matter—in fact, the house wants a mistress.'

'I have no doubt your excellent mother is right,' said Fred; 'and as you won't go to France, suppose we make way for *The Flitch*. Do you know, Lotty, I'm curious to know if—after all—those slippers mayn't be found there.'

'I'll take care of that,' said I; 'but you know, Fred, we can't go back yet.'

'Why not?'

'Why, you know our honeymoon isn't quite out; and——'

'And what of that? We needn't burn all the moon from home. What if we put the last fragment on a save-all, and see it out at *The Flitch*?'

'It isn't to be done, Fred,' said I; for I knew how people would talk. Of course, 'twould be said we were tired of our own society, and so got home for company.

'Nevertheless,' said Fred; 'you take the flight of Rajah, that dear bird, with wondrous serenity.'

And it then struck me that I did *not* feel so annoyed



as I ought. 'Ha, Fred,' said I, 'you don't know what my feelings may be; don't misjudge me because I don't talk. I can assure you, I am very much disturbed'; and I *was* vexed.

'Perhaps, then'—said Fred—'you'll take a little walk towards the Steyne; and recover yourself. I've some letters to write, my love; and—'twill do you good—I'll join you.'

'Certainly'—said I—'of course; if you wish it,' and then I wondered why he *should* wish to get rid of me. It never happened before. Yes—and the thought came again *very forcibly* upon me—it's plain the honeymoon's nearly out; and then I left the room; and as I left it, didn't I *nearly* bang the door?

Why should he wish to get rid of me? I seemed quite bewildered with this question. Everything seemed to ask it. He could have written his letters without my leaving the house. However, I felt glad that I contained myself; and especially glad that I didn't bang the door.

Well, I ran and put on my bonnet; and then, just peeping in at the door to Fred, said 'I'm going'; and in another minute was taking my way towards the Steyne. It was such a beautiful day; the sky so light; and the air so fresh and sweet, that—yes, in a little minute, my bit of temper had all passed away—and I did well scold myself that, for a moment, I had entertained it. I walked down upon the beach. Scarcely a soul was there: and I fell into a sort of dreamy meditation—thinking about *that* morning-gown and *those* slippers. 'I'll get 'em for Fred, that I will'; I resolved within myself. 'Roses *shall* grow at the fireside; and repose *shall* be in his arm-chair. *That* I'm determined': and as I resolved this with myself, everything about me seemed to grow brighter and more beautiful. And then I wished that we were well at home, and the slippers had, for once and all, been tried and fitted. The gulls flying about reminded me of Rajah; and I *did* wonder at myself that I could think of his loss—that would have nigh killed me at one time—so calmly. But then, as Mamma said, and as I've since dis-

covered—it's wonderful what other trifles marriage makes one forget.

There was nobody upon the beach : so I sat down, and began a day-dreaming. How happy we should be at home, and how softly and sweetly all things would go with us. And still, as the waves ran and burst in foam upon the beach, I thought of the slippers.

I hardly knew how long I'd been there, when a little gypsy girl stood at my side, offering a nosegay. I looked and—yes, it was one of the gypsies, at whose tent Fred and I took shelter in the thunder-storm. However, before I could say a word, the little creature dropt the nosegay in my lap ; and laughing, ran away.

Such a beautiful *bouquet* ! Had it been a thing of wild or even of common garden flowers—but it was a *bouquet* of exotics—and how were gypsies to come by such things ? Then something whispered to me—' stole them.'

I didn't like to throw the thing away ; and as I remained meditating, Fred came up. ' Pretty flowers, Lotty,' said he.

' Yes : selected with taste—great taste, an't they ? ' said I ; and I cannot think what whim it was possessed me to go off in such praise of the *bouquet*.

' Pretty well,' said Fred.

' Pretty well ! my dear Fred ; if you'll only look and attend, you'll own that the person who composed this *bouquet* must have known all the true effect of colours.'

' Indeed,' said Fred ; as I thought very oddly ; so I went on.

' Every colour harmonises ; the light, you see, falling exactly in the right place ; and yet everything arranged so naturally—so harmoniously. The white is precisely where it should be, and——'

' Is it truly ? ' and saying this, Fred twitched from among the flowers a note that, like a mortal snake as I thought it, lay there.

' Why, it's a letter ! ' I cried.

' It looks like it,' said Fred.

' It was brought by a gypsy,' said I ; and I felt my face burning, and I could have cried. ' It's a mistake.'

‘Of course,’ said Fred ; ‘what else, my love? Of course, a mistake.’

And then he gave me his arm, and we returned towards the inn. Fred laughed and talked ; but somehow I felt so vexed : yes, I could have cried ; and still Fred was so cool—so very cool.

*Saturday, May 25, 18—.*

I cannot but confess it—I felt hurt, twitted by the easiness, the unconcern of Fred. Of course I should have thought it very foolish, nay, worse in him, to be jealous. That would have been ridiculous, unworthy of him. Nevertheless, I could not help endeavouring to place myself in his situation—to enter into the feelings of a husband, and to think myself a man !

That a letter—and such a letter—should have been sent to me, was, of course, a mistake. But, for all that—putting myself in the place of a man and a husband—for that was, of course, the most reasonable and the most natural way for a woman to come to a right conclusion—I could not have been so calm, so tranquil, I may, indeed, say—so stone-cold. Indeed, judging, moreover, from my own feelings as a woman and a wife, it would have been impossible : not that I’m of a jealous habit of mind. No, certainly ; I should say, quite the reverse. Still, it is quite plain that, if we really value and love a thing—we must be anxious accordingly. *That* is but natural. Nevertheless, I cannot disguise it from myself that Fred—even after he had handed me the letter to read, and I—all in a twitter I must say—had read it to him, did nothing but laugh. I’ve no doubt he was very right ; and yet, if I know myself and I’d been in his place—I don’t think I should have *laughed*.

‘Read the letter, Lotty,’—cried Fred—‘by all means read it ; it may amuse us.’

‘To be sure,’ said I ; ‘not that it can be for *me*.’ And then, when I opened the stupid bit of paper, it seemed to scorch my face and something came into my throat, as I began to read the ridiculous words—‘*My dear and beautiful girl.*’

'Must be a mistake,' cried Fred : though I thought I saw him just bite his lip, and just a little wrinkle his eyebrows. 'But go on.'

"*I have beheld you in silent admiration ; but now I feel longer silence impossible !*" I shan't read any more,' said I, 'for how can it concern me—I mean *us* ?'

'Go on,' cried Fred, hooking his forefinger round his nose and rubbing it in his manner, when he is thinking.

"*It is plain you were intended for a brighter destiny than what has befallen you.*"'

'Come,' said Fred, in his aggravating way, 'that's no compliment to me.'

'To you ! Then, if it comes to that,' said I, 'and if for a minute you think this stuff was written to me, you may read the rest yourself.' And with this—with all the spirit I could—I flung the letter *at him*. Yes ; at him ; and as he looked up, and a little astonished, but more hurt, as I thought, opened his eyes at me—I felt myself so wrong, so rebuked, that I flung my arms about his neck, and the next snatched up the note to tear it to pieces.

'Stop, Lotty !' cried Fred ; 'as it is not our property, we've no right to destroy it.' And then he put the letter in his breast pocket ; and, as he did so, I had a twinge of the heart, a cold chill, for all the world as though he had put a viper there.

'Fred, dear Fred,' said I, and what ailed me I couldn't tell ; but all I recollect was that saying or stammering, 'let us go home,' I fell upon his neck ; and after awhile coming to myself, I found Josephine—now pale and now flustered—at my side. But still the wish was in my thoughts. '*Do, do let us go home.*'

'Well, Lotty, love ; we *will* go home. In a little while, a very little while, a day or two.'

'Now, Fred ; to-day.'

'Why, to-day, Lotty, is impossible. The fact is, I expect—but never mind' ; and I felt sure there was something Fred was hiding from me, something I ought to know. But before I could reply, he took his hat and left the room. I don't know what could have possessed

me ; but, for the minute, I felt alone—all alone in the world ; and the next, such a newer, deeper love—I had thought it impossible to be so—for Frederick ; and then—but Josephine was present, looking so curiously at me, that I was directly called to myself.

‘ You’d never think of going home, Ma’am, without a peep at France ? ’ said Josephine.

‘ What I think can in no way concern you,’ I replied very freezingly ; for, somehow, I could not *quite* understand Josephine’s looks.

‘ Certainly not, Ma’am ; only to be so near France, and not to cross, what would people say ? And lace I’m told so cheap there ! Not that I wish to go myself. Certainly not. Oh, dear no. Old England for me. I’m sure I can stay here till you come back with the greatest pleasure in—no, not exactly that : still, Ma’am, I *can* stay.’

And the more she talked, and the more I looked at her, the more she seemed in a sort of pucker and flurry that—I’m not suspicious : still, it did appear mysterious.

‘ I shall not go to France. We shall return straight home, and you may or may not—just as you please, Josephine, so make it entirely agreeable to yourself—go back with us, or stay here alone.’ And with this, I left the room to join Fred ; and he—I discovered to my great annoyance—had gone out. Gone out ! It was very odd.

I couldn’t rest indoors. So, without a word to Josephine, I put on my things—snatched them on I should rather say—and followed Fred. Up and down the beach—but no signs of him. Where *could* he be ?

As the time went on, and I continued to look for and expect him, I could scarcely contain myself. I sat down upon the beach ; and the sun, setting, looked so magnificent. I tried to calm and comfort myself, making out a home in the clouds. Such a home ! With such gardens and golden plains and palaces of ruby pillars—but no ; it wouldn’t do. And I felt all the angrier that I had so tried to cheat myself.

At the moment, who should glide past me—not seeing me, as I thought—but the very gypsy child who had brought that foolish bouquet, and that stupid note !



I resolved, taking a minute's counsel with myself, to discover the individual who had employed the gypsy ; so followed the child, who suddenly seemed to guess my determination. 'Want a nosegay, Ma'am?' said the girl. 'Buy a nosegay to get me a bit of bread.'

'Now, if I buy this nosegay'—and the little creature looked at me with her glittering eyes, as much as to say—in her artful manner—she was quite a match for me—'will you tell me the truth?'

'Yes, lady ; that I will, whether you buy or not, and sixpence will be cheap at the money.'

'Well, then, who told you to bring me that nosegay yesterday?'

'Oh,' cried the perplexing creature, with a burst of enjoyment, jumping up and down—'such a gen'l'man! Give me a shilling.'

'And how did you know me—I mean, did he point me out to you?'

'Yes'; answered the little elf—for she looked to me like a mischievous sprite, she laughed as I thought so wickedly—'yes: you was with another.'

'Another?'

'Yes: but that was in the fore-part of the day ; and you both went away so quick, that you give me no chance ; and the gen'l'man called me back. When I seed you in the artemnoon, then I give it you.'

'And what sort of a—a gentleman?'

'He's now a-walking—or was a-walking just by the—but would you like to see him?'

'No ; certainly not.'

'Cause you can. Give me sixpence, and I'll show him you, and say nothin'—not a word, my lady. Only round here—'tish't a minute. I'll walk first.'

Without a thought I was about to follow the child, when Frederick coming behind me, laid his hand upon my arm. 'Lotty, my dear,' and without looking at him, I thought I should have dropped at his voice.

'Frederick!'

'Not going to have your fortune told?' and he glanced at the gypsy.

‘My dear Fred, this, you will remember, is the child that——’

‘I know,’ said Fred, as the gypsey with a caper took to her heels. ‘I know : but, Lotty, my love, you have surely forgotten an old friend ? My bridesman, Tom Truepenny.’

It was Mr. Truepenny. He had come to Brighton upon business ; Fred saw him as he alighted from the coach. ‘He didn’t want to break upon us,’ said Fred : ‘for you know what a shy, modest fellow Tom is ; but I said you’d be delighted to see him.’

‘Delighted, indeed, Fred,’ said I.

‘Delighted, indeed,’ stammered Mr. Truepenny, colouring like a girl.

‘He has a little business to do, but has promised to join us in the evening,’ said Fred.

‘Oh, certainly, with pleasure—in the evening,’ said Truepenny.

‘You’ll not fail, Tom !’ cried Fred, holding up his finger.

‘Depend on my punctuality,’ replied Mr. Truepenny. And then—strangely confused as I thought—he bowed to me, and hurried off.

‘He is an excellent fellow,’ said Fred.

‘It was very lucky that you met him, Fred,’ said I.

‘*Very,*’ answered Fred.

*Sunday, May 26, 18—.*

‘My dear,’ said Fred, this morning—‘I—I don’t think I can go to church. But, of course, *you* can go. I don’t feel like myself this morning.’

‘I don’t wonder at that, love. Indeed, you don’t look yourself. But I expected as much.’

‘*You, Lotty !*’ and Fred opened his eyes.

‘Why, I knew what would come of it. Here were you out till twelve o’clock——’

‘It wanted a quarter,’ said Fred, as if a quarter could make any difference.

‘Twelve o’clock,’ said I firmly, ‘allowing for watches, before you came home.’

'I told you—I was out talking with Tom,' and Fred tapped the table.

'Well, if I must say what I think, Fred ; I don't like Mr. Truepenny. *I—do—not—like—him.*'

'I don't wish you to like him, my dear. You're to like and love me ; and to love one man industriously and conscientiously is as much as any woman can be expected to do. More no reasonable husband can ask of her.'

But this I wouldn't seem to listen to. 'Twelve o'clock,' I repeated. 'Well, what you could find to talk about all that time—and I sitting here at the window alone.'

'You might have gone to bed,' said Frederick.

'Gone to bed ! And *you* out ! Why, what can you think me made of ?' But he only looked at me from under his eyes and laughed. 'I'm not a stock or a stone.'

'Certainly not, my darling. I may perhaps be permitted to observe—in your own picturesque language—quite the reverse. *Quite* the reverse,' and he again tapped the table.

'No, love'—said I ; for I thought I'd at once nip *that* notion in the bud—'of course I don't wish, in fact, I should never think of such a thing, as to desire to control you in the choice of your friends. If I don't like Mr. Truepenny, why, I can't help it ; and there's an end. But what I wish to say, my love, is this—oh, it's no laughing matter, for I'm quite in earnest, I assure you—if Mr. Truepenny thinks he's to keep you out till twelve at night, and I'm to go to bed ; if he thinks *that*——'

'But I don't believe'—said Fred coolly—'he thinks anything of the matter. Indeed, what is it to him whether you never go to bed at all ?'

'Of course : nothing. Only I'm not going to sit up and say nothing. A woman's not to be kept out of her bed as if her soul wasn't her own.'

'Why, your soul doesn't wear a nightcap, does it ?' asked Fred, meaning to be aggravating.

'I don't know *that*,' said I ; for, as I've said, I was determined to nip the notion in the bud. 'Nevertheless'—for I wasn't to be put off—'what *could* you talk of till twelve o'clock ?'

Fred said nothing, but looked up at the ceiling.

‘No good, I’m sure,’ said I in a bit of a passion, and before I knew it.

‘Charlotte!’ cried Frederick, and his eyes flashed, as I’d never seen ‘em. And then in a moment he looked kind, and I thought sad; and holding out his hand, he said, looking at me and his eyes softening,—‘Lotty, love, don’t let us quarrel.’

My heart was in my throat, and my arm about his neck. ‘We shall never quarrel, Fred,’ said I. ‘But what I meant to say was—what an odd person Mr. Truepenny is.’

‘Odd? A most excellent fellow!’ said Frederick with energy.

‘Of course. You wouldn’t have any other for a friend; I know that, love. But what I mean is, he’s so confused—so bashful.’

‘Yes. A bachelor’s fault. I was so myself, once. But it’s wonderful what confidence marriage gives a man. Kiss me, my darling.’

‘There, now, Fred; it’s Sunday,’ said I, not knowing what to say. ‘But why should Mr. Truepenny be in such a twitter when he sees me? He blushes and stammers, and——’

‘It’s your beauty, no doubt,’ said Fred.

‘Nonsense!’

‘A solemn truth. Ah! my dear, it’s a great comfort for timid men that beauty, like the elephant, doesn’t know it’s strength. Otherwise, how it would trample on us! It’s a fact, Lotty, if you had only known half your power, you’d never have married me. Certainly not. But then women never do. Looking-glasses are thrown away upon ‘em, poor things. When you consented to take me, Lotty, I don’t know that I didn’t feel quite crushed by your condescension. Quite crushed. Yes: the last knowledge a woman ever acquires is a proper sense of the power of her own beauty. Otherwise, Lotty, they’d never throw it away upon us; but live and die like the roses. Don’t you think they would? Like the roses?’

I said nothing, but was just gently pulling his ear, when the church bells struck out.

'If it isn't church-time,' said I; 'but I'm drest. Nothing but my bonnet.'

'Well, Lotty, you can go without me; yes, you'—and then he paused, and looked at me, I thought so strangely, and said, 'no my love: you shall not go alone. We'll go together.' With this, he left the room; and a sudden shadow seemed to fall about me.

The next moment, the servant introduced 'Mr. Truepenny.' With his face the truth flashed upon me that—that—I didn't know what. But, instantly, I felt resolved to find it out; and so, in a minute, was in my very best spirits.

'Frederick,' said I, 'will be here directly. He's preparing for church.'

'Church!' said Mr. Truepenny, as if the word half stuck between his lips.

'Don't you ever go to church, Mr. Truepenny? I mean——'

'Always,' said he. 'But the fact is, when one comes to the seaside——'

'Peter's boat,' I observed very seriously, 'was at the seaside.'

'To be sure, certainly,' said he; then he looked at the toe of his boot, and then at the pattern of the carpet; in fact, anywhere but at me. Then he coughed, and said—for all the world as if he was talking of prawns—'I'm told there's very good preaching about here.'

'I should hope, Mr. Truepenny, that there is good preaching everywhere; that is, if persons are only disposed to listen to it.' Mr. Truepenny—his eye still on his boot—bowed. 'I hope,' said I, 'you will accompany us to church?'

'What! I?' cried the man, really alarmed.

'To be sure: why not?' said Fred, coming into the room. 'And then, Tom, we'll take a walk—Lotty isn't equal to the fatigue'—how did he know that?—'and then we'll all dine, and comfortably close the day together.'



‘Well, I—I—I’ve no objection,’ said Mr. Truepenny ; as though desperately making up his mind to endure the worst.

‘A most admirable preacher, I’m told. He preached before his Gracious Majesty, when Prince Regent,’ said Fred.

‘Indeed?’ said Mr. Truepenny, as if he wished to be astonished.

‘A great favourite at Brighton ; he’s so extremely mild and well-bred. Touches upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—and scourges the miserable sinners who keep carriages—gently, tenderly. For all the world as if with a bunch of peacock’s feathers you’d dust so many images of Dresden China.’

‘That’s lucky,’ said Mr. Truepenny.

‘*Why* lucky?’ I asked—for there *was* something in the man’s manner.

‘I meant to say,’ he stammered, ‘that there are times when one doesn’t like—like one’s sins to be—bullied—that is, not at the seaside.’

‘Quite right, Tom,’ said Fred, who I could see was helping him out. ‘Very well in one’s own parish church, but——’

‘We shall be too late,’ said I, and I ran from the room ; and in a minute—never in all my life did I put my bonnet on so quick—in a minute I was ready.

The church was extremely full—as we afterwards found—for the season. Frederick was particularly serious ; and for Mr. Truepenny, if he’d been listening to his own condemned sermon, he couldn’t have been more solemn. It was odd, too, I thought, the glances he now and then cast towards me. And particularly when the clergyman said—and he seemed, I really *did* think for a minute, as though he was looking right into our pew, when he said—‘*Thou shalt do no murder*’—at the very words, Mr. Truepenny let his prayer-book slip, and made such a start to catch it, that he drew all eyes upon us. I saw Frederick colour scarlet, and bite his lips as he glanced at his friend. At last the service was over, and we got away.

'A very nice sermon,' said Mr. Truepenny, trying to say something.

'Very soothing,' I added ; for I knew he was half-asleep all the time.

'Yes ; that's it,' said he ; 'but that's what I like, when I come to a watering-place. Something quiet, something to think over.'

Well, we returned to the inn ; and somehow we got through the day. I don't know how late Mr. Truepenny would have sat ; but, for all Fred's nods and winks, I was determined to sit him out. At last—it was nearly twelve—at last he went away.

'We shall meet in the morning,' said Fred to him.

'Of—of course,' said Mr. Truepenny ; and then, with the awkwardest bow in the world, he left me and Fred together.

'We'd better go to bed,' said Fred. 'Isn't it late ?'

'Very,' said I ; 'and for my part I thought Mr. Truepenny was never going.'

I went into my room, and—there upon my table was a slip of paper written in Josephine's hand, with these words :

*'If you really love master, you'll not let him get up to-morrow morning !'*

And now all the horror was plain as light ! 'Get up !' I thought—and all a woman's resolution came upon me—'only let me once get him well to bed, and he *doesn't get up*.' I listened for his footsteps. He came. I met him with a smile ; and *didn't I lock the door ?*

*Monday, May 27, 18—.*

'Tom's a good fellow,' said Frederick, when he got to bed.

'I don't want to hear anything of Tom now,' said I ; for suddenly I felt as if I could have—well, I don't know what ; but I *did* for the minute almost hate the man.

'He goes very early to-morrow. By the first coach, love. I've promised to see him off.'

'How very kind of him, Fred' ; and I could almost have cried, he seemed as if it was so easy for him to try

to deceive me. 'Going to see him off? Then—for it's very late; for my part, I thought the man would never go—then you'd better go to sleep, Fred; that you may be up. Otherwise you'll be very tired, dear; very tired.'

'Think so?' said Fred, trying to be cool: for I knew it was only trying. 'Think so?'

'I'm sure so,' said I, worried and restless and vexed: not that I stirred.

'Well, then, love, good-night,' said Fred.

'Good-night,' said I, very short; though I felt as if my heart would break.

I lay and listened, with the door-key under my pillow; and my pillow well under my shoulders. That key I was determined should never leave me: I'd make sure of *that*, and I grasped it to be certain it was there. Then I listened again. He was not asleep; I was sure of that; though he lay as still as any baby, and tried to seem asleep. Very well, thought I; very well; you shall not outwake me: no—I'll watch like any owl. At least like any guardian spirit.

And to think that Fred—my own Frederick, with one heart between us, as he's so often said—could lie there; yes, by my very side, and have a secret and keep it from me—well, I did begin to think that dear Mamma was right; and I've heard her say she'd never trust dear Papa further than she could see him—not always that.

At last he slept.—No; he didn't. Well, I never thought he could have such art. But perhaps he suspected my thoughts; imagined I was watching him! When this entered my head, I determined to affect sleep myself; and so see which of us could do it best.

So I settled myself and—again being sure of the key; yes, there it was—safe enough—and began to appear to go to sleep. In a little while, I had so beautifully deceived him that he was fast—fast as a church.

—It couldn't have been above five minutes, but I had dozed off; and woke with such a start! Almost instinctively I placed my hand under the pillow; the key was safe.

'What's the matter, Lotty? Dreaming?' said Fred;

for I had either awakened him, or he was awake all the time. 'What's it about?' he asked.

'Nothing in particular,' said I, 'good-night, love; or you'll be too late for Mr. Truepenny.'

At the word, I thought I heard Fred sigh—just gently sigh—and the sound went like a dagger through me!

And then what a dream I'd had: and it couldn't have lasted above three—certainly not five—minutes! What a dream! Such a confusion of things! I thought I still grasped the key, and it turned in my hand to a pistol! And then I thought I dropt it on the ground, and it went hopping along like a grasshopper, popping and going off as it went. Then I thought I was resolved Fred should not get up and go out—and then I suddenly found myself tying the sleeves of his shirt in double-knots, and then emptying the water-jug into both his boots! Then I thought I went through a churchyard, and saw that odious Truepenny—drest like a pantomime clown—digging a grave; and as he dug it, singing a song about spades being trumps. Then I thought Fred was suddenly by my side, and that dreadful Truepenny took up a shovelful of earth, and was about to throw it, with a laugh, in the face of Fred, when I—I tried to scream, or *did* scream, and awoke!

Oh! how I did wish we were well at home! And how I did lie—lie upon thorns and listen for him to go well to sleep, that I might creep out and learn everything of Josephine. And how I blamed myself that, before I came to bed, I didn't go and hear all she had to say!—But then I was in such a flurry to have Fred all safe, and the key in my own possession—safe under my pillow—and I thought he would so soon go to sleep, and he hadn't! Which made it plain to me that he had something on his mind: and that something—oh, how I did abominate that Mr. Truepenny. No; I thought to myself—as I lay awake, waiting for Fred to go off, that is, if he was going to sleep at all—no, Mr. Truepenny; you never enter my house. You never cross the threshold of the Flitch. A pretty friend indeed to take a man out—and that man newly married—to be shot like a sheep: and to leave a lonely, unprotected—broken-hearted——

The bitter thought was too much for me, I wept in good earnest ; but cried so quietly—I was almost choked—for fear Fred, for he was *not* asleep, should hear me ! Oh, and again and again I thought, if ever we *do* get home ! What a home I'll make it ! And still—and I was sure of it—still he was awake.

And then I thought, suppose he should not go to sleep at all. Suppose he should get up and—well, no matter ; I was resolved : I'd get up with him. I'd go with him. I'd cling to him. I'd never leave him. I'd call assistance, constables——

And now it was broad daylight, and—yes, surely, he *was* asleep ? I listened ; and I couldn't be mistaken : no, I was sure he slept. And then I rose gently—very, very gently to look, and—yes,—he was in a deep sleep. His face—that beautiful face—was white, white and hushed and still as marble ! Oh, how much I seemed to learn—how much more to live in that minute—looking, looking—and he—all the time as if there was some dreadful story under that deep stillness !

I rose quietly as possible ; hardly breathing. But still he slept—I was sure of that. I took the key from under my pillow. Oh, that dreadful lock ! It was old and rusty, and began to creak and squeak ; and I holding my breath, and almost standing upon my tiptoes trying to turn the key. At last, with a grating noise the lock turned. I passed—he was still asleep. I opened the door ; and was about to pass to Josephine's, when something whispered me, lock the door again. I did so ; for I couldn't be too sure. So I locked the door—that casket-door, as I thought—for Fred lay sleeping.

Fortunately, Josephine's door was unlocked ; though—I had not time to speak of it at the moment, not but that the thought struck me at the very instant—though how a young woman could go to bed without double-locking her door I couldn't understand, although on second thoughts perhaps she had left it open for me—and Josephine fast asleep. Fast ! in fact, as I said, anybody—that is, any robber—might have come in and stripped



everything, and she been none the wiser. At last, by nudging and shaking, I woke her.

'Murder !' she half-cried ; but I put my hand before her mouth.

'Silence ! you foolish creature ! You needn't cry out so ! It's only——'

'La !' said the girl ; 'I was dreaming ; and you did a little startle me. I thought it was true.'

'Now, Josephine ! what is it ? I mean about your master——'

'It wasn't him I was dreaming on, Ma'am,' cried the creature.

'I should think not, indeed,' said I. 'Dream of your master ! Like your impudence ! But what I want to know is—all, all you know.'

'La ! Ma'am !' cried the stupid girl, rubbing her eyes, and yawning frightfully.

'I meant that note you left on my dressing-table !'

'Oh !' she exclaimed, as though she was at last thoroughly awake. 'Oh, ma'am, be sure you don't let master get up. Put your arms round his neck, if you almost choke him—but don't let him get up.'

'Why not ?' I cried.

'He's going to fight ; with pistols. One of—that is, I've been told all about it ; but not time enough to tell you. Master would have fought yesterday, only it was Sunday, so he went to church instead. Mr. Truepenny has come, like a friend, all the way from London, to see fair play ; but don't you let him get up, Ma'am, pray don't.'

'Fight ! And with whom ?'

'Don't know exactly, Ma'am ; but that doesn't matter. One may be as bad as another. But you're sure master's safe, for he was to go out early, as I heard.'

'I've locked the door ; and he shall not stir. If he attempts it, I'll raise the house !' said I.

'Do, Ma'am,' said Josephine, 'and I'll help you.'

I returned to my apartment with new resolution. I unlocked the door ; crept into the room, and without looking again locked it ; taking out the key, and hugging

it close, I stept softly towards the bed. Frederick was not there! I looked round—the sash was raised. He had escaped through the window.

All I know is, I gave a shriek and fell fainting upon the bed!

*Tuesday, May 28, 18—.*

Shall I ever forget the day? As it comes round—if I'm spared for fifty years—I'm sure I shall always feel a chill, a pang at the thoughts of it. That dear, foolish creature, Fred! As if being shot could make it any better! And then the thought—the horrid thought would press itself—piercing like a dagger—to be sent into weeds in one's very Honeymoon!

Of course, the whole house was raised. When Josephine heard me scream, and came to the bedroom door, and found it locked, and couldn't make me sensible to open it—for I'd the key in my hand, and so had dropt it on the floor when I fell myself in a swoon.

Of course, when Josephine could make nobody hear, she very soon raised the house, and there were chambermaids and waiters at the door, and they were breaking it open, when I came enough to myself to prevent it!

'It's all right, Ma'am,' said Josephine. 'Master's safe; not a whit the worse, depend on't.'

'Safe! Are you sure?'

'Certain, Ma'am. 'Cause the landlord has given information to the constables, and no doubt on it, he says, they'll all be in custody afore they can shoot one another.'

'Shoot!' Well—for the moment—I did hate the creature as she spoke the word; speaking it with all the coolness in life—death, I *might* say.

I hastily slipped something on: went into our room. Had up the landlord, the landlady; and it really was wonderful—gave me for the time quite a shock at human nature—to see how little they were moved—in fact not moved at all—by my wretchedness, my downright misery. 'Oh,' I thought, every other minate, 'if I once get him home again!' And then the next moment, some horrid

sight would come before me—and no one, no one to help or advise me. Yes. The landlady counselled me to have a cup of tea, and the landlord advised me to make myself comfortable. 'Things o' the sort,' he said, 'never come to nothing, nowadays. Besides, he'd given the word to the constables—and I might make myself easy they'd all be locked up in a jiffy.'

'Could he tell me,' I asked, 'the most likely road to take?'

'Why, no,' he said, 'some folks took one, some another. Some liked the cliffs, some the Devil's Dyke; but as he'd sent all ways, why, again he assured me, I had nothing to do but to make myself comfortable.'

And even as the horrid man said this, his more dreadful wife—not but what the woman meant well; only I couldn't abide her for her composure at such a time—the woman came to me stirring a cup of tea with, as she said, just a spoonful of brandy in it to settle my spirits.

What a thought! I to take tea with brandy in it, and Frederick perhaps at that moment——

Josephine—I'll do the girl so much justice at last—was running to and fro, upstairs and downstairs—and putting the house, from one end to the other, in a ferment. At last the landlady desired her to be quiet, and not go about making noise enough to tear people out of their beds. If all the world was gone out to be shot, that was no reason why their house should be ruined!

Well, I won't attempt to describe the two hours I suffered! How, sometimes, I thought I'd have a horse and go galloping anywhere, everywhere.

'It's all over, Ma'am!'—cried Josephine, running in.

'Over!' and I saw death in the girl's face.

'Over, Ma'am. They fired two shots, Ma'am—two a-piece—they say, and——'

'Yes—yes.'

'And master——'

'Killed!' I screamed.

'No, Ma'am! Quite the reverse!'

(How I thanked the girl for the words, though where *could* she have picked 'em up?)

‘He has not killed his—I mean the—other gentleman?’

‘No, Ma’am, totally the contrary. Nobody’s hit—not so much as winged, though what that means I can’t say—only I heard one of the men say as much. But all of ’em in custody.’

‘What now? Why, what for?’

‘Why, Ma’am, as I hear, for every one of the gentlemen to be bound over to keep the peace for the rest of his born days! And la! bless me—how ill you turn, Ma’am, and when it’s all over?’

‘Not at all, Josephine. I’m very well, now: very well, indeed,’ and then rose my determination. Yes, I’d go home that very day. ‘Josephine, pack up as much as you can. Your master shall go home, I’ll take care of *that* directly.’

‘That’s right, Ma’am. Now you’ve got him safe and sound once more, you couldn’t do better, Ma’am. And for Mr. Truepenny——’

Well, his very name set me in a flame. ‘Mr. Truepenny! He never crosses *my* threshold! A very pretty friend indeed, to come and lure a man—a newly married man——’

‘Not married a month yet, quite, Ma’am,’ said Josephine, ‘which makes it hard.’

‘And take him out, I may say, in cold blood——’

‘Which makes it ten times wickeder,’ said Josephine.

‘And butcher him like a lamb,’ said I.

‘Exactly like a lamb, Ma’am,’ cried the girl. ‘Only there is this difference, Ma’am: you know master isn’t a bit hurt.’

‘That has nothing to do with it. He might have been killed, and what would Mr. Truepenny have cared? No! I might have been left a wretched widow!’

‘And much Mr. Truepenny would have helped you then, Ma’am,’ said the good girl.

‘No, he never crosses the *Flitch*—never: and that I shall tell your master. The foolish, dear fellow! How I will scold him.’

‘Do, Ma’am; he deserves it all. To go fighting and

—and after all, do you know for a certainty what he went fighting about ?'

'Folly, madness, of course,' said I. 'Jealous of——'

'Well, I thought so ?' said Josephine, with a strange, knowing look. 'I thought as much. Jealous, and of you, too, above all folks. And in your Honeymoon, too. Well, I'm sure ; as if there wasn't time enough for that !'

'I don't mean to say jealous ; not of me—of course not. But the fact is, he fired up at a rudeness, a liberty that——'

'You don't say so, Ma'am ?' cried the girl. 'La, and if you please, how was that ?'

'Why, it was all folly—all nonsense—and he ought to have known better ; but—there was a little flower-girl on the beach. What's the matter, Josephine ?' for I saw the creature look suddenly confused.

'Nothing, Ma'am—only I—I once saw that girl—a gypsy girl, Ma'am—with flowers, Ma'am ; yes, to be sure.'

'Then you know her ?' I asked.

'Can't say I know. Because one would hardly lower oneself to know a creature of that sort. Only once, and perhaps twice, I've had a nosegay of her.'

'Well, she *would* give a nosegay to me,' said I.

'Just like 'em, Ma'am,' said Josephine.

'Yes. She ran to me, and put a nosegay in my hand. And in that nosegay, what, Josephine—(and I watched her narrowly as I further questioned)—what do you think there was ?'

'Law ! who can answer for the gypsies ?' cried Josephine.

'Well, then, there was a letter—a love-letter ; and that letter finding its way to your master's hand——'

'Oh, Ma'am. *Do* forgive me ! Pray forgive me ! I couldn't help it ; but I see it all now. The gentleman *would* write—that letter was not for you !'

'No ? For whom then ?'

'If you please, Ma'am, and you'll not be angry, that letter'—said the bold creature—'that letter was for me !'

'For *you* ! And here has nearly been murder done—here has your master——'



But at the moment Fred ran into the room, and I was in his arms.

Wednesday, May 29, 18—.

‘Now, my dear Fred—if I could only feel certain you were quite ashamed of yourself, you don’t know how comfortable I should be ! Call yourself a Christian, and going out murdering people !’ I couldn’t help saying as much : no, quite the reverse.

‘But nobody’s hurt,’ said Fred, laughing. ‘Besides, now we’re the best friends in the world.’

‘Well, men *are* creatures, to be sure ! To make friendship over bullets and gunpowder. And supposing you’d been killed ? Now, just to satisfy me, just for a moment suppose that ?’

Whereupon, in his odd way, he stared in my face ; and said he thought the calamity would have mightily become me.

‘And to have been made a widow for another person—and that person one’s own servant. But I have given Josephine warning——’

‘Nonsense !’ said Frederick, and I *did* stare. ‘Nonsense, my darling,’ he repeated in his tender way ; but I was not to be persuaded.

‘Why, the creature was bold enough before. But with the thought in her head that her master had been fighting a duel, and all about her, she’d be so conceited, the house wouldn’t hold her. She *goes* : now, it’s no use talking, of *that* I’m determined.’

‘And so because a foolish young man—not but what he’s a very good fellow—*will* write letters to a silly girl.’

‘Oh, never tell me ! He’d never have sent letters and noseays to *such* a person, if she hadn’t encouraged him.’

‘Ha ! that’s how you women help one another ! The man begins the injury, and the sister-woman finishes it. No, Lotty ; you’ll do nothing of the sort. You’ll not part with Josephine ; and, more than that, you’ll see young Bliss to-day. Who’d have thought to fight the brother of——’

'The fisherwoman? Well, it's very odd; I must say it's odd; and if I *do* consent to see him, I know I shall only be laughed at.'

'Do what's right, Lotty; and then you may laugh with the laughers.'

Now there was such good sense in this, that what could I say? Why, I didn't know; so I just put my arm about his neck.

'Yes, my love, and you'll not crush poor Truepenny.'

'Now, don't ask me that, Fred; that is really too much.'

'They'll both be here to-day; and, come, I'll strike a bargain with you, Lotty?'

'A bargain?' said I. 'Why, what's the use, Fred, when you always get the best of it? Well, I'm in a foolish good temper, so what is it?'

'If you'll receive young Bliss——'

'But is it really true that Miss Bliss—the young lady with the artificial flies—is going to be married? Really true?'

'I've told you, I hear next week. That fine young fellow we saw at the church, he's the man. When *their* honeymoon is over, I intend to ask them, and young Bliss, too, to *The Flitch*.'

'Well?' said I, a little relenting. 'And now your bargain?'

'You'll see young Bliss and Truepenny—they'll be here to lunch—and we'll start for home, by the first stage to-day, directly afterwards. Is it a bargain?'

'It's two days earlier than we're looked for,' said I.

'Very well, let us stop out the time here,' cried Fred.

'Not another hour. No; now I shall never be fully happy till I'm at home. I do verily believe, I shall go upon my knees and kiss the doorstep. So Josephine has but to bestir herself—I only hope she'll prove herself worthy of the confidence we place in her; but it's a risk, Fred; depend on it, 'tis a risk.'

With this I ran away to my own room, and made Josephine comfortable, telling her that I thought her a most imprudent, if not a very culpable young woman, to have

nosegays and letters sent to her, and so to destroy the peace of families—for it was no use to tell me she couldn't help the gentleman sending them, that I *couldn't* believe ;—but nevertheless if, as I believed, she was truly sorry for her conduct, I wouldn't have the heart to throw her upon the wide, wide world ; but would much prefer to take her home with us, and—if she continued to behave herself—to make her happy as the day was long. I said all this ; but I was sorry, really hurt to observe, that the young woman listened to a good deal I said like any stone. But then for gratitude, who's to expect it ?

We soon had everything packed, and I returned to Fred. Was ever anything so provoking ? Instead of Mr. Bliss and that Truepenny, came two letters of apology. Mr. Bliss had received a sudden call upon his attention that he must obey, but hoped to be allowed to see Fred and 'his charming partner'—(and he'd thought nothing of making her a disconsolate widow !)—some day at *The Flitch*. As for Mr. Truepenny, he declared to Fred, that 'he had not the courage to meet his wife': which I considered a very proper compliment to my spirit. I scarcely thought the man had as much remorse and proper feeling in him. And then he added: '*P.S.* I write this upon my knees, sending my contrition to your estimable partner ; with an earnest prayer that, at some distant day, I may be permitted to approach her at her own fireside. Dinner is beyond my ambition as beyond my deserts : but, I trust, that after due time and penitence, I may hope to be called to the tea-table. May hope still lift up her azure eyes to muffins ?'

'I really don't see anything to laugh at,' said I to Fred, who was mightily amused as he read the letter. And to say the truth I *was* a little vexed. Because I had made my mind up to show Fred how forgivingly I could behave—and then to be disappointed of the opportunity *was* vexing.

However, we lunched alone ; paid the bill ; and—shall I ever forget how I jumped into the carriage ? I seemed to have wings !—and away we trundled homewards—homewards !

*Home*

I fairly cried with happiness when I crossed the threshold. When I dropt in my chair at my fireside, I felt like the happiest Queen upon her throne. How beautiful, too, everything looked! There seemed a bloom, a brightness upon everything in the house; whilst the garden was glowing, brimming with flowers; all of them nodding at me, as I thought, a welcome.

What a house-warming we've had! And I never can complain of the smallness of the house after such a party! A hundred and fifty, and still plenty of room for *Roger de Coverley*. Mamma danced with Truepenny who—the foolish fellow!—would go upon his knees on the hearth, and drink a glass of champagne in honour, as he said, of the household gods. We've had merriment enough almost for a life! I begin to be afraid of so much happiness—can it last?

*May 1, Twenty-ninth return of Wedding Day.*

Thankful, grateful, for all blessings! Happiness has continued; happiness the purest and best, for—as dear, dear Fred says—the happiness was ever home-made.

EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH  
IN CHINA

[FROM *PUNCH*, VOL. VI.]





## EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA

MR. FRISBY, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favoured us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin ; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the 'flowery kingdom.' Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. Dunn's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtailed and little feet of the Chinese, that a Dunn from Pekin—Li Li by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is open in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition called 'The Barbarian English in China.' There we all are, from high to low ; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch* ; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by Li Li to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader ; they will be found to beautifully harmonise with the skill which has displayed us in cases ; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion

of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The Exhibition is dedicated to the 'Son of Heaven,' very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that Li Li is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said 'Son of Heaven'; that his 'bowels turn to water' with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

#### INTRODUCTION

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find favour in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

## CASE I.—AN ENGLISH PEER

He wears a garter about his leg ; an honourable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian Queen. The Garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the 'flowery kingdom,' and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The Peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He



has won half-a-million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him ; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink, and paper before him, and is, at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, in which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

## CASE II.—SHAKESPEARE

This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbours' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I



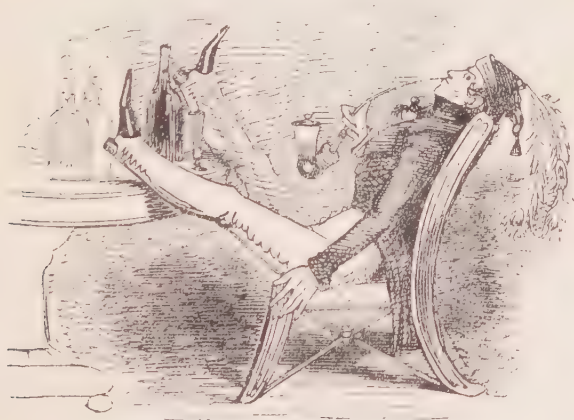
have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the playhouse. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to play-writers at present.) Shakespeare, or Shakspeer, or Shikspur—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of the nation. The house he



was born in has been bought by the Government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the Queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the Court to Shakespeare—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired Ministers and Chancellors. A man named Char Les Knite, for only publishing his works, received from the Queen her portrait set in precious diamonds, and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the Queen to the peasant, all the people worship Shakespeare. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

### CASE III.—AN ACTOR

In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the 'flowery country.' They all of them keep their



carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he doesn't exactly spend it,

he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds : these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the Actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the Actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

#### CASE IV.—A SEMPSTRESS

The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands ; and are easily known by the freshness



of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favourable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dressmakers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting Committee of Ladies, who take upon

themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that ‘the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee ; she does nothing but sing and make honey.’

#### CASE V.—THE LITERARY LORD<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps nothing shows a greater laxity of the English police than the fact that a Literary Lord is seldom taken up



for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a Lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a Literary Lord is generally made after the following fashion : He obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and labouring classes, and, like a Hottentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tylney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable

<sup>1</sup> [*I.e.* Lord William Lennox.]

Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissors with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

CASE VI.—A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS<sup>1</sup>

This is a beautiful specimen of a Member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a



bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the Members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.

<sup>1</sup> [*I.e.* Colonel Sibthorpe.]

## CASE VII.—LITERARY GENTLEMAN IN SUMMER COSTUME

The literary men receive the highest honours. From their body are chosen Ambassadors to foreign states, Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary, Governors of Islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The Queen herself is so fond of the literary character, that



she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the Palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the Queen in presents of jewels, books, etc., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

CASE VIII.—A LAW LORD<sup>1</sup>

This nobleman was a Chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the

<sup>1</sup> [*I.e.* Lord Brougham.]



lower classes. Indeed, E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests ;<sup>1</sup> it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. This Law Lord is called, particularly by himself, the Mi Tee Broom, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw summersets to keep noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards.



With all this, he is singularly independent, and 'cannot fawn or glose' upon anybody higher than a Duke and a Field Marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap-and-water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest ; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

<sup>1</sup> Li Li here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torchlight from recesses of the rock, where 'the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker' into the boiling surf below.

## CASE IX.—A SHOPKEEPER

The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors ‘From Flint’s’; but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are ‘selling off at a great sacrifice,’ you may be sure



that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to ‘Bricks Town’ or ‘Eye Gate,’ or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the ‘flowery country,’ are written over with moral sentences, such as ‘No abatement allowed,’ ‘For ready money only,’ and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of their young men. And whereas, in the

'flowery country,' we say as 'happy as a bird,' the English exclaim, 'as happy as a linen-draper's shopman.'

### CASE X.—A LADY OF FASHION

This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of 'the golden lilies,'<sup>1</sup> which adorn the 'flowery country.' The poor women of England are, almost from



their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called Tite Lace In. The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called Sta Iz, which is ribbed with steel and whalebone (whence the South Sea fishery for whales), and is corded tightly up the back. This Sta Iz is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughable notion of the use of this custom; they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it

<sup>1</sup> The 'golden lilies' are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear what, in their secret language, is called a Buss El. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuss—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

### CASE XI.—A BISHOP AND A BEGGAR

The English bishop—unlike the priests of the ‘flowery country’—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excelling beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers appointed by the Government travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which, it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has, by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says ‘the words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor.’ They have this other beautiful saying—‘The bishop carries the poor man’s purse’; and

this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary



individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity ; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are *no* beggars !



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